

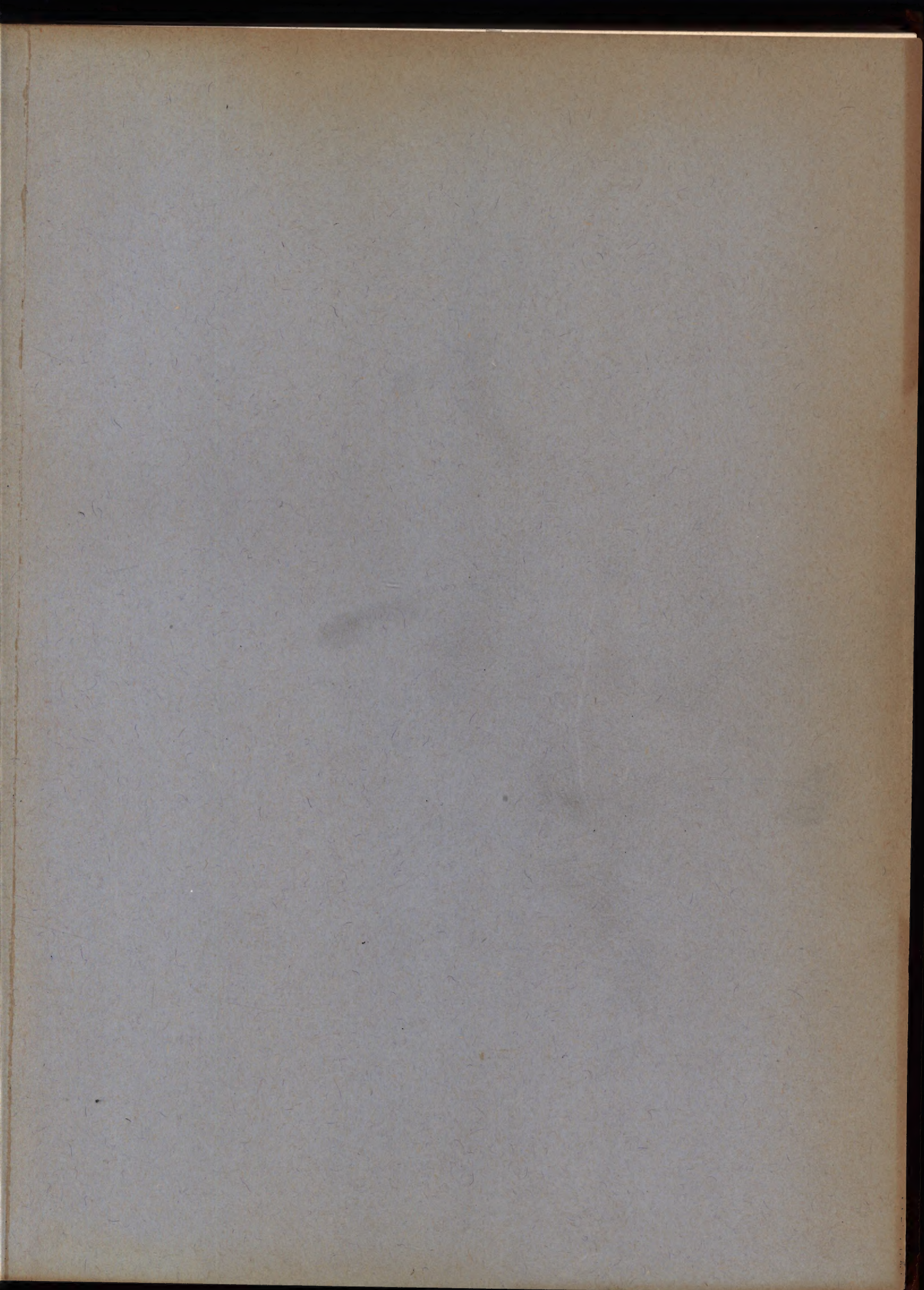


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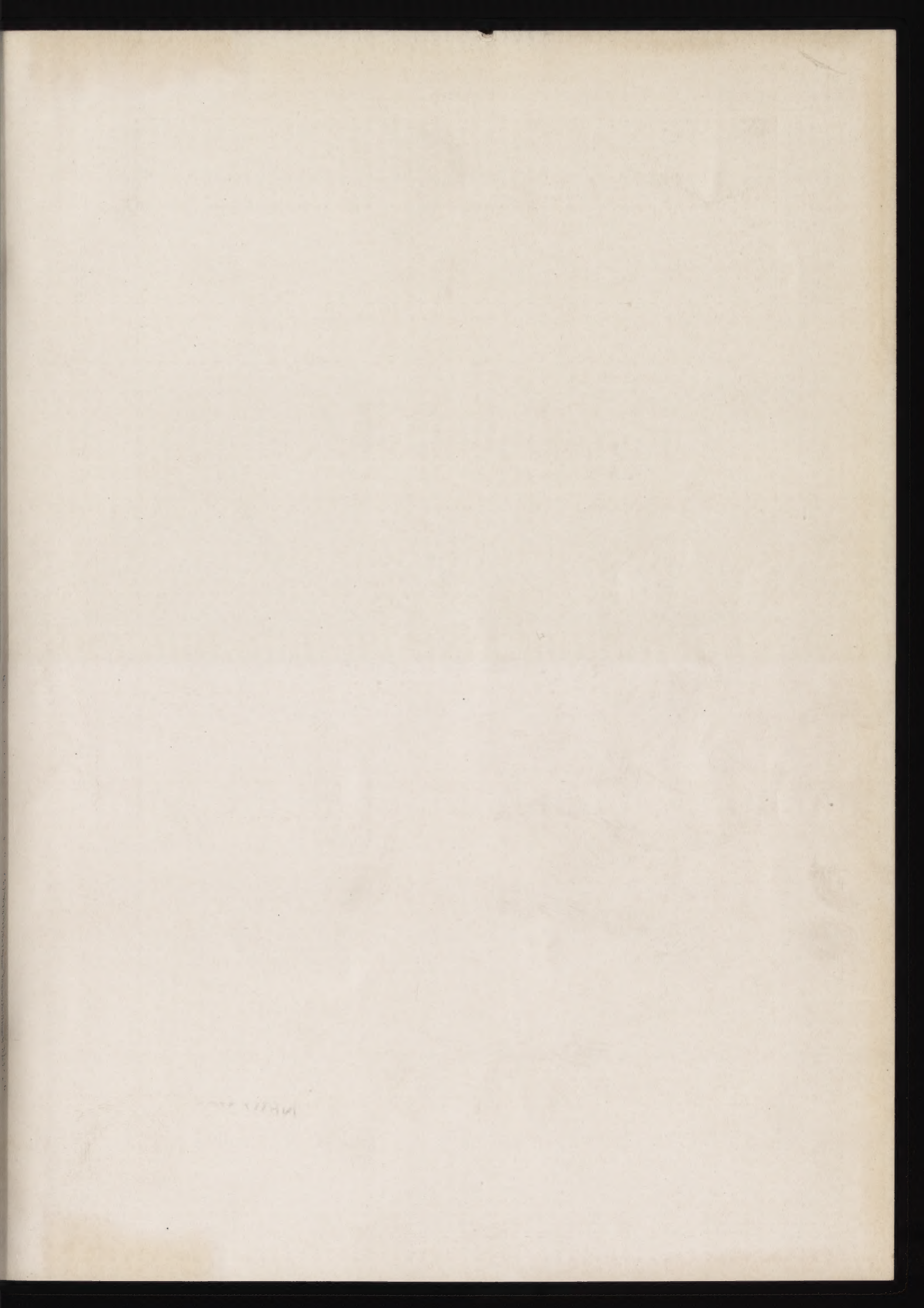
















*"PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST"*

*by*

*Ignacio Zuloaga*



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## ZULOAGA AND HIS HOUR

ALL THE WORLD knows its Spain, at least to some degree. In art, literature, music, the rhythmic touch of this tawny land below the Pyrenees has always had a distinct hold on the popular imagination. If it is in nothing more significant than a brightly brodered shawl, an upstanding shell comb, or some tempting tango tune, the Spanish lure is a firmly fixed quantity, with an appeal that is practically ubiquitous. Not for nothing has tradition set man to building his castles in Spain. For centuries the colorful tale of Spain with its picturesque and pageantry, its princes and peasants, its dark eyed señoritas and its fearless toreadors has been in the telling. However it may come, whether in the authentic and inspired version of a Cervantes or a Velasquez, or in the trivial balladry of some foreign minstrel, the story is unmistakably hall-marked. There is no separating the twanging guitar, the clicking castanets, the flowing mantilla, the fringed shawl from the land of their birth. Here is the undubitable Spanish touch, and while you may prefer your Goya and

*Coming at the crest of the wave of a popular Spanish fashion, his American tour has had unusual success*

RALPH FLINT

Europe has made to American art, it is worth noting that of the three peninsulas that break the blue reaches of the Mediterranean, Spain has been the last to make its gifts. Greece, of course, came

Greco to the allurements of the dance hall and the ring, yet it is simply a matter, as the French would say, of putting water in your wine.

In mapping out the various contributions which over in the Mayflower with the other English inheritances. Then along toward the last quarter of the nineteenth century when things were getting comfortably shaped and an American art of consequence was starting up, the Italian epoch set in, and by the end of the century Italy had made her very valuable donation to the new world. The lovely refinements of Italian painting, sculpture and architecture waxed popular in the studios during the peaceful years leading up to 1914, but while the collectors and dealers were making their last great drive on Italian art, a slackening of the popular taste for things Italianate was already to be seen.

It was plain that the artistic needs of the new

"JUAN BELMONTE (IN GOLD)"  
BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA







"MISS MARGARET KAHN"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA





"JUAN BELMONTE (IN SILVER)"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA





"ESPERANZA"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

world were becoming too complex and too energetically organized to remain within the quiet reaches of the Italian envelope; and so the beginning of another epoch began drifting in on westward reaching tides. The third great southern spur was about to have its day, and not alone in America, but at home and throughout the Continent. Into the receptive states of America, first via the sunny slopes of California where the allur-

ing patio and the bright glazed tile were found to harmonize amazingly, and then along the golden strands of Florida where the stamp of smart society on things Spanish was finally registered, there flowed an endless stream of properties and appointments, old and new, that spelt Spain and nothing else. America just capitulated and calmly invited the Spanish Era to take off her flowered shawl wraps and stay as long as she liked. Here,





"ANGUSTIAS, THE GYPSY"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

there, everywhere, upon the stage and screen, in shop and gallery, abroad upon the highway, deep within the home, the Spanish note kept sounding, until in the autumn of 1924 the Spanish Hour struck!

Whereupon, with a psychological promptness wonderful to relate, came Ignacio Zuloaga, the dean of Spanish painters. Upon the very crest of this epochal wave he arrived with a half hundred fresh canvases which he at once unfurled in a Fifth Avenue art gallery. What Sorolla had done

sixteen years before with his now historic Hispanic Society show, Zuloaga proceeded to do with his. It was simply a case of changing the blonde, sunny paintings of the one to the sombre, brunette productions of the other; to shift the scene from the Hispanic Society to the Reinhardt Galleries, alter 1909 to read 1925, and behold, the same crowds of overnight art lovers, the same magnetized multitudes. While one hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers went in wide-eyed delight to see the Sorolla paintings up at Archer Huntington's red-





"NUDE WITH RED CARNATION"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

stone monument on the Hudson and the tally of the visiting thousands at Reinhardt's only ran to seventy-five, yet the reaction was relatively the same, for the one was in a large public museum in its inaugural month and the other at a private Fifth Avenue gallery up one flight. The only explanation of this sudden outburst of pictorial enthusiasm on the public's part was that Zuloaga presented a brave colorful picture of his native land, and that he and the Spanish Hour had become synonymous. In fact, for the month of January, it became his hour.

To say that his extraordinary success was due to the working of the popular fancy is only legitimate from a psychological point of view, and has little to do with any analysis of his art *per se*. It only helps to discover why this same painter—and by general consent in better form than than now—should have exhibited twice before in New York with no such popular following. Having followed the Sorolla show at the Hispanic Society in 1909 with a large group of canvases, and having exhibited eight years later in another one-man show at Duveen's and off and on in general exhibitions at the Kraushaar Galleries, he was far from being any Castilian comet in the year 1925. Yet the Avenue chose to regard him as some

startling apparition and took him up with as much enthusiasm as if he had been the Prince of Wales.

The time was ripe for the Zuloaga show, but no matter how propitious the circumstances, had the exhibition been less vital, less certain in its affirmation of the Spanish estate, the tellers would not have clicked up their seventy-five thousand. What Zuloaga did was to bring over a group of canvases—portraits, figure studies and landscapes—that were sufficiently emphatic in their portrayal of a dark, smouldering, masculine Spain to make a stir at any time, and anywhere. If his art has lost something of its subtler, more modulated qualities, it has remained *au fond* the same vigorous presentment of pictorial fact. There was nothing tempered in this exhibition for American consumption. He laid his country and his kinsmen before his new world audience in positive and poignant terms. Many of these canvases possessed a tang and stab that sent visitors away disrelishing the whole affair. For those who had only a pretty postcard concept of Spain, his racial statement was too strong, too unflinchingly frank. But if there is another contemporary Spanish painter with a more accurate, more dynamic concept of pictorial Spain, he has yet to appear on American soil.





"NUDE WITH RED COMB"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

The 1925 Zuloaga exhibition consisted of three parts, dealing with cosmopolitan society, local Spanish types and celebrities and landscape. The portraits were almost without exception built on the theatrical, declamatory style that he has made so exclusively his own. His manner of setting the figure full-length against cool, lowering landscape backgrounds, letting the warm flesh and flashing accessories make their sure mark as on a lighted stage, keeping his accents clear and few, and bringing off each big canvas with apparent ease, as if his fat and pasty technique had no element of fussiness or labor to stilt his brushmanship, obtained in his portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Alba, the Marchesa Casati, the Baroness de Fouquier, Mrs. John W. Garrett, Mrs. Julia Hoyt, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Miss Margaret Kahn, Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore) and William Fahnestock, and in the three likenesses of Juan Belmonte, the most celebrated figure of the present-day bull-ring.

So deep is this painter's fondness for the cascading laces and full-flowing skirts of his señoritas, their ornaments of shell and bright flowers, the

flashing reds and greens and yellows of their silks and satins, that he robed even his American sitters in the *mode espagnol*. Thus Mrs. Hoyt's dark beauty is set off with a lovely Spanish gown of bright green satin, very bouffant with wide flounces edged with purple, and Mrs. Hearst's costume is of flaming red-orange cut very full and draped with the same transparent black lace that falls so charmingly from her high shell comb. Miss Kahn has apparently suggested a more sombre note to the artist, for he has painted her in a severe black shawl which she wears Spanish-wise tight about her shoulders, and her full, flowered skirt. Mrs. Garrett's raiment is less pronounced in style for she wears a fur-trimmed jacket and a large black picture hat in the manner of the Place Vendôme. While Mr. Fahnestock's portrait is in the same mood and tonality, yet Zuloaga has made a distinct concession by slipping into one hand at the very bottom of the canvas an American newspaper.

In the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Alba, the same distinguished qualities of color and composition are brought to a high pitch. The





"THE GYPSY DANCE, SEVILLA"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

Duke stands with his attendant dachshund in a sort of garden parterre before the wing of a palatial residence, wearing his faun colored military cloak with scarlet lining thrown back to show his smart uniform and flashing orders. He carries his plumed hat in one hand and rests the other on a magnificent sword. Here is the Spanish aristocrat, posed, elegant, true to type. The Duchess is a lovely vision as she stands gracefully poised within the shady precincts of some park, her ruby-red gown with its outspreading flounces just veiled with the delicate laces that depend from her high tortoise-shell comb. Here is elegance, grace and distinction, delicately yet decisively seen. The Barrymore portrait is a curious concept of the young poet and playwright garbed à la Hamlet, standing under the battlements of Elsi-

nore in deep communion with the night. Zuloaga has admirably caught the restless, reaching mood of Mrs. Barrymore in this portrait, just as cleverly as has he given Mrs. Garrett and the Baroness de Fouquier an individual radiance of expression not often to be found in portraiture. Again in the de Fouquier portrait he has painted the costume with the same close attention that marks all this series, and the yellow-green gown festooned with layers of filmy black lace is a triumph of fine representation.

The Spanish section of the exhibition—those canvases which deal with the picturesque figures of the market-place, the theatre, the bull-ring and the countryside—is where Zuloaga is most assuredly himself, since he is closer to these people perhaps than any other painter of modern Spain.





*"THE LOGE"*

*by*

*Ignacio Zuloaga*









"SEGOVIA II"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

When he paints the portraits of toreadors, as he has done thrice in the present exhibition with Juan Belmonte, it is with a first-hand knowledge of all that this fearsome pastime and profession implies, for he has assumed the same role in the arena on many occasions. The three canvases are vivid souvenirs of this popular figure, dressed now in gold, now in silver, and in black. The last is done with all the gory incidentals of the calling, and is far too eloquent of the savage sport of Spain for un-Latin eyes; in design and character, however, it is the best of the three. In the four nudes, Zuloaga has sent reticence to the winds and has given four very frank pictures of dark-eyed women variously reclining on couches in more or less the traditional way of the Spanish school. In a general way these canvases are all handsomely arranged and are filled with many passages of fine

painting. In sentiment, however, they vary considerably, as also in execution. Zuloaga's rather

limited range of half tones tends here toward monotony; in his portraits the flesh tones are confined to a limited area, seldom more than a large accent of focal spot in the composition, but in the nudes there is a marked inability to keep a lively flow of color quality running through the larger areas. The finest of his genre paintings is the "Castilian Shepherd," a rugged type of peasant in leathern breeches and gray jacket, sloping hat tied under his weatherbeaten face, full nut-brown cloak falling from his broad shoulders. He stands leaning upon his crooked staff among the rock-strewn summit of a little hill, a broad mass of deep russet tones thrown into bold relief by the gray sky piling thunderously up



"THE BASQUE PEASANT"  
BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA





"TOLEDO"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

over the distant mountains. As in the striking companion piece of a lean, ragged Basque peasant, a marked richness of tone informs this canvas. A number of gayly garbed señoritas, seated in loges, leaning from their balconies, or *en promenade* have been painted for the exhibition, but they must be briefly set down as typical of the many decorative pictures of this sort which Zuloaga has painted in his long career. "En Loge" is perhaps the most successful of this special group.

Painting the long rolling hills and lowering skies of Spain is nothing new to Zuloaga, since he has made the landscape background a special adjunct to his portraits this long while; yet the twenty canvases dealing with landscape *per se* come as something of a departure. He has seldom been more subtly varied or more eloquent of his beloved land than in these low-toned views of grim Spanish towns and tawny terrain. Twice he has done Toledo with its famous bridge, once with the dull green river seen from a high rocky foreground and the towered city beyond ridging itself so handsomely against the dark sky, and then again from a slightly different angle with a group of goats wandering over the foreground crags. In

each a strange, murky light spreads over the arid prospect, softening the grays and greens and browns into subtle sequences of tone and color. And through all the landscapes a very complete picture of Zuloaga's Spain comes clear.

In the very completeness of this composite view—a picturization that runs the entire gamut of Spanish types and scenes—lies the popular appeal that has made his name the outstanding cry of the present season; that explains to a great extent the burst of public enthusiasm over his art. It is his whole-hearted devotion to his own country and people that gives his painting such a powerful simplicity and direct appeal. Perhaps he has painted many more distinguished patterns than the present American series, given many a finer performance technically than these latest canvases would indicate. Yet, withal, it is the man himself, the simple, modest, enthusiastic lover of Spain, the friend of princes and peasants, the painter who knows his pictorial subject matter "like his pocket" and carries each canvas through with ringing conviction and dramatic fervor, who has been sufficiently statured to cap the climax of this Spanish Hour in America.

*Photographs by courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries*



# ON PICTURES AND MUSIC

SUPPOSE that Mr. Brown, coming out of the Underground Railway in Trafalgar Square, London, were to accost Mr. Robinson, also coming out of the Underground Railway at the same spot, and politely say to him:

"Excuse me troubling a perfect stranger, sir, but could you give me any information about something called the Ansidei Madonna?"

Mr. Robinson would a hundred to one reply, "The Ansidei Madonna? What's that?"

And supposing that Mr. Brown were to say, "I don't know, sir, I want to know."

Mr. Robinson would then in all probability stare coldly at Mr. Brown, wondering whether or not he was a lunatic, and walk on.

And supposing that Mr. Brown were then to go up to Mr. Smith, another ascending passenger, and politely say to him, "Excuse me troubling a perfect stranger, sir, but could you give me any information about something called the Ansidei Madonna?"

The interview would almost certainly proceed on similar lines.

But if Mr. Brown continued his course of inquiry he would undoubtedly before long find himself in the hands of a policeman on the way to the police-station and an official inquisition might well be held upon his mental state.

The policeman would not know what sort of a thing the Ansidei Madonna was; nor would Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Smith, nor would Mrs. Robinson nor Mrs. Smith when these ladies heard the astounding story from their respective husbands at supper the same night. The words "Ansidei Madonna" would have awakened no answering chords in the minds of any of these persons. No such chord, for instance, as the mention of Cleopatra's Needle or the name of a tenth-rate statesman would have awakened!

And yet the Ansidei Madonna of Raphael is one of the most illustrious and lovely things in the world, made by one of the most famous men in history; and, incidentally, some \$350,000.00 had to be paid for it before it became the property of the British nation and was hung in the National Gallery.

And in the National Gallery are dozens of pictures of scarcely less merit than the Ansidei Madonna, some of equal merit, and a few of even greater merit and greater renown. Further the

*Wherein it is suggested that one should look at pictures and hear music for the pleasure to be derived from art*  
ARNOLD BENNETT

National Gallery has been built on a unique site in London. It is run by the Government (like most of the other big public picture galleries) and it is admittedly one of the chief glories

of London. The same phenomena are to be observed in all the big cities of the Western Hemisphere. Every one of them has its big galleries, and many of them have several apiece; every one of them is run by public authority; and if you turn to the guide-books you will find that they occupy more space in those guide-books than any other "sights." Clearly, then, pictures are considered by public opinion to be matters of exceedingly high importance. They are collected with avidity; and city vies with city in the possession of them. Lastly it costs little or nothing to go and enjoy seeing them. The galleries are generally situated in the very hearts of cities, and often admission to inspect most of them is absolutely free.

Therefore we ought to be justified in assuming that Trafalgar Square, for example, during daylight hours, is full of eager crowds determined to enter the National Gallery, that policemen have to regulate queues, and that at intervals a notice has to be posted on the doors: "Full. No more admittance for half an hour." In a word, imagine the spectacle. Does it in fact exist? It does not. Nobody ever saw a national picture gallery full of people, or half full or a quarter full. As a rule the vast apartments are nearly empty, and the entire floating population of the building could be comfortably put into the smallest room in it. (Do not tell me that the citizens have no time to visit galleries, that life is serious and they must work. The wedding of a celebrity will draw thousands of people any day of the week; the funeral of a celebrity will draw tens of thousands; the passage of a movie star will draw scores of thousands.)

I will give you one illuminating detail to show the extent of the public interest in the National Gallery, which gallery is understood to be, on the whole, the finest in the world, and which unquestionably stands in the centre of the largest city in the world. The total sum paid by visitors (from all over the earth) for catalogues, photographs and guide books at the National Gallery is about £6 a day—less than a fair-sized shop would take in about two minutes.

Hence it is only too obvious that our priceless



picture galleries are neglected of the people whose taxes have paid for them. Public picture galleries indeed would either never have been built or would long ago have been dismantled and sold were it not for the passionate enthusiasm and the moral influence of a small minority of enlightened citizens who work hard in various open and secret ways in order to keep them in being.

This strange neglect is all the more strange in view of the fact that almost everybody likes pictures. Children like them and insist on having them. Who ever heard of a nursery without pictures, of some sort, or of a children's book without illustrations? Large numbers of artists are constantly employed in making illustrations for children's books, for which every year parents have to pay more money than they can afford. And the same parents also like pictures with a great and hungry liking. All popular magazines have to be illustrated, and the ideal of all editors of popular magazines is to plan the contents of their publications in such a manner that it is impossible to open them anywhere without seeing a picture. Even daily papers are illustrated nowadays, and there is none so serious that it will ban pictures. Even advertisements must be illustrated. The streets are full of pictures, and when night falls the big streets of the big cities are full of pictures drawn in electric light upon the darkness. Indeed the chief discovery of the age seems to be that everybody likes pictures. The most popular of all forms of entertainment consists of innumerable pictures interspersed here and there with a few lines of literature.

And the popular love of pictures is such that it will even drive people into picture galleries sometimes! Not national galleries or municipal galleries! Certainly not—I admit! But annual shows of inferior quality. Every civilized country has such annual shows, all run by private enterprise for the profit of a close corporation. For example, the British Royal Academy. Every year you may see the rooms of the Royal Academy crammed day after day for weeks with persons who are so numerous that their crushed bodies mutually prevent them from properly seeing that which they have come to see.

The enormous success of the Royal Academy is partly due to the fact that the exhibition is fashionable; it is the thing to visit; and if you can't say that you have visited it you are nobody at all, and not fit for the society of up-to-date individuals. But its success is also due to something else; in this something else lies the explanation of the public neglect of the big picture galleries. The Royal Academy pictures supply infor-

mation. People love to know what the illustrious or the notorious look like, and therefore they go to see the portraits which abound therein. People love to know what historical scenes have looked like, and therefore they go to see the representations of historical scenes, such as coronations, signings of peace treaties, battles, deeds of valor, and exalted marriages. People love to be reminded of pretty scenery, and many pictures remind them of pretty scenery in minute detail. And so on.

Thus they visit the show for a few weeks (and if they can't visit the show they eagerly scan the reproductions of its pictures for a few days) and then they forget all about pictures till the following year. They forget all about pictures because the pictures which they happen to have seen are simply not good enough. The pictures depend for their attraction on a passing interest—a sort of journalistic interest. They do not depend on their own inherent beauty. As a rule they have none. The great majority of them are indeed marvelously ugly, especially in color. Their subjects lose interest in favor of newer subjects; the pictures themselves lose interest. No work of art that is not beautiful will survive long even in the popular esteem. I will go further and say that the very crowds whose admiration makes the popularity of ugly pictures forget these pictures as quickly as anybody.

Well, let us assume that the people who have been to the Royal Academy go to the National Gallery, remarking to themselves, "We have seen some pictures; we will see some more."

But at first sight they are disappointed with the National Gallery. They say, "The subjects of these pictures mean nothing to us. They may be wonderful and all that; but they are out of date; they are dull."

These people have no second sight of the pictures, because they don't go again. And that is the end of the National Gallery for them.

But the National Gallery continues to exist, and continues to draw the minority who have somehow or other acquired the true secret of finding lasting pleasure in pictures.

Do not, I beg, imagine that I am now going to explain why a picture which has stood the test of the criticisms of connoisseurs for centuries or decades is beautiful. I am not. Nor has a wholly satisfactory explanation ever been given. Connoisseurs are still quarreling with each other in the effort to give a wholly satisfactory explanation. I will say merely that such pictures are beautiful, by reason of their design, their color, their mysterious emotional power; and that the contemplation of them is capable of producing one



of the purest and most intense pleasures to be obtained by man on earth—a pleasure with no aftermath of regret such as follows the grosser pleasures.

Those who have not actually experienced this pleasure cannot believe that it is what it is, but those who have experienced it will agree with my estimate. The sole cause of the renown of great pictures is the fact that looking at them gives intense pleasure to the instructed. There is absolutely no other cause. Many, if not the majority, of the pictures tell stories, represent historical or quasi-historical events or historical personages; but the secret of their immortality lies not there. It lies in their beauty. Another advantage accruing from the contemplation of fine pictures is that they open one's eyes to the beauty which too many of us fail to see in the ordinary spectacle of existence. They help one to perceive and appreciate colors and forms, to notice beauties which without them one would have missed. They help us to observe. This remark applies especially to landscape and the human figure.

Of course there is no moral obligation to contemplate pictures. There is no merit in it. Excellent persons have lived good lives and died honorably without ever having had the slightest curiosity about fine pictures. Indeed they have probably scorned them. I am simply suggesting the study of pictures for the sake of the resulting pleasure, fun, increased zest in life. I simply assert that if you want to be more interested, to be less bored, to live more keenly, the study of pictures may be a wonderfully efficacious means to that admirable end, and that those who ignore fine pictures lose a lot of joy. That is all. You might at any rate try it if you have not tried it.

And how does one set about trying it, you ask. To which the answer is that one just begins. One goes and looks, and one keeps on going and looking. It is in my opinion almost impossible that anyone who perseveres in looking at fine pictures should not quite soon derive pleasure from the procedure. Naturally, some sense, which means some method, should be used in the business. You cannot very profitably wander around without a scheme in the vast realms of painting. But you have only to follow a lecturer for half an hour in the National Gallery in order to get useful ideas as to the right way to approach a picture and some hints for a plan of campaign. You must choose some particular school of painting for your maiden activities. It matters not which school, ancient or modern. And you must read a little about it. After a time, if you prefer to specialize in the works of one great painter you may do so,

provided he is well represented in the gallery. And to maintain your keenness until the moment comes when you begin genuinely to derive artistic pleasure from the contemplation of pictures, you might do worse than read the biographies of your chosen painters. The biographies of painters are always exciting, incredible and exceedingly varied. Vasari's *Lives*, for instance, are stuffed with thrills, and when you read them or some of them, you will view the Italian pictures in the National Gallery with a fresh vision. Remember that you can see in the National Gallery some of the actual works whose painting was described by Vasari nearly four hundred years ago. There the veritable pictures are, canvas, pigments and all, in front of you! It is surely a thought to awaken anybody to the wonderfulness of life . . . !

When your interest has once been aroused you will require no urging forward in the path of knowledge and taste. Your difficulty will be to bear in mind that daily existence cannot be all masterpieces of art, and that you have your living to earn and your family to cherish. . . . I am exaggerating? Not a bit. Such palpitating adventures as those of which I have sketched the beginnings have really happened to real men and women; but to not enough!

But someone will here step forward and say tersely that, though he feels drawn toward the study of art, geographical and other circumstances make it absolutely impossible for him to visit the National Gallery or any other gallery of pictures metropolitan or provincial. Thousands may step forward and say it. To these faint-hearts and makers of difficulties I would reply that there are other branches of fine art than oil-painting and water-colors, and that the enterprise of writers and publishers has made it easy for all who are exiled from the popular centres to study and enjoy various splendid manifestations of art in their own homes. Any bookseller will supply on demand a list of books dealing with art as long as a lawyer's bill of costs. Also there are sundry periodicals devoted to the arts, the perusal of which periodicals alone will in a few months open up vistas of pleasure that a lifetime could not fully explore. The material to enjoy abounds in enormous quantities, and it is not expensive; all that is needed, in addition to a very reasonable outlay of money, is the firm will to enjoy. The harvest of pleasure, zest, keenness, improved tone and general satisfaction is unlimited.

And now, with misgivings, with tremblings, with forebodings, with apologies, I am going to present to readers what will in most cases strike them as a very wild, far-fetched and impossible



idea: an idea for still further increasing the pleasure derived from works of art. I am going to suggest that readers should buy a BB pencil and a sketch-book and issue forth and make works of art of their own, for their own private fun. I am aware that the numerous art schools of Anglo-Saxon countries are full of students of art, and that already more young persons devote themselves professionally to art than art can well support. But very few of such young persons are taught sketching for fun. And my notion is not that anybody to whom these words are addressed should take up art professionally.

I picture you, in the main, as individuals who are already well established in, or at least unalterably dedicated to, careers outside any art, business careers, learned careers, adventurous careers, absorbing careers which are not wholly romantic, but rather dulling, wearying and monotonous in their daily demands on you, careers from which you feel the need of an occasional change in your hours of leisure. You want the relief of novel pleasures, and in this connection I have tried to show the potentialities of some study of pictures. The scheme may have appealed to you. But when I proceed further and ask you to produce your own pictures, you protest. You simply cannot see yourselves starting out deliberately with sketch-book and pencil. To do so would be to render you self-conscious. And if any idlers stopped to stare at you while you were "at it," you would blush; you would get up and walk away. You don't mind idlers watching your earliest efforts at golf, but sketching . . . ! No!

Besides, you say, the idea is not feasible. I disagree with you. Not one individual in ten thousand is incapable of learning to make sketches good enough to interest himself and perhaps his friends too. It is far easier to learn to make tolerable drawings than to learn to play any musical instrument tolerably. And drawing has this immense social advantage: that while you are learning to draw you are not blighting the lives of your neighboring fellow-creatures as you do while you are learning to play a musical instrument, which is something.

The beginner in art can either practice under the eye of a professional, or he can pick up the elements of the pastime from one of the numerous handbooks which exist; such handbooks are not ideal; they are frequently the scorn of the professional (though written by professionals); but they do teach something and some of them teach enough. Sketching is among the easiest of accomplishments, provided that you are content to sketch unassumingly, unambitiously, ingenuously,

as children sketch. Most children sketch naturally, as dogs swim; adults could, if they took the plunge. The pleasures of sketching are unquestionable. The agreeable consequences of it, in alertness and subtlety of vision, and in the improved faculty of perceiving beauty are absolutely certain, and will exceed in these particulars the agreeable consequences of merely looking at pictures. The sketches themselves are interesting at the time of doing, and will grow in interest as the years pass. If you had by you now an album of sketches, or—better still—an illustrated diary, done a dozen years ago, you would be surprised today at the extraordinary interest of the composition.

And music, to which I have just referred with a slighting criticism of amateur performers—not that I would deter them from this performance so long as they hurt none but themselves and those who love them and suffer willingly! Great literature is full of the uplifting, the ravishing, the ecstasy-producing powers of music. And yet many devoted adherents of literature, while enjoying the very phrases in which music is extolled, maintain a complete indifference toward the most sublime and potent of all the arts!

At intervals some newspaper will exhumate the ancient question: "Are we a musical nation?" and disciples of the my-country-right-or-wrong-school will passionately reply in the affirmative. But we are not a musical nation. No nation is a musical nation, except perhaps Italy. We are not a musical nation because the great majority of even the "educated" among us know nothing and care nothing about music. We have never roused our curiosity in the matter of music. Nearly everybody, if asked whether he likes music, will answer that he does like music, and nearly everybody will be wrong. The correct answer would be: "So far as I am aware, I do not dislike music." (A few persons heartily detest music, and they invariably say so—with a somewhat unnecessary candor.)

No one can like a thing to which he has given no serious attention and continues to give no serious attention. If you like a thing you give attention to the same. It happens to most people to hear a commonplace song sung in a drawing-room by a singer who sings about as well as I could dance on a tight-rope. They applaud; they offer thanks. And then they forget. They have not been moved either one way or the other. But it cannot be said that the performance has given them any experience of music or any desire to explore this matter of music that poets are forever raving about. They get no further. In the con-



scientious perusal of their daily paper they read accounts of concerts, and thus grow familiar with the names of composers, singers, players, conductors. But still they get no further. They are never moved actually to go to a concert. The notion of going to a concert simply does not occur to them. A new joy, a new and exciting interest in life, is waiting for them, as it were, a gold coin lying on the pavement; but they are not awake to it, they do not see it. Such indeed is the state of most of us. For more people visit the cinemas in a night than visit concerts in a year.

Nevertheless I am convinced that if by some miracle the educated masses of the nation suddenly decided to go to concerts—crowding into seats to the astonishment and confusion of concertgivers so accustomed to rows of empty benches—I am convinced that a considerable proportion of the visitors would go again, and that if they were obstinate and went several times they would develop into music-lovers for life. There are no pleasures, save those clustering round the affair of love, superior to the pleasure of listening to music—I mean good music well rendered. There is no music less “dull” than classical music, despite all popular prejudices to the contrary. Bach, for example, is generally supposed to be the most austere and difficult of all composers. Yet I defy anybody, with any ear for music at all, to listen to Bach a dozen times without succumbing to his spell and asking for more. As with pictures, so with music, you have to acquire a certain familiarity as a necessary preliminary to enjoyment. But once the familiarity is obtained, the enjoyment is inevitable.

The mischief is that most of us, for lack of taking sufficient trouble to stimulate and feed the curiosity, fall short of complete enjoyment. See the spectacle of a popular concert, such as is given nightly in the early autumn in London. The hall is full of people who really do like music. Many of them like it so much that they are content to stand on their feet for two hours or more in order to listen to it. But how few of them, how excessively few, extract from the proceedings anything more than a vague and ignorant pleasure! There is the orchestra of seventy or eighty executants, a highly complex human machine for the production of sound! And how many of the audience know anything whatever of the constitution of the orchestra? How many know a violin from a viola, an oboe from a cor anglais, even a trombone from a trumpet? How many are capable of following with their ears the different simultaneous tones of the different instruments? How many people know the first word about the form and structure

of a symphony? How many know whether a given piece of music is an early work or a late work of its composer? How many know the circumstances in which the composer composed, what his purposes were, who influenced him, or whom he influenced? Scarcely anybody except the professional experts present.

This knowledge, which would contribute enormously to the intensification of the enjoyment of the music heard, is very easily to be had. Such books as those of Dr. Percy Scholes, written especially for amateur listeners at concerts, give a great deal of it, and the rest can be had from the histories of music and the biographies of composers. All literature which, besides helping the hearer to hear with understanding, is interesting in itself! To get the best enjoyment out of any art, reading about the art is essential, and this is a fact which cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

There is this unhappy similarity between the amateurs of painting and the amateurs of music: the majority of them are cut off by circumstances from seeing good pictures, and equally they are cut off from hearing good music well performed. But the case of the latter is not quite so bad as the case of the former, though the opportunities of listening to a high-class concert are exceedingly, absurdly, rare save in the largest towns. The case of music is better because of the wonderful development of mechanical reproduction of music. The possessor of a mechanical piano-player has practically the whole range of classical music, in terms of the piano, at his disposal. And machines now exist which render the performances of great players with such marvelous accuracy that if the listener were put behind a screen he could not possibly distinguish, by sound, the reproduction from the original performance. Nobody could. These machines, however, are expensive and may be left out of general consideration, and we must be content to say that the ordinary mechanical piano-player is good enough for an imperfect world.

The gramophone has of course a far wider sweep than the piano-player, and is cheaper and easier to run. It is confined to no single instrument. It will deal you out anything, from the sublime to the silly, and from the simplest to the most complicated. In theory it has no limitations, and in practice very few. After the first outlay the sole expense in all these reproducing contrivances is in the purchase of records, and even the records can be borrowed, as books are borrowed, from a circulating library.

And the machines offer one enormous advantage. You go to a concert and you hear for the



first time a piece which you may not have the chance of hearing again for years. You don't properly grasp it; it is full of difficulties and mysteries for you; you feel that if you could only hear it once more you would like it better. But you are left helplessly in ignorance and confusion. You can't order the conductor or the player or singer to do it again for your further enlightenment. Much less can you call to these mighty ones: "Stop! I didn't get that passage. Go back and start afresh." But you can behave thus with impunity to a machine which you have at your mercy in your own house. You can hear a passage forty times if you wish; and a whole composition

just as often as you choose. (That this advantage is a genuine one is sufficiently shown by the growth of the practice at concerts of giving a new work twice in the same programme.) Indeed a man may not be able to attend a concert once a year and may yet, by the aid of mechanics, books on music, and lives of musicians, so organize his delights as to get a deeper pleasure from music than seventy per cent. of the lackadaisical frequenters of concerts in large cities.

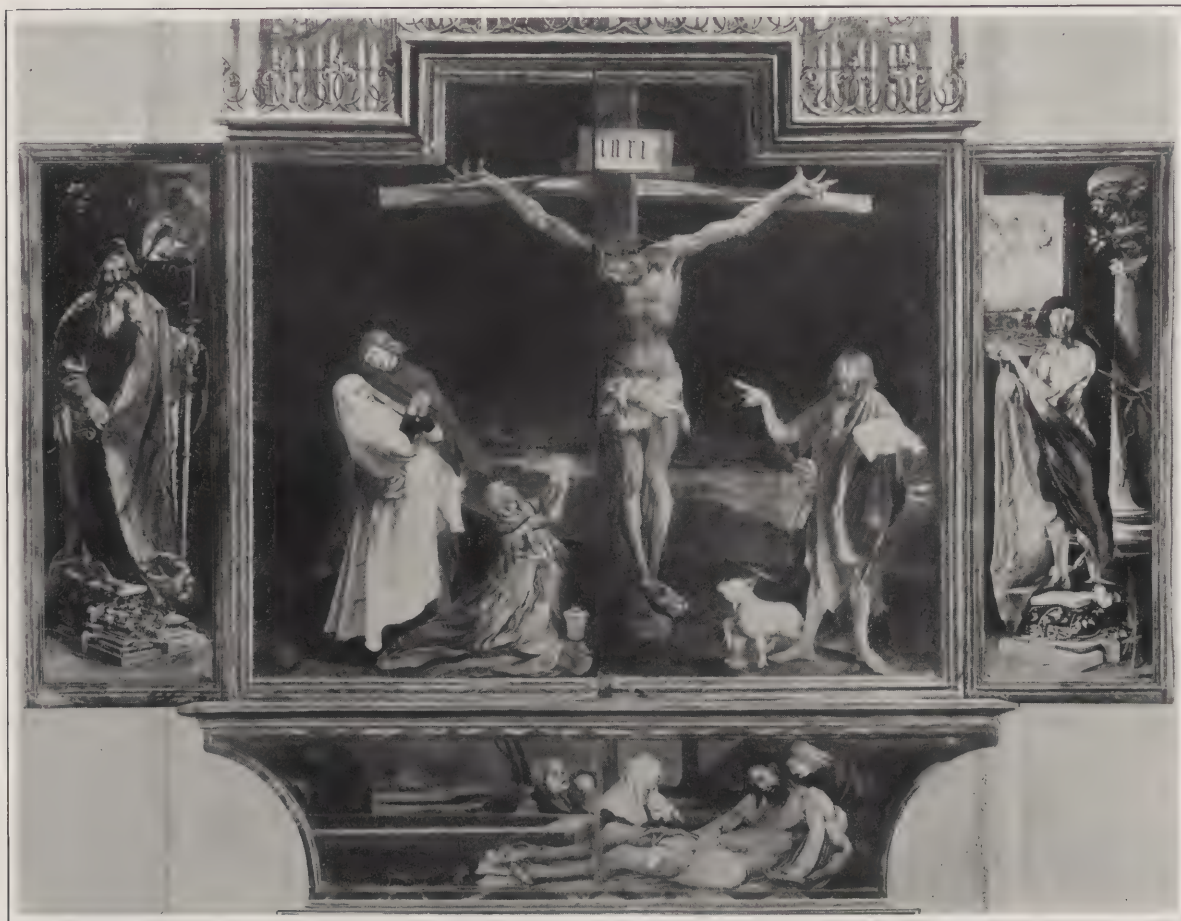
But whatever the circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, nobody can obtain full enjoyment from the arts or from anything else without organizing himself to that end and taking some trouble.

"THE HOLY FAMILY"

BY EL GRECO







ALTAR PIECE FOR THE CONVENT OF ISENHEIM

BY MATHIAS GRÜNEWALD

## An Early German Altarpiece

*THE CRUCIFIXION* here represented is the central part of the altar piece which Matthias Grünewald painted in 1510 for the convent of Isenheim, a little town in the south of Germany. Later on the painting was transferred to the museum in Colmar and was adjudicated to France through the treaty of Versailles. Grünewald, whose genius is equal to that of Dürer and Holbein, was very little known until modern investigation pointed to the great importance of his paintings. The mystery that was spread over Grünewald's life and the creation of his works has lately been cleared up through the discovery of a letter in an archive, from which it appears that the so-called "Grünewald" is identical with an artist of the same period, Matthias Gouthard Nithard, a fact that explains satisfactorily the initials M. G. N. on Grünewald's paintings. The error is due to Sandrart, a sixteenth-century author of a book on art.

—FLORA TÜRKEL.



# The SCULPTURAL PORTRAIT

A PORTRAIT sculptor may do one or more of three things: he may fashion a likeness, he may make a character study, he may create a work of art. The historical ex-

amples of each type of work are to be found in Roman, Egyptian and Greek portraits. "How refreshing to see these realistic Roman faces!" was a comment I overheard in the British Museum. To be sure, Caligula is there as he was in life, with every last wrinkle recorded. One would guess that a plaster cast had been made of his face. This, as also the portrait of Vespasian, illustrated here, is the immediate copy from nature, the photographic likeness. Human vanity provides that there should always be a demand for such portraiture, as inevitable as for the local photographer's wedding groups. And in a scheme of things where sculptors are financially dependent on selling their work as they go along, it is obvious that the great majority of heads will be portraits with an almost exclusive attention to surface similarity. They are bought and paid for on condition that they be accurate, or, at

least, pleasing personal documents. But no great sculptor is content with sheer copying, and, even while engaged to record a person realistically, he may work with his tongue in his cheek. Rodin, discriminating and often maliciously penetrating of eye, loved to quote Latour's words of revenge on his wealthy sitters: "They believe that I record only their features, but really I reach down to the very depths of their being, and express exactly what they are."

*The greatest portraits have been those who created works of art rather than photographic likenesses*

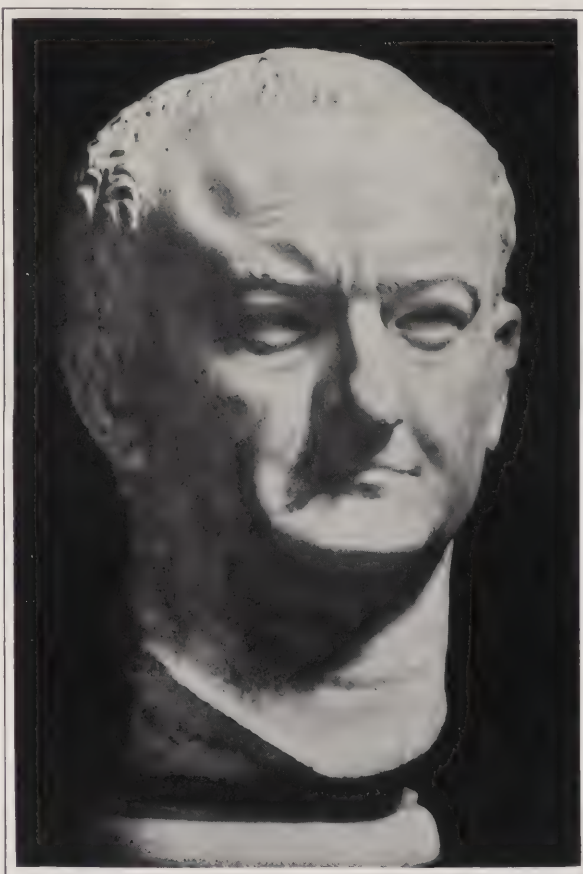
WALTER AGARD

ough understanding of the person. Then, to record this in stone or bronze, all insignificant lines and commonplace attributes must be rigorously rejected, and the essential lines and masses to express this character must appear in the most concentrated way.

No one ever surpassed the Egyptians in this mode of portraiture; no one ever had greater daring in eliminating the unimportant, in suppressing all accidental data. No more impressive examples of character portraiture have perhaps ever been made than the magnificent colossal head of Amenemhat III, dating from 2300 B. C., now in the British Museum, and other Egyptian heads in Florence and Cairo.

In more modern times there is one unsurpassed master of character portraits—Jean Antoine Houdon. From a score of masterpieces, including certainly a charming terra-cotta of the youthful Washington

in the Louvre, we may choose the Voltaire as a portrait which is the very essence of character; a face in which tolerance is given fibre by caustic humor, and where the tenacity of the thin lips is tempered by the boyish sparkle of the eyes. This is not an imitation of Voltaire's face; it is the essential Voltaire, which is summed up by miraculous compression and concentration in those eyes and lips. All else is really a background, and of the most unobtrusive sort; even the base is of the



"PORTRAIT OF VESPASIAN"

In the Museo delle Terme, Rome

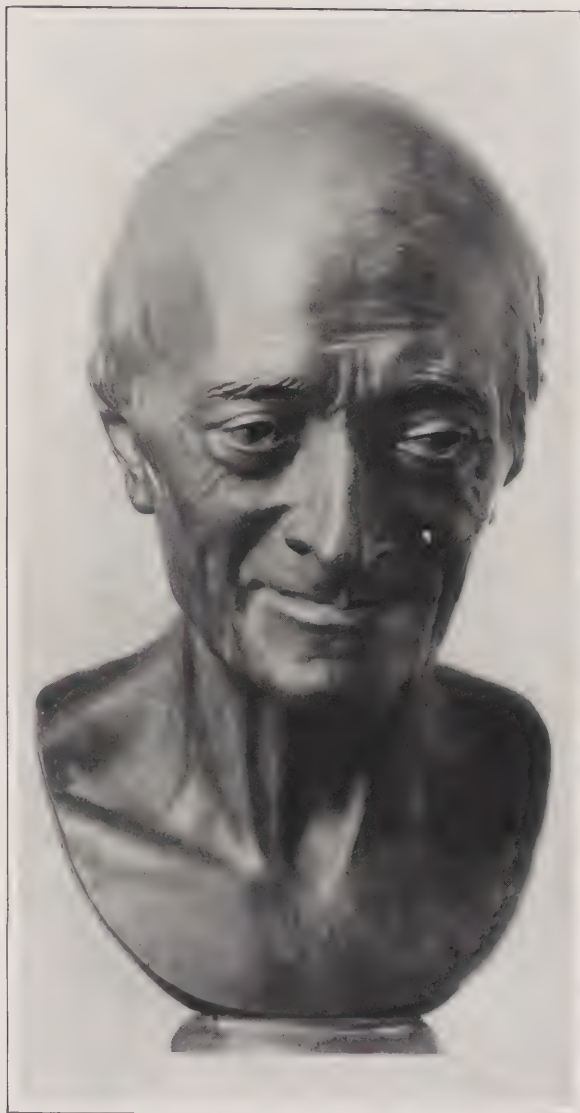




"PORTRAIT HEAD OF A WOMAN"

EGYPTIAN, ABOUT 1500 B.C.





"PORTRAIT OF VOLTAIRE"

BY HOUDON

simplest design, and the hair is merely sketchily indicated. As usual, Houdon increased the intensity of expression by the technical device of hollowing out the balls of the eyes with a high wedge left at the top.

Another sculptor who is a past master of the psychological record is Jacob Epstein. His "American Soldier" may be taken for an example. Here again, a few characteristic elements reveal the personality, while everything else is reduced in value to background. If *volonté* won the war, as Maréchal Foch insists it did, here it is incarnate. The obstinate carriage of the head, the lower lip and the eyes tell the story. The chin might have been weak by itself, but the lower lip, obeying a stern will, dominates the entire face. The eyes are guiltless of any theatricalism, but the worn ridges around and between them are just sufficient to reinforce the impression of the mouth. The hair

does not matter, neither does the rough blouse, nor even the texture of the skin. All these simply throw into high relief the main lines of expression. With the same relentless insight Epstein has modeled in many of his bronze heads the lines of intense weariness and pain.

Among Americans who have excelled in such portraiture, one of the ablest and certainly the most facile is Jo Davidson, whose series of portraits of the Allied War leaders, as well as his more recent work, have proved beyond doubt his ability.

But artists have never been content either with a surface likeness or with that deeper psychological record which reveals alike the sitter's character and the artist's penetration. A portrait may be more than a portrait—it may be a work of art. That is to say, regardless of its similarity to a model, it may be so constructed in terms of line and mass that it will be a source of esthetic delight.

It is in such terms that the Greeks apparently evaluated portrait sculpture, until the Hellenistic days of realism. Myron, if we are to take the word of Petronius, was a master of the character portrait, "who could almost catch the souls of

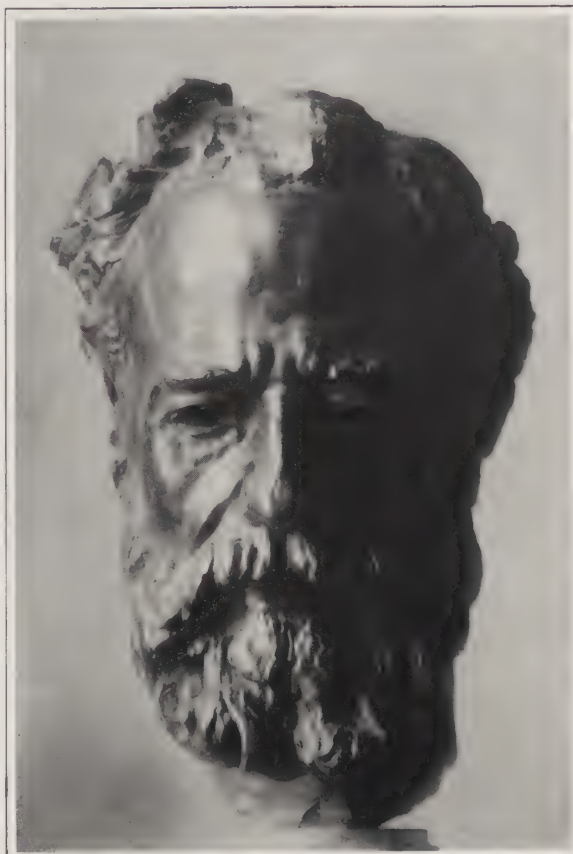
"AN AMERICAN SOLDIER"

BY JACOB EPSTEIN





men and beasts and enchain them in bronze." But the best Greek portraits, such as the well-known head of Pericles by Phidias, or Lysippus' "Agiar," sacrifice individuality to a satisfactory "form," which inevitably makes a less popular but more enduring appeal. In the same spirit the best modern portraiture is being done. Rodin was the iconoclast here, as in so many respects. He saw beauty chiefly in emotional rather than intellectual terms, in the play of light and shade, in merging and contrasting tones, in what may be called color values of sculpture. Examine his delightful bronze head of Legros. This is technically of Rodin's favorite "lump and depression" technique, built up of a pellet of clay here, a scratch there, broad, broken masses of hair, all of which is designed primarily to break the light into a multitude of cross-currents and set it off on a delicious game of hide-and-seek. Sometimes, chiefly in the hair, the shafts are hard, as if the light struck quartz; but more often the bronze has the quality of its molten state, with light glowing in and out upon it, softened to the luminous radiance of old blue glass. The Legros is a portrait—make no mistake about that; in the brooding, almost canny face, the narrowed eyes and contracted brow, the



"HEAD OF LEGROS"

BY RODIN

"BUST OF PERICLES"

In the Metropolitan Museum

BY PHIDIAS



tossed-back hair, the full, sensuous lips, are revealed the painter's nature. But using that as a skeleton, Rodin created upon it the warm flesh and blood of living art.

The charm of exploring color values in various media has appealed strongly of late to continental sculptors. Bernhard Hoetger and Herman Haller have had the courage to bring to the salons what many a sculptor has secretly admired in the studio—clay, with the virtues of its own vitality, before the death in plaster and resurrection in marble, clay with its rough surfaces and homely texture. The Russians, notably Seraphim Sudbinin, have found special delight in the smooth tones of golden bronze and polished wood.

But the greatest of living portraitists have gone farther than this in esthetic values, concentrating upon intellectual as well as emotional content, upon form more than color. No better example of modern esthetic construction can be found than Bourdelle's "Koeberlé." This, too, is a portrait; it reveals the famous surgeon in that thin, sensitive, conscientious face, those piercing eyes and tired cheeks. But this is more than a person; it is a design, almost as severe and substantial as that of a bridge. It is seen most obviously in the hair, where the broad sure sweep of





"ADAM MICKIEWICZ"

BY BOURDELLE

the locks is thought in three dimensions which "carry through," a device peculiar to Bourdelle and one which produces an effect of extraordinary vitality. The three curves of the forehead, nose and beard are a rhythmic repetition, seen in profile, and the face from in front presents a series of studied planes. Not a line here is accidental, not a mass miscalculated. The same sure understanding of construction distinguishes "Adam Mickiewicz," Bourdelle's spirited representation of the ardent Polish poet, and, with less nervous concentration, the tawny colossal bronze head of Heracles in the Luxembourg Museum.

Aristide Maillol has made few ventures in portraiture, but in what is perhaps his best, "Monsieur M.," he has geometrically planned a rugged face which has the strength and solidity of a mountain boulder. Ivan Mestrovic's heads are similarly designed. "That doesn't look to me like Sir Thomas Beecham" was the comment of an English lady as she examined the austere and sombre bust of him by Mestrovic at Millbank. "He might have looked like that when he was younger," she added, in generous defense of a sculptor who needed no apologist!

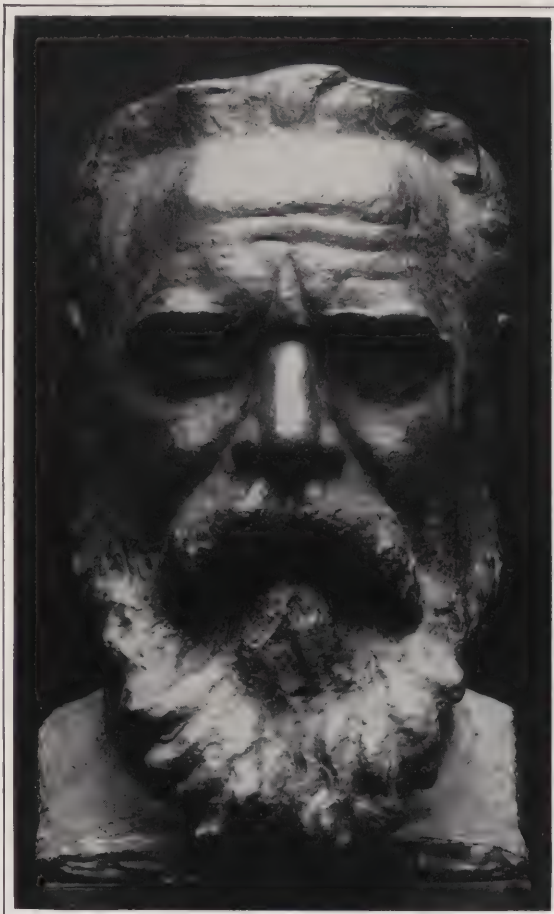
Among the younger Americans, Roy Sheldon

and Gaetano Cecere have frankly subordinated realistic detail and character analysis to the esthetic values implicit in portraiture. Sheldon is a native of Missouri, who has studied under Bourdelle, Landowski and Bouchard at Paris, and has exhibited during the past year at the Spring and Autumn Salons, the Anderson Galleries, and various exhibitions in this country. His heads always avoid photographic detail. Of two imaginative portraits, his "Greek Girl" is an attempt to realize a pagan mood, for which there is a frank adaptation of the archaic Greek eyes and lips and pellet hair. The "Sappho" (exhibited at the 1923 Salon d'Automne) is a much more personal statement. Basing the facial background upon a discreet use of Rodin's "lump and depression" technique, the sculptor emphasized the eyes and lips for his esthetic effect. The thin, melancholy eyes, with the raised line of the brows, and the parted, dry lips emerging from sunken cheeks, create an impression of some pathetic Gioconda, as mysterious as Leonardo's, and fevered with this modern life.

In two actual portraits we see how Sheldon has achieved more than likenesses, more than

"MONSIEUR M."

BY MAILLOL







"SIR THOMAS BEECHAM"

BY IVAN MESTROVIC

In the Tate Gallery, London

character studies. His head of A. G. Warshowsky, the Cleveland painter, achieves a color effect in the hair as delightful as that of Rodin, and the summary lines of eyes and lips, and the cheeks blocked out in broad, sure masses, form a figure with fine breadth and vigor. This is an undemonstrative face, but one very appealing in its directness and sincerity. Of greater charm and nicer craftsmanship is his portrait of Mrs. S., where the rough patine breaks up the light in entrancing flecks, like sunshine falling through leaves. Here again the face is constructed firmly and surely, with stylization in the raised eyebrows and eyelids, and subtle individuality in the full, rich, drooping lips. The hair is sketchily massed in heavy strands, exquisite in catching the light. This is a portrait, but more—it is a harmony, both delighting the senses and satisfying the mind.

Two years ago Gaetano Cecere was considered one of the most promising students at the Amer-

ican Academy in Rome, where he was the Rinehart Fellow. One of his portraits made at that time, the head of a Roman peasant girl, is as powerful in its repose as a Renaissance tomb portrait. Cecere, like Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux, found his model in the *campagna*, a girl of that sombre countryside who had doubtless had her share of suffering. Here she is in severe Carrara marble, the modeling suave and cool, with a restrained pattern stated in the kerchief over the head, the stylized hair, the eyebrows in relief. Cecere has done other interesting work, but none which is the equal of this in vitality.

Cecere, like most of his confrères, especially

"SAPPHO"

BY ROY SHELDON





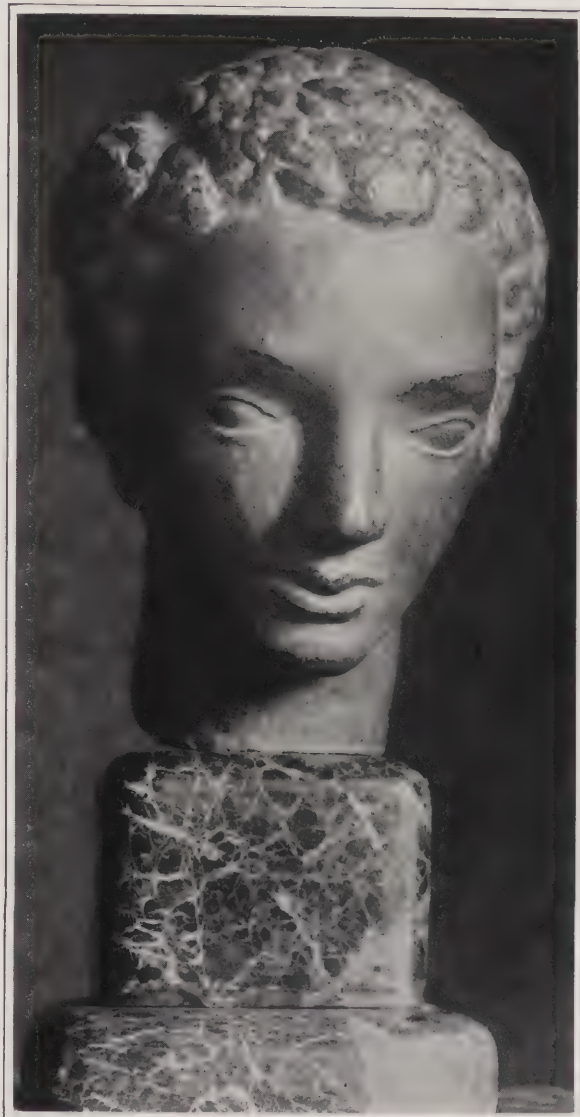


"A GIRL"

BY JACOB EPSTEIN

"A PEASANT"

BY GAETANO CECERE



"HEAD OF A GREEK GIRL"

BY ROY SHELDON

those of the American Academy in Rome, is greatly indebted to Paulanship, and in no respect more so than in his technique of portraiture. Once asked whether he would treat a portrait with the same decorative freedom as he did his purely imaginative creations, Manship is reported to have answered nonchalantly, "Why not?" Why not, indeed? If sculpture is to be judged, not by tests of historical accuracy and psychological precision, but in terms of its own beauty of line and esthetic significance of form, shall it not achieve distinction in decorative portraiture as well as in architectural decoration? To the obvious answer, that ancient art critic, Pliny, added a keener corollary. Writing of Kresilas' portrait of Pericles, he concluded: "The marvel of this art is that it has made men of renown yet more renowned."



# A FINNISH NATIONAL ART

SCANDINAVIAN art has long been appreciated by most of the world. However, the artistic attainments of the Finns, who are culturally related to the Scandinavians, are much less familiar, more especially to the people of America. Yet they have shown a skill which is decidedly worth study.

The art galleries in most modern countries show a variety of works representing many periods and numerous schools. One usually observes diversity rather than unity displayed in the subjects. Not so in the art institutions of Finland, for these contain primarily the paintings and sketches produced by artists who are now resident in the country or have lived in Finland in recent times. There is variation in technique, and evidence of the influences of French and German schools. Nothing, however, is more obvious than that the artists must have lived in Finland a long time to have conceived and executed the exhibits. They strikingly depict the Finnish landscapes, Finnish life in all its reality and Finnish literature with its highly imaginative descriptions.

The early art of Finland is largely Swedish in character. It consists mostly of mural decorations and frescoes upon the walls or ceilings of the churches. No early artist stands out as pre-eminent. Not until recently has there been a development of noted men in this field of endeavor. The first of these artists, Albert Edelfelt (1854-1905), who portrayed Finnish life with such skill and virility, was of Swedish ancestry. The earliest

*The Rya, a hand-knotted tapestry or rug, has been produced in Finland for many centuries*

EUGENE VAN GLEEF

more remote parts of Finland and also gave concreteness to many of the word pictures in the Kalevala. Eero Jarnefelt (born 1863) represents the third outstanding artist who has successfully

of the native Finns to succeed in gaining the stamp of world recognition upon indigenous Finnish art, was Akseli Gallen-Källela, born in 1865. His first works portrayed the life of the transferred to canvas an accurate record of the landscape, the agricultural processes and rural home life of Finland.

Remarkable as are some of the artistic conceptions adorning the walls of Finnish art museums, one emerges from the galleries somewhat depressed. Few cheerful scenes are depicted. The struggle for existence against great odds constitutes the principal motif. The burning of the forests as a process of land clearing, the shepherd boy alone in the wilderness, a rural burial scene, a fisherman's lowly hut upon a lake or seashore, or the fisherman sailing upon a storm-tossed sea uncertain whether he will make shore, these and

many others paralleling them in principle, emphasize not only the response of the people to their natural environment but the fact that the environment is dominant. It reacts upon the artists themselves to the extent of practically eliminating the treatment of subjects quite foreign to their locality. The Finns are not copyists. Originality characterizes their presentations. The men cited above studied in French or German schools or both, but made little or no use of subjects suggested by their extra-territorial experiences.



THE PURELY GEOMETRIC DESIGN CHARACTERIZES THE EARLIEST FINNISH RYAS

*Reproduced by permission of Galerie Horhammer, Helsingfors*





A FINNISH RYA PRESENTING A COMBINATION OF THE SYMBOLIC DESIGN WITH THE GEOMETRIC

*Reproduced by permission of Galerie Horbammer, Helsingfors*

A manual art, peculiar to Finland, about which Americans know almost nothing, is expressed in the Rya, a beautiful, hand-knotted rug. It should perhaps be referred to as a wall tapestry as it is only rarely used on the floor. The Rya is the work of the peasant folk and is unique in character. The almost continuous darkness of the long winter period offers much leisure for the development of the handicrafts. So the farmer accomplishes much in the production of both practical things for use

in the outdoor labor of summer and artistic for his home the year around.

The designs of the earlier Ryas are for the most part geometric; the later rugs show symbols, confined generally to the center field, the border displaying the geometric forms. Some foreign motifs, such as the tulip, palmetto leaf and animal forms, particularly lions and birds, appeared at the beginning of the eighteenth century. By the end of the century the foreign influence had





ONE OF THE OLDEST KNOWN RYAS. NOTE THE DATE 1708 WOVEN INTO THE RUG

*Reproduced by permission of Galerie Horhammer, Helsingfors*

become so marked as to give rise to a controversy relative to the origin of the Rya.

The Rya is not unlike the Oriental rug in its general appearance, but differs in the details of construction, in the purpose to which it is put and in the density of weave. The knots are farther apart and in some of the oldest pieces considerable

areas appear without knots. Since they were commonly used as wall tapestries or counterpanes, density of weave was not an important requisite. As the weaver's skill developed and the rugs attained the plane of a highly appreciated art, they were coveted as bridal gifts. In the early eighteenth century the marriage contract fre-





A RYA DATING FROM 1785

*Reproduced by permission of Galerie Horhammer, Helsingfors*

quently provided specifically for a Rya or two, and in the inventories of the peasant's belongings the number served as an index to his wealth.

Attempts have been made to classify Ryas, but without much success. They are strikingly individualistic. "Styles" apparently never exerted an influence. Every peasant wove his Rya to satisfy his own desires and tastes. Even professional weavers who wandered from village to village taking orders for Ryas wove them according to specifications set by the purchaser, rarely introducing their own ideas. In a few parishes there appears a similarity in the border design, but never in the center field motif. The colors are individualistic too, being influenced only by the local environment. One can notice, for example, the preponderance of warm combinations of the reds and yellows in the weaves of the southwest coastal regions, and the colder blues and yellows in those from the interior.

Characteristic of most of the better Ryas are the dates and the harmony in color composition. An illustration shows one with the date and name of the owner; the name does not appear as commonly as

the date. The oldest dated rug now in existence is one made in 1705, but this, however, is not the oldest piece known. It is probable that Ryas were made several hundreds of years prior to the eighteenth century; they are still woven in the Finnish homes but do not possess the same beauty of color as those of centuries ago. The early art of dye making has been lost in Finland just as in other countries of Europe, and with it have gone the rich tones which are cherished so highly in the older specimens.

As suggested, the origin of the Rya has not been determined. The word itself is derived from the Swedish *ryijy*. Some suppose accordingly a Swedish origin for the tapestry, but more than likely this merely expresses the Swedish dominance of early times. Ryas occur in Sweden no doubt as the consequence of their introduction to that country by order of King Wasa (1523-1560) of Sweden who reigned during a portion of the period of the

Swedish domination in Finland. A Siberian source has also been mentioned and then again theory places the Balkans and Poland as the avenue along which the art moved northward, finally reaching Finland. Hörhammer, one of Finland's two leading experts, has recently located Ryas in Lithuania, which gives some support to the last mentioned suggestion. On the other hand, it has not been established whether these latter Ryas came from Finland or from Poland or possibly were made within the confines of Lithuania. It seems to the writer, however, in view of the similarity of the Rya to the "oriental" rug of southeastern Europe and southwestern Asia, that this art might well have been carried into Finland by the early immigrants either along the Volga River or by those who moved toward the northern slopes of the Carpathians and northward from that region.

Connoisseurs of Ryas hold their color as their greatest asset. The harmony in many instances is almost perfect. The colors are pure, soft, fresh, recalling the warm bright tones of an autumn landscape such as one may witness in a far northern country.





"THE FISHERMEN"

BY GREGORIO PRIETO

## A SPANISH *Landscape* PAINTER

IT WOULD be an interesting subject for study to attempt to determine the causes underlying the fact that in Spain landscape was not cultivated as an important department of painting until the second half of the nineteenth century. Especially is it worthy of remark because Spain is a land whose natural beauties have been calling to her artists to reproduce them, to interpret them.

We are aware, to be sure, that in the seventeenth century there was a maker of landscapes, by name Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, a pupil of Velasquez and a member of that celebrated School of Madrid. However, in addition to being an exception, the landscapes of Mazo could just as well have been signed by Ruisdael, so unlike were they to any of our Spanish art. The other artists—even including Goya himself—chose to look upon the landscape as something

*Gregorio Prieto depicts the scenic beauty of his native land in a way which has won him honor and is his own*  
Ballesteros de MARTOS

secondary, something made according to a school-room law. Until the day of Fortuny, that unfortunate but powerful painter who sensed intuitively all the art theories which would not begin

to be talked of in France until twenty years after his death (and from France would be sent out to the rest of the world), no Spanish artist had felt inclined to reflect upon his canvas the varied and splendid panorama that unfolded around him. And only since the death of Fortuny, who was the pathfinder and precursor, has a love for landscape awakened in our country and become an important and interesting manifestation of art. Its importance, indeed, has increased to such a degree that the Academy of Fine Arts has seen the necessity of founding a separate school for landscape artists. It is in the old Monastery of Paular which the government has donated for that purpose.



The pupils who study here are chosen for their merit; they take up their residence in the Monastery for a number of months, during which they have no masters, no guardians, and no obligations, except to paint what they like in the way they like. In some degree the initiator and organizer of the Monastery School was Sorolla, the first of all of our great landscape painters and a man who understands very well the value of freedom in art—and perhaps most of all in landscape art, which must always be an individual, an intensely personal interpretation of what the artist is looking out upon.

Gregorio Prieto first challenged the attention of critics at the exhibition given by the pupils of the Monastery in 1916. He was enthusiastically received by them all. They declared that this was the debut of a painter of magnificent gifts, that it was the rich seeding down for a great future. As a concession extraordinary the Monastery of Paular granted him three more years of study there, years in which he worked tremendously and gave an exhibition all his own in the Ateneo of Madrid.

In the National Exposition of 1922 he won the third medal, with the canvas "Purification, Nieves y Encarnacion," which was bought by the government for the Museum of Modern Art. This quick success had astonishing results. During his apprenticeship in the Academy of Fine Arts he won the prize extraordinary, known as the "Sorilla Prize," and also the distinguished commendation given by the queen mother, Maria Cristina, and

still another given by the Society of the Friends of Art.

As to his manner, his technique, Gregorio Prieto is a Post-Impressionist. That does not mean that he sees through the eyes of Gauguin or Cézanne whose works he can know only through reproduction, for he has never been out of Spain: His original influences belong entirely to our country. Some say that he carries on the tradition of Joaquín Mir, with certain unmistakable reminiscences of Sorolla, and that this is evident in the picture, "The Garden of the Nuns," and likewise in "The Garden of the Red Roses," "The Arbor" and "The White Patio." But his technique is much more constructive, richer of gamut, than that of Mir, whose weakness—in our opinion—is a certain lack of strength of character, of reasoned architectural consistency, resulting occasionally in diffuseness and a trace of impreciseness. At the same time Prieto is finer, more sensitive and profound in spirit and manner than Sorolla, whose work sometimes has a tendency to degenerate into the rough, the coarse.

Joaquín Mir, in his great zest to pursue what he calls the orchestration of color, the vibration of light—in which he has even surpassed all the French painters who have set out with the same ideal—discards bodily weight and volume and, at the same time, the natural and rightful outlines of objects. In our opinion Joaquín Mir stands outside landscape painting, because reality either hurts his retina or else it never succeeds in reaching his heart, and the result is merely a masterly

"THE GREEN MOUNTAIN"

BY GREGORIO PRIETO







"PURIFICATION"

BY GREGORIO PRIETO

harmony of color. His landscapes might better be named musical landscapes.

Sorolla can no longer see anything except light and color. His brush depicts nothing save tremendous sunbursts; but it is true that this brush is so trained and expressive that a single stroke of it is worth a painting.

Gregorio Prieto has something of both, but in addition he has a native inclination for the adequate relief, physiognomy of objects, and for the outline of everything that he depicts, as well as a finer, more powerful sense of what is meant by "style." He is not an objective artist giving externals only. In addition to light and color he tries to enter into the spirit of a scene and this intention has weight in his art, and gives force of character.

Impressionism renewed painting to be sure, but it fell into the defect of separating itself into a school, and converting itself into too many formulas and mannerisms. It was impelled at first by the wish to get out of a rut and capture reality, but, as it made for itself a theory with the means

at its disposal, the painter no longer went to seek nature itself but instead to interpret it according to the rule of some teacher, with the result that again art lost its liberty and fell into another decadence. A painter who is genuinely a painter cannot agree to hold solely to Impressionism, nor to any one of the other theories which have sprung up so richly in France in the past few years. He will find himself forced to abide by the sane and only principle which has outlasted all the schools and all the struggles—namely, the freedom of sincere and individual study of nature. Not all men have the same faculties, nor do they treasure up within themselves an equal union of esthetic qualities; therefore no one rule can serve for all, whether made yesterday or today. Oscar Wilde spoke with great discrimination when he said that individualism is the truest manifestation of art. This is applicable to Gregorio Prieto. A direct descendant of such personal craftsmen as Sorolla and Mir, he understood at once the folly of following them, of trying to imitate them. He understood that what they had done only they alone





"A BASQUE BRIDGE"

BY GREGORIO PRIETO

could do. And looking upon their works solely as points of departure, he took up his own baggage of esthetic culture and the ingenuous inclination of his own mind to interpret beauty as he saw it. He set out bravely to procure his own emotions directly from nature. In doing this he has created what neither Sorolla nor Mir, Monet nor Renoir, Cézanne nor Gauguin could create and reveal to the world—in short, an art just as great, but which had no masters. For it is only the lesser artist who falls readily into schools or whose work is obviously an echo of that of a master. Prieto is not of these.

The predominant qualities in the paintings of Gregorio Prieto are tenderness and joy. In his great canvases filled with light his soul expands, like the rich and splendid pomegranates of the south which contain seeds that glow like rubies. His paintings are epics of the brush. His first impulse is toward light, the gay, the laughing, the splendid. He is a son of the people of La Mancha, like Don Quixote. It was the vast, black, continually shadowed plains of this land that gave him

his love for the sun. But his spirit inclined him to seek not only strength and power but the delicate, the gracious. These qualities in his work are illustrated in the examples shown here. Of course, the color which distinguishes them is wanting, but as well as black and white can show it one sees the power in such a painting as "A Basque Bridge," the delicacy in "Purification."

Not for him the melancholy gloom of his dramatically shadowed land, but the sweetly alluring, the pensive. His restless and ambitious temperament has led him to attempt figures and *genre*. But they are not to be considered in the same class with his landscapes. It is in landscape that his personality has found expression, and its greatest certainty and power. We must understand, too, that Gregorio Prieto is not only a painter of today, but of the future. His future is something of magnificent promise if he keeps on—as he is doing now—converting reality into beauty. He is the most sympathetic and powerful figure in landscape painting among the artists of Spain today.



# GONDER—"TOO MANY ROSES?"

THERE HAVE BEEN more phrases made about the eighteen nineties than about any other decade in the memory of man. It seems a pity to add to them. But the figures of

that day invited phrases, both by their work and their behavior, and they were not at all averse to coining phrases about themselves. The years between eighteen ninety and the close of the nineteenth century were filled with a riot of creation

that set artists to writing, and poets to drawing, and everyone to talking. Above all, everyone experimented with art in some form; and the phrase, *fin de siècle*, was sufficient to excuse every extravagance of creative effort. Poets and novelists and artists and essayists ran about madly trying to produce the greatest possible number of novelties, as if the close of the century was to mark the end of the world and all that was to be accomplished must be finished before then. And though Max Nordau and a few others have screamed in passionate rage against the "Yellow Nineties," most of us look back to it with interest if not with envy and save our pennies industriously to buy copies of *The Savoy* or *The Yellow Book*.

The end of a century has upon our sensibilities much the same effect as the return of our own natal day, only, being Time's birthday, it affects a great many people instead of only one. It makes whole groups of people pause and say to themselves, in the words of Hermione, "Have I done something *really* constructive in this hundred years, or have I failed?" They nearly always decide that they have failed and try, in the last

*The eroticism and extravagance of the 'nineties had little influence on the delicate art of Charles Conder*

PERRIN JOYCE

With Victoria behind and the end of the century before, the artists of the nineties felt a pressure from two directions driving them into excesses that were often childish and sometimes inspired.

Charles Conder was one of the figures of that

few years of the dying century, to atone for their shortcomings. Added to this, the extravagances of the nineties were a natural reaction against the primness of the preceding era.

period whose genius—or talent, as you will—was somewhat overshadowed by his more spectacular contemporaries. Two things kept him in the background: he was color-drunk in an age of black and white; and he chose to paint fans rather than canvases. Any other artist of the period who might have been beguiled by the fan shape would have been influenced by the limitations of the shape because, like small boys laboring under an excess of energy, they would do anything they could to make it harder. But Conder, as we shall see, was moved by no such impulse.

He found in the designing of fans the most natural expression of his visions; and his name will always be associated with fan decoration in spite of the work he did in other fields. On all of them there are beautiful women, "sumptuous women basking in their own glorious beauty, in a world that had for place and boundary only color—color that suggested form but did not really have it; and though the day is fresh and the wind is fair, the air is heavy and close. There are too many roses."

Whether or not you will admire his work and name him artist without the qualifying "decorative" depends entirely upon whether or not you



CHARLES CONDER—SELF PORTRAIT





"L'OISEAU BLEU"

The National Gallery, Melbourne

BY CHARLES CONDER

think there *can* be too many roses, or that, as roses, they matter. After all, we who look upon his work and appraise it today are so very far from being *fin de siècle* or from understanding the impulses that moved the men of the nineties. We do not feel the need for the perfume of decadence to dissipate the mustiness of Victorianism. But even were Conder alive today, he would still be belittled because of the poetical quality of his work. A poetic picture, as everyone knows, is a little girl sitting in a field of flowers; or a sweet-faced nun in a white habit, with hands folded in prayer. The painting of fans of course is a mere avocation; it has no purpose; it does not identify the artist with this or that school of theorists. And so, because his appropriate tag cannot be found, he must go without the label of the artist.

In the last number of *The Savoy*, Arthur Symonds—who had had to write most of it himself—wrote in his valedictory: "Comparatively few people care for art at all, and most of these care for it because they mistake it for something else." Conder would probably have disagreed with this. He found a great many people who cared about art; people who scolded and encouraged him in his youth and admired and purchased him in his maturity.

Charles Conder was a descendant of Louis Francis Roubiliac, a French sculptor who designed many eighteenth-century porcelains; and Conder's fan-figures are plainly descended therefrom. He was born in London in 1868 and was shortly after-

wards taken to India. Between the ages of five and seventeen he was again England, but in his eighteenth year was sent to work with an uncle in Australia. Conder's father was a civil engineer and his uncle a surveyor, and it was the intention of the family that he should become, like them, a servant of the government. But Conder was bored with his apprenticeship to his uncle and went to Sydney and worked on a newspaper there for about two pounds per week. It was in Australia that he met Phil May, sent there for his health; and Arthur Streeton, the landscape painter, with whom a warm friendship sprang up. When he went to Melbourne he found himself in another group who met weekly to discuss art and scold Conder because he would not apply himself seriously to the study of form. He was incapable then, as always, of regular and steady work, and consistently refused to work from a model. He was keenly interested in all methods of applying color but was completely indifferent to materials. Most of his work in Sydney was done on cigar boxes or pieces of pasteboard.

He was equally indifferent about his personal appearance and impatient of such earthly annoyances as regular meals, taken solely for nourishment, and regular hours of work. One concession was made to the decencies of life. On a nail in his room hung a frock coat, vest and trousers of a correct cut, a top hat, gloves and a stick, so that he might when he chose sally forth clad in garments that would insure his admission to the tea



tables of the beautiful ladies that he then and always so deeply admired.

He was at length persuaded by his friends to go into the country and paint and study as a young artist should and especially to work from living models. Every morning from the little inn where he was staying with one or two of his artist friends, he could be seen with his canvas and stool following a little girl who led a calf—the artist preceded by his models. But every evening he would return in a state of irritation because the calf would not stand still; and at length he swore that he hated the calf so deeply that he was going back to town. The incident proves his docility and his respect for the advice of his friends, but it taught him that he could never be an “art student” in the accepted meaning of the phrase.

In 1890 he left Australia and went to Paris, ostensibly working in the studio of Julian but profiting little thereby because he could not adapt himself to working regularly and steadily. He met Will Rothenstein in Paris and they became friends and fellow workers; but his friendship with Toulouse-Lautrec and Anquetin were, in the long run, far more influential upon his work. After a summer in Normandy and a brief visit to Algiers, Conder and Rothenstein held a joint exhibition in Paris and on the strength of his contributions thereto—he exhibited chiefly landscapes—he was elected an associate member of the Beaux Arts. He was back in London in 1894 and became a member of the New English Art Club, organized as a protest against the Academicians. He contributed to this club's exhibitions annually for the rest of his life. In 1893 he first began his experiments with fans. The first one was painted in oil on a board; but he was so delighted with the possibilities of the fan-shaped outline that he soon began to paint them directly upon silk in water color.

In 1901 he met and married a Mrs. Belford and they settled in a little ivy-covered house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he lived until his serious illness in 1907. In those six peaceful years he worked hard and played with equal enthusiasm. He continued to paint landscapes in oil, made water color drawings, pen and ink sketches, drawings in red and black chalk, painted silk panels and fans, made a number of lithographs and even, in the lust for experiment, made one or two not very good etchings. In the midst of this “noble fury” of creative effort he and his wife gave delightful parties, one of which was described by a guest as a “not-to-be-forgotten fancy dress ball that was like a transcription of eighteenth-century life.” Summers were spent abroad, one

in Italy, another in Algiers with the return voyage through Spain, and many in France. His health began to fail in 1906 and though he did partially recover for a time, he finally died in 1909 after a long and painful illness.

Such was the life of our “decadent” of the nineties: a great deal of hard work undertaken solely for the love of experiment and creation; many warm friends among the most interesting personalities in an age full of them; a domestic existence that was filled with perfect graciousness, a perfect identity of tastes and a bountiful hospitality; and a good business head that insured a comfortable livelihood!

Conder's fame rests chiefly on his fan designs and his paintings on silk; and there was and still is some question in many minds if one who practiced chiefly the decorative arts is worthy of the name of artist. It is unquestionably true that some of his fans are masterpieces. One commentator remarks—let us hope ironically—that the proof of this lies in the fact that they have been purchased by art museums in London, Paris and New York. The very limitations of his mediums—the silk upon which he applied his color and the peculiar shape of the fan outline—seemed to liberate his powers rather than to repress them. In the regular mediums of canvas and oil, in landscape and portraiture, he was not nearly so successful; he lost to a great extent the lightness of touch that became unconscious when he worked on silk, and his undeveloped sense of form and design were more apparent.

When painting on silk, he worked directly; he never made studies or sketches and always depended upon his memory and his faculty of accurate observation. He was most fastidious about the quality and texture of the silks he used and in his travels not only carried with him bolts of various kinds of silk but spent much time in hunting for new ones. The silk was either white or of a creamy tone. He worked chiefly by artificial light. He loved to begin new designs, but hated to finish the old ones. This feverishness was due rather to the fecundity of his imagination than to any real impatience; new themes, new color combinations and new designs crowded his fancy so that, in spite of a vast amount of work accomplished, he never repeated himself. A few of the fans were mounted, on plain mother-of-pearl or ivory sticks, but the majority were framed and exhibited simply as fan designs.

“L'Oiseau Bleu” is one of the most famous of these. It is a silk panel painted in 1895, only a year or two after he began his experiments with fans. The principal figures in it—the man, the





"LA FILLE AUX YEUX D'OR"

LITHOGRAPH BY CHARLES CONDER

woman and the bird they are trying to catch—are in the sunlight because the man and woman still believe that the blue bird may be caught; while the group of ladies to the right have the rich reds and blues of their dresses "delicately drenched in shadow" because they have reached the age of doubt. This panel inspired a somewhat labored poem in which the poet sought to capture the picture's delicate mood; but it also inspired Max Beerbohm to write one of his *Words for Pictures* in which the theme of the painting is artificially and delightfully handled.

Conder's other paintings on silk included panels, curtains, bed coverings and even costumes. He was asked to decorate the boudoir in the house of Mr. Bing, a well-known London dealer; and designed a series of panels of white silk which were shown in his own exhibition in 1899 in London. Some of these became the property of his friend, Fritz Thaulow, the artist with whom Conder spent his last days. Nine of them were exhibited in New York in 1911 and became the property of the late Mr. John Quinn. Each of the panels had a medallion illustrating different stories and appropriately framed with a decorative design suitable to the theme; pastoral scenes were framed with shepherd's crooks, tournaments with lances, and the vanity of Marguerite with a border of peacocks.

Conder's landscapes—at least the best of them—have often the same poetical quality as his

paintings on silk. Even the poorer ones are saved by his exquisite sense of color. But whether he worked in oil on canvas or in water color on silk, he had the faculty of rendering in color the atmospheric quality of different places, of different seasons and of the different times of day. He could interpret with equal success and skill the gradations of light and shade in Australia, in the north of France or the south of England.

His portraits, like his landscapes, were merely decorative treatments of his subject; they are never realistic. In spite of the fact that he was weak in the drawing of the figure, the portraits have an arresting quality due to his use of color. His self portrait was given to his old friend, Will Rothenstein. His portrait of Max Beerbohm shows

"the Incomparable Max" seated in a theatre box and some waltzing couples in the background. In spite of its faulty drawing, we see in it the dandy incarnate—the intellectual and sartorial dandy, as capable of turning the phrase "certain congruities of dark cloth and the rigid perfection of linen" as of *earning* it; escaping ridicule only because he did not hesitate to make fun of himself. A portrait of Beardsley, painted by Conder in 1896, has mysteriously disappeared. It would be interesting to see Conder's representation of the man whose color-comrade he was said to be. But his best portraits are those of women because they were more decorative and he was interested more in the decorative quality of his sitters than in making good likenesses. Among others, he painted portraits of Madame Genée, the dancer, and of the actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

His lithographs are the subject of unending dispute; now they are compared to the work of Goya, and now their publication is said to detract from his fame. But this controversy does not keep them from being eagerly sought by collectors who value them because of their scarcity. Conder made a set of six lithographs for Balzac's *La Fille aux Yeux D'or* in addition to the illustrations for the book.

Conder's relation with his fellow artists of the nineties was chiefly a personal one. He is not so closely identified with them artistically as the writers about that fascinating decade would have



us believe. The use of silk as a medium, the romantic quality of his themes and his ethereal use of color are all in a sense artificial; but they were his by reason of their peculiar fitness for what he wanted to do rather than because it was fashionable to be artificial and bizarre. He had no particular eagerness to shock anyone; he was not bored into painting as others of the day were bored into writing or drawing or talking—in fact he found it difficult to put down the flood of fancies that struggled in him for expression. His work was lyrical and fragile, but perfectly healthy and free from the morbidity of Beardsley and Wilde.

The phrase makers have called Conder the “English Watteau”—a meaningless paradox. English is just what Watteau could never have been; and French is certainly something that Conder could never be called. Others who feel that an artist’s inspiration must be accounted for as though it were a crime for which the motive must be discovered, say that Beardsley influenced Conder. As a matter of fact if there was any influencing done, it was Conder who furnished occasional bits of design for Beardsley’s drawings. Conder had none of Beardsley’s self-consciousness and certainly none of the morbid and heavy quality that makes even his most cheerful themes seem funereal. The only possible characteristic of Conder’s work that might deserve the epithet “decadent” is that his paintings on silk and his fans seem to preach the voluptuousness of doing nothing.

It must be remembered that during these years William Morris and his followers were trying to convince the world that art and utility should not be divorced; that art was not just something to be hung on the wall, but that it might be expressed in tables and chairs, in the printing of books and in the garments that one wore. The New English Art Club, founded in protest against the conventions of the Royal Academy, added its voice to the Arts and Crafters, not to the extent of glorifying applied art, but in protest against the accepted theory that a picture to be great must tell a story. Conder, more than any other artist of his time, most successfully embodied these two protests, though not consciously. To the utility of the fan—a utility at least under-



“BRIGHTON, 1905”

BY CHARLES CONDER

standable if not eminently practical—he added color combinations that, in spite of their subtlety, could be enjoyed by the most uneducated taste. Just as the fan shape freed him from the necessity for accurate drawing, so it freed the average spectator from the consciousness of looking at “art.” But whether one knows what art is or whether one merely knows what one likes, Conder’s fans have at least a sensuous appeal. They give rise to an impulse to touch and smell as well as to see; to take in their fragile beauty through more than one sense; they are not only drowsy with color that charms the eye, but they are sleek and fragrant as well.

Conder’s was not a spectacular personality. He was a devoted husband, a good business man, a hard worker, a genial companion, an excellent friend; and he was unlike his fellow artists in that he had no desire to seek until he had found the most startling method of expressing himself. Because of these things, he is probably the least known among the figures of the nineties. Although he dashed around Europe with bolts of fine silk under his arm, to be ready for any impulse to work, it was not done as a pose but merely because without his chosen medium he knew that he was, compared to the masters whom he so deeply revered, nothing but a fumbler.

Most of the work of the nineties must be judged, if it is to be understood and enjoyed, in the light of an acquaintance with the *fin de siècle* spirit and fashions. But to enjoy Conder’s work this is not necessary. The beauty of his fans is obvious because they were conceived in sincerity.





"THE POTTER"

WOODCUT BY M. MÉHEUT

## Modern FRENCH WOODCUTS

SINCE the war the woodcut as a medium for book illustration has been revived in France and at present it bids fair to supplant all others. The extent of this extraordinary revival can be best demonstrated by a brief statistical quotation. In 1912 the first exposition of the *Société de la Gravure sur Bois Originale* was held at the Pavillon de Marsan. The number of *exposants* was forty-nine. After being interrupted by the war the exposition was held again in 1922 and the number of artists exhibiting had reached the total of one hundred and twenty-four.

So great has become the vogue of the woodcut that last year two large publishing houses each started editions of reprints of their better known authors' works illus-

*Publishers in France are making extensive use of woodcuts as illustrations for fine editions of books*

Allan Ross Macdougall

trated exclusively by this medium. In the case of one volume which was originally illustrated by pen and ink drawings by Victor Hugo these were engraved on wood. The volumes appear

once a month and contain from thirty to sixty full-page illustrations printed from the original woodcuts, initial letters, head- and tail-pieces, all cut by a master of the art. These books—by such authors as Colette, Paul Bourget, Henry Bor-

deaux, Claude Farrère, Francis Carco and Gérard d'Houville—with their clean-cut, arresting illustrations are sold for the sum of two francs fifty, or a little under fifteen cents!

Much of the best work of the modern French woodcut artist is to be found in the fine editions to which publishing houses like

WOODCUT FOR CHAPTER HEADING BY DIGNIMONT TO ILLUSTRATE "LES INNOCENTS." FERENCZI, PUBLISHERS, PARIS







WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION BY GUY DOLLIAN FOR "UN SOIR DE PLUIE"  
FAYARD, PUBLISHERS, PARIS



CHAPTER HEADING  
WOODCUT  
BY PIERRE FÉLICE  
FOR  
"L'ÎLE DE VOLUPTE"  
FAYARD, PUBLISHER  
PARIS





WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION BY DIGNIMONT FOR "LES INNOCENTS." FERENCZI, PUBLISHERS, PARIS

to find in any country more beautiful books than those of Mornay's. I hold as unsurpassed Louis Chadourne's *Pot au Noir* so vividly illustrated by the colored woodcuts by Pierre Falke and the Anatole France book already mentioned, so subtly and charmingly illustrated by Sauvage. But in truth one could go over the whole list, from the rudely illustrated Gorki and Kuprin of Lebedeff to the delicately done trilogy of Jules Valles by Barthélémy, and, without hesitation or fear of contradiction, say "perfect" after each book.

In the art of the woodcut as in the other graphic arts the classicists are not having it all their own way and the occasional woodcuts by modern painters like Raoul Dufy, Maurice de Vlaminck and André Lhote have stirred things up a bit. The three artists cited are members of the new group, *Peintres-Graveurs Indépendants*, whose first exposition in 1923, caused quite a furore. More than one writer set down his opinion that the whole history of the art proves the indisputable superiority of the irregular practitioner—the painterwood-cutter, sculptorwoodcutter—over the specialist in the art.

Mornay, Cres, *La Renaissance du Livre*, Helleu and Sergent, N. R. F., and the Banderole now give special attention. By following the advice of Bracquemond that the illustrations of a book should be at one with the text and by confiding their artistic needs to tried men like Louis Jou, Pierre Falke, Lebedeff, Sauvage, Barthélémy, Méheut, Hermann-Paul, Delignières, etc., these French firms have, within the past few years, produced many beautiful books.

France is a book-lover's country. It is no surprise, therefore, to learn that an expensive edition of the late Anatole France's *Les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard*, excellently illustrated by Sauvage and published by Mornay in an edition limited to one thousand copies, was over-subscribed four times before it had even gone to the press! This young house of Mornay seems to have a flair for bringing together the right wood-engraver and the right book to make a perfect copy. And indeed it would be hard

In any case fine work has been done by Dufy and his companions. And it would be hard to find



WOODCUT TO ILLUSTRATE "LE PÈRE PEDRIX" BY DESLIGNIÈRES. ANDRÉ COQ, PUBLISHERS, PARIS





ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "LES OPINIONS DE MONSIEUR JÉRÔME COIGNARD" BY ANATOLE FRANCE. WOODCUTS BY SAUVAGE. MORNAY, PUBLISHERS







"EN CAMARGUE"

WOODCUT BY HERMANN-PAUL

more excellent blocks than those executed by Dufy to illustrate the *Bestiaire* of Apollinaire. This artist has also illustrated books by de Gourmont, Duhamel, de Fleuret, all much sought after because of his work.

Another artist who has reacted against "*Les paquets de noirs*" is Hermann-Paul as a look at his latest series, *En Camargue* and his illustrations for Mirbeau's *Les Affaires sont les Affaires* will show. His illustrations for the latter match in bitterness and cold ferocity the words of the author. His sixteen woodcuts for the cheap edition of Madame Colette's music-hall story *Mitsou* show clearly that his technique is adaptable.

Among the most original of the French wood-

engravers may be cited Daranges who already has many followers. His work is rough, sometimes brutal and often fantastic in a haunted way. His illustrations for the *Raven* of Poe and the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* of Wilde have, as the French say, "*fait école*." Quite striking too are his woodcuts for the adventure story of Pierre MacOrlan *À bord de l'Étoile Matutine*. Incidentally MacOrlan, besides being a writer is also a member of the publishing house *La Renaissance du Livre*. With Gus Bofa he presides over the destinies of the young, but already famous, *Salon de l'Araigné* where each year at the *Galérie Devambez* the finest work done by the illustrators and book-makers is shown.

WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION BY RENEFER FOR "LA CIGALE." FAYARD, PUBLISHERS, PARIS







INTERESTING AND APPROPRIATE SURROUNDINGS MADE THIS RATHER UNOBTUSIVE GARDEN SCULPTURE ASSUME NEW VIRTUES. GARDEN DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR

## STATUARY IN THE GARDEN

ONE DOES not know whether to regret or to rejoice in the fact that statuary is being used less and less in modern gardens. Fortunately we have the splendid examples of

how to use sculpture in the old Italian gardens and in the French parks, and it is probably due to these living examples that in several cases real attempts are being made to use good statuary, carefully placed, in public places and parks. But in private gardens the idea of enhancing their beauty by placing pieces of sculpture in them has slowly been abandoned. The reason for this fact is very plain; so much bad statuary had been used that when finally, not so many years ago, designers began to criticize these ornaments, they roused such a storm of ridicule that most of the iron gnomes, smoking pipes or carrying hammers or hatchets, were removed to the storage attic,

*The iron stags and umbrella-holding children are being replaced with works of real artistic worth*

S. HELENA ROSSE

that there are few things more difficult to find than the right piece of garden statuary.

In garden statuary almost more than in any other branch of art, we have to distinguish between artist and artisan work, and although many years ago Italian artisans produced some very fine work, the quality of the products rapidly degenerated as the demand increased until finally the market was flooded with inferior figures, vases and fountains. From time to time one may pick up among these mass-made articles pieces which are amusing or interesting, but in such cases the ornaments are usually replicas of originals of some artistic value. Of course there is the accidental

together with the iron rabbits, stags and dogs and their worried owners were afraid of procuring anything to replace them, for fear that they might again make a mistake. And it is true





FOUNTAIN FIGURE

BY ANNA C. LADD

rare case where the artisan has produced a little wooden statue or leaden one which has the primitive charm of the dadaistic art lover, and sometimes the very smartness of the technique may give a certain charm to a basket of fruit cut in stone or a dolphin cast in bronze, but usually the best looking statuary is the conscious work of first rate artists.

Suitable for adorning our present day gardens as well as those of Pompei, are the smaller of the classical Roman statues, of which excellent casts can be procured. There is the beautiful Narcissus from Pompei, now in the museum at Naples, only slightly over two feet high, of which fine replicas in several smaller sizes can be had. The dancing

faun figure, also found in Pompei, has been used over and over again in modern gardens and seems suited to many different situations; it holds its own in combination with rather heavy architectural features and looks equally well in the gay centre of a bright flower garden. Another faun of the same type is arranged as a fountain which spouts water from a pouch which he carries in his arm. Besides these there are numerous cupids, some of them arranged for fountains, some of them just little statues, and as they are all the same size and just differ in attitude and detail, they can very successfully be used together, in corresponding places in the same garden. Apart from these small figures there are the replicas of





"FIGHTING BOYS"

FOUNTAIN BY JANET SCUDDER

the beautiful animal figures found in Herculaneum, such as the gazelle and the running pig, which if placed skilfully, can make a charming effect in a garden.

Although it is doubtful whether it is advisable to use the softer metals such as lead and the alloys of lead in imitation of the sharply cast originals, as the Japanese are so fond of doing, it is certain that lead is one of the metals par excellence for garden

statuary, provided that the inherent qualities of softness and malleableness are brought out, as was so successfully done in the eighteenth-century English leaden garden statuary.

Together with the iron garden statuary before mentioned, the terra cotta figures of the same period were also largely relegated to the scrap-heap. Typical of these, as the old standby of our youth, is the statue of two children holding an





"SUNDIAL"

BY BRENDA PUTNAM

umbrella from which water drips. As it so often goes in cases like this, it will probably take another generation to get over the prejudice developed against this material, which was used with great success for statuary in the seventeenth century. The porousness of the material makes it acquire a green lichen which is often very attractive.

Another group of garden ornaments, discarded along with their iron and terra cotta brothers and sisters, is that of the brightly painted wooden ladies, many of which had the same charm that the old figureheads of ships possess. Today, about the most extended application of colored woodwork and polychromed carving, in combination with shrubbery and trees, may be seen in Japan, notably in the large temple gardens of Nikko. In Europe, too, polychromed wooden statuary is often used for roadwise crucifixes and Pietàs, and

there is no reason why this method should not be employed for the execution of garden figures and other garden ornaments. It might be advisable to protect this material against too severe tests of the elements, and placing them under a slight cover as is usually done with the European Pietàs would only offer additional opportunity for working out a charming and different garden feature, which could be combined with a wooden seat, a pergola, a fence or a garden house. Another advantage of the use of wood as a material for garden ornamentation is that it so happily combines itself with the garden surroundings, particularly if placed in the vicinity of trees and shrubbery, where the dampness will coat it with a greenish hue, which makes it look delightfully at home in its surroundings. At the same time a place in an open, sunny garden could be becoming to a well carved and colored wooden statue, provided that the planting around it were done most carefully and in perfect harmony with the colors used on the woodwork. A very unusual effect could be reached by having, for instance, a small sepa-

rate garden, as part of a larger one, where in the planting scheme such colors were used as are almost impossible to use successfully in combination with the general range of colors of favorite annuals, perennials, etc. For however beautiful the scarlet of salvias, dahlias, pelargoniums and some of the brightest zinnias is, it will often spoil the effect of an otherwise excellent flower garden if it is used in combination with hollyhocks, campanulas or asters and other flower favorites which we do not want to omit from the general scheme.

It is therefore a good plan for gardens where plenty of space is available to have a separate red garden where all those flowers are planted also which combine well with the red ones, and in just that kind of garden a polychrome wooden figure could be made use of in a most effective way, by giving it colors strong enough to compete with the brightness of the flowers.



Stone and marble statues have through the ages been considered to be the most desirable of all but are also the most costly to produce, which probably accounts for their being looked up to with more public respect than bronze or leaden statues of at least equal artistic value. Several firms are producing cement casts in imitation of sandstone figures, and some of the very best of those can be used effectively in gardens, and after they are weathered a little their texture can be quite pleasing.

It is when we consider how often all these different types of statuary have been misused, either by selecting the wrong piece for its place or by choosing statuary that is bad in itself, that we are tempted to say that it is fortunate that in the past few years the installing of statuary in home gardens has practically come to a standstill. Because, after having had a period of little or no ornament in the garden, the present generation has had a chance to forget that there was such a thing as prejudice, caused by a too excessive use of inferior ornaments, and many garden owners are beginning to realize that one may use real works of art outside as well as inside the house.

The success of a piece of sculpture for outdoor use depends so entirely upon its placing that this deserves as much thought and planning, if not more, than any other part of the garden. A marked example of how a piece of statuary can be very successful in one place and totally uninteresting in another was given in Chicago a few years ago. In a most unexpected spot, on the sidewalk of one of the busiest streets in Chicago, entirely devoid of any attempts at decorative effects otherwise, stood a little bronze fountain, representing a girl holding a basin of water with a bird drinking from it. Although it had no particular merits in the way of sculpture, the perfectly unexpected presence of it, in the midst of wholesale houses and trucks, was so



"FOUNTAIN FIGURE"

BY JANET SCUDDER

pleasant a surprise to the rushing passer-by, such a refreshing suggestion of quiet and peace among all this turmoil of the city, that it was a real loss when the park commissioners claimed the fountain as belonging in the park and moved it to a large open lawn, where it now stands, unobserved and not making any impression at all.

It is not possible to give any guiding rules for the placing of garden sculpture, because each piece requires its very own place and surroundings and, *vice-versa*, each type of garden requires a certain type of ornament. For example, when a prospective garden owner has in mind a certain statue which he would like to use in his garden, he will



be wise to have his garden designer consider this statue at the very outset, before he plans the garden, because he can then make his scheme so as to provide the ideal spot for the sculpture.

For the average garden small statues are much more appropriate than large ones, and it is in this point that so many serious mistakes have been made by using figures far out of scale with the surrounding garden. It is with very small statues that the most delightfully surprising effects can be arranged; figures so small that they are hardly noticed until the visitor of the garden is almost face to face with them. But on the other hand, there are such ideal results as the famous so-called Dutch garden at Hampton Court, England, where small statues have been used at the intersection of paths, with unusually charming results. Here, also, are sandstone baby figures, not more than natural size, placed at the top and bottom on both sides of the very simple stone steps, of which there are several flights. The little figures stand on low, moss-covered sandstone pedestals of the simplest design, and next to them grow flowers, almost as tall as they are, in a most delightful array of colors and arranged as to color and grown in the perfection that flowers are grown in Hampton Court alone. In this case the entire garden is walled in by a tall hedge, provided with openings at regular intervals, through which visitors get a perfect view of the lovely garden picture.

Of the greatest importance is the choice of the plants used in connection with garden statues, and it is here again that each figure requires an individual treatment. Some of the smaller figures look charming when surrounded entirely with flowers, sometimes they may require

a planting at the base of some dense dark foliage like boxwood or barberry, and in many cases just a few individual clumps of perennials will bring out the attractions of the figure to better advantage. Irises are often used in this way as, apart from their wonderful flowers, they have the added charm of beautiful decorative foliage throughout the season.

It is, however, not always desirable to have the statue placed among planting, and many times a decorative treatment of the paving of the garden walk can be combined with an interesting platform which supports a figure or fountain. In placing the statue it should be kept in mind that the statue should under no circumstances make the impression that it stands alone; it should always be connected with the garden scheme and be a very vital part of it. It is therefore well to consider in what various connections statuary can successfully be used and each association suggests so many possibilities of treatment that it should be simple to do away with the uninteresting habit of placing figures, vases or fountains anywhere on the lawn or in a gravel walk.

A semicircular seat may form a very good background for a small piece of statuary on a pedestal, or the statue can be built in as a part of the seat. A garden wall also offers endless opportunities for building in a fountain or simply a small figure placed in a niche. Also a piece of relief, placed in the wall by itself, in combination with a seat, or arranged as a wall fountain offers numerous opportunities for interesting garden effects and this treatment of a garden wall can be

made use of with equal success in the largest or the smallest garden. Statuary is often most useful in connecting the house with the garden in such a way that the two belong absolutely together.



"THE WATER BABY"  
BY MABEL CONKLING





KITCHEN FROM THE HOUSE OF EL GRECO, TOLEDO

## FURNITURE OF OLD SPAIN

SPANISH furniture cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be worthy of that unfortunate epithet "quaint." Praise God for that. It is no more quaint than a butcher's block. It requires for a setting in a modern home only what good judgment, ruthless elimination and a moderate expenditure can provide. It is so far from being "arty" that the fat lady in the next house will surely say to her husband, as she sinks back in her pink taffeta pillows under her rose shaded lamp: "Do you know, dear, I do think the Blank's new furniture is just a little bit crude?"

The honest minded person, who wishes to build and furnish a home—not merely to dabble in the appropriate patter of a period—will find that there is not too much to be learned about Spanish furniture—not nearly so much, for instance, as must be learned about English and French styles. Of course if one undertakes to study the types peculiar to the different parts of Spain; to differ-

*Spanish furniture, in spite of the Oriental influence of the Moors, was sturdily masculine*

JAMES PERRAULT

entiate between the furniture of palaces, churches and farmhouses; to become familiar with processes and designs used in making the elaborate embroideries, leathers, brocades, iron-

work, tiles and potteries, one must devote a lifetime to the task. But to appreciate and recreate the beauties of the best Spanish period, about the seventeenth century, is not very difficult. In the first place, little furniture was used; the decorative value of space—both wall and floor space—was employed to furnish the most striking beauty of Spanish interiors. In the second place, the settings were usually simple and of a more or less fixed type. And in the third place, all the details for the reproduction of a Spanish interior need not be antique; modern textiles, plaster work, iron work and tiles reproduce faithfully and skillfully Spanish patterns. Even the furniture can be duplicated, although the cost of such reproductions, because of the hand work necessary, is often greater than the cost of old pieces.





OAK CHEST AND SMALL CHAIR

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Spanish furniture is masculine in feeling; it is never dainty or feminine. This is a large statement, but it is a safe one. The men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were warriors; and their wives and daughters must sit erect in their chairs as became the wives and daughters of soldiers. Curiously enough the Moorish influence, so strongly manifested in all phases of Spanish decoration, never had the softening effect that an Oriental influence so often carries with it—never more, that is, than was good for the resulting combination. In Spanish palaces, of course, the result of the pursuit of French ideals is seen, multiplying details, blurring lines and entirely destroying the austere beauty of Spanish interiors. But the houses of the well-to-do farmers, from which the most beautiful Spanish furniture has come, were unaffected by this influence. Their chests and tables and chairs were built by local carpenters whose patterns and designs had been unchanged for generations. As a

Veneering was almost unknown. Chairs and the little table boxes and the inside of the *vargueños* were sometimes inlaid. But it was the almost universal use of walnut that gave Spanish furniture the quality fittingly described as "serious." It was serious because it met the masculine

CHAIR OF HAMMERED IRON

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



standards of durability and simplicity; because it was made of a most unsentimental wood under rigid laws that insured honest craftsmanship and was adorned chiefly with iron, a most unromantic material in the hands of any but artists.

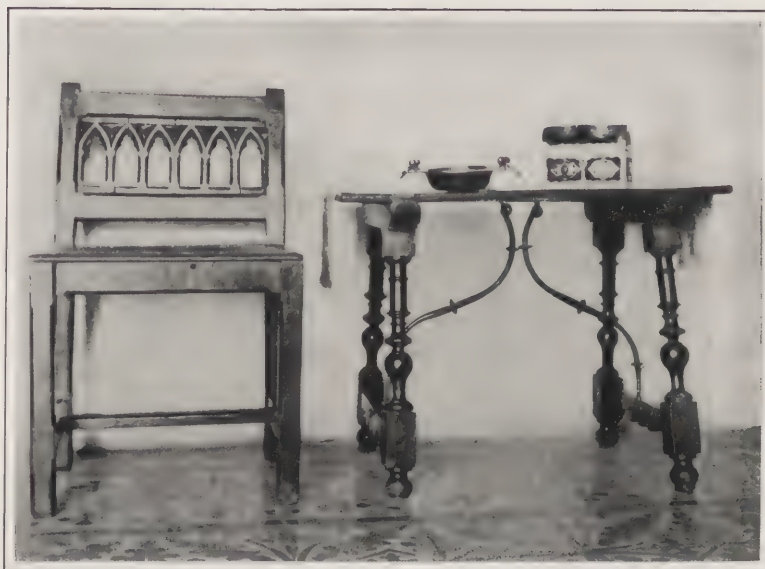
It is a little difficult to imagine that the addition of a strong Oriental influence to a taste for Spartan simplicity of line and structure would produce a dignified, unified and esthetic result, but that is what happened both to Spanish furniture and to the houses in which it was placed. This Oriental feeling for design was just the leaven necessary to enliven and lighten the lump of native crudity. A *vargueño*—the cabinet desk that is the



most characteristic piece of Spanish furniture—is made of home-grown walnut, cut in thick slabs and sticks and held together with wrought iron. It rests upon a kind of trestle, or a table of equally ponderous pieces of wood, braced with more iron. All this is plain Spanish. But the front of the *vargueño* is decorated with open work iron panels of Moorish design and beneath these panels shows the dark red velvet beloved of Orientals. The front of the cabinet when lowered reveals an interior of innumerable drawers and tiny doors intricately inlaid—and these things are all Moorish. Throughout the house, both in the furniture and in the treatment of walls and ceiling, the Moorish influence is seen combining perfectly with the austere Spanish taste.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century most of the artisans of Spain were Moors, and even at the time of the expulsion of the invaders some of them were left in the country. But absent or present, their tastes had already colored those of the Spaniards to such an extent that *Mudejar* (that is Moorish-Spanish) and Spanish had practically become synonyms. The use of colored tiles and plaster work; the presence of rich cushions, embroideries, cords and tassels, and wrought and gilded nailheads on furniture and doors; the appearance of inlays in chairs and cabinets; and above all the carved and painted wooden ceilings are all marks left by the Oriental conquerors.

In order fully to appreciate Spanish furniture we must understand a little of the setting in which it appeared. Spanish houses were built around an open court; the outer walls were thick, pierced by small windows set in deep reveals. These reveals were often lined with colored tiles. The windows



WALNUT TABLE AND CHAIR

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

had wooden shutters opening into the apartment and were protected on the outside by iron grilles called *rejas*. The doors opening into the patio were large and were either carved, paneled or nail studded, but the doors between the rooms were

very small. The rooms at the corners of the building were square; those at the sides long and narrow. In the treatment of these long, narrow rooms the Spanish showed considerable ingenuity. The decoration was accomplished chiefly by what was omitted rather than by what was added with the result that the shape of the room seemed intentional rather than an unfortunate condition which must be ignored or conquered. The walls of the rooms



DOOR HANDLE WITH LATE MUDEJAR TRACERY  
LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

were covered with rough plaster and the ceilings were of wood, carved and sometimes colored and gilded. When portions of these old ceilings are taken down for restoration or removal, they appear on close view badly made and crude; but when replaced they regain their beauty. This is because they were planned with a cunning regard for the light and shade in which they would be seen. The large areas of wall space were broken





BRAZIER AND WALNUT TABLE

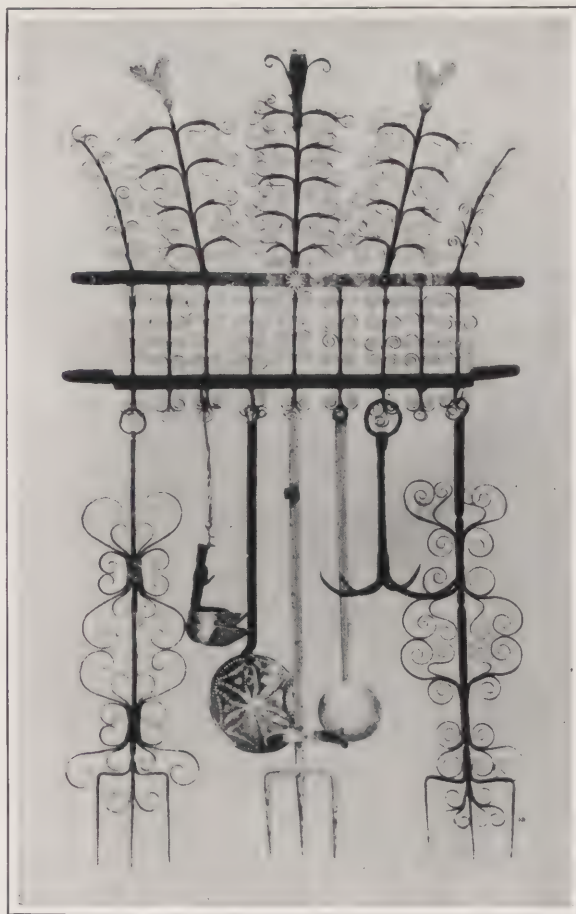
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

only by an occasional picture, image or hanging. It is curious how just this careful spacing, these grateful spaces on wall and floor, give Spanish interiors an air of luxury, in spite of the meagreness of the furniture. A few chairs, a *vargueño* on its stand, a metal lamp on a long chain, a brazier and a picture, mirror or image seems all that is necessary to the complete and satisfying furnishing of even a large room.

Tiles were ubiquitous in all Spanish houses, but they were used with admirable restraint. In addition to the facings of the reveals and the wall panels, they were used for floor or wainscoats and for the risers of stairways. Their most delightful use was for lining the *lavabos*, a niche set into the wall and shelved to hold

pottery, glass or images of the saints. Sometimes each tile had a complete design but often the pattern ran over many tiles.

WROUGHT-IRON EPATERA FOR KITCHEN UTENSILS



A typical Spanish room in the seventeenth century had a painted wooden ceiling, rough plaster walls relieved by colorful panels or niches of tiling, or by an occasional picture in a carved and painted frame. On the floor, of tile or brick, there were either a few Moorish rugs or it was covered with matting. There would surely be an iron brazier, a hanging lamp or *candelabrum*, and on the table small candlesticks or one of the many kinds of small boxes. In front of the single high-backed chair there would perhaps be a Cordovan leather mat. The bed would probably be com-





VARGUEÑO

SIXTEENTH CENTURY

pletely covered with a spread woven with Spanish honesty and sturdiness after graceful Moorish patterns, and at its head there would be a diptych or triptych with its image of the Saviour or the Virgin Mary.

The furniture, as we have said, was serious first because it was made to satisfy masculine taste and second because it was made under strict regulations of workmanship. The wood, that is the walnut, must be free from flaws, and must be cut at the time of the waning moon and not used until it had been thoroughly seasoned and would not warp. The four nails used to fasten the seat of the chair to the legs must traverse the frame completely and be hammered back upon the other side, unless the surface was inlaid. The finished chair must be stamped with the official seal of the

city as a guarantee that the laws had been complied with. Imagine what would happen to Grand Rapids if laws of this kind were enforced today! Leather workers had similar regulations governing their craft. They were limited to the use of hides of horses, mares and mules because the hides of cows and calves became quickly moth eaten.

Chests of drawers were never popular in Spain. Old-fashioned chests were and still are preferred and were of all shapes, sizes and patterns. In country houses today one may find over a score of these chests and never a single bureau. They held everything from clothing, linen and silver to grain and tools, and when closed they served as seats because chairs were never plentiful. Some were carved in high relief; others were mounted with iron, and occasionally with brass or silver, or



decorated with the popular nailheads. A few were inlaid with bone and leather after Moorish patterns, or they were covered with fabric, usually velvet, or leather in polychrome designs. Some had arched tops, like our old-fashioned trunks. The tops of Catalan chests were covered, inside and out, and are distinct from other Spanish chests in that they have sex. The bride's chest had one-third of its inside length, to the right, converted into little drawers hidden behind an invisibly hinged door, but the man's had only a single compartment in this space. The former was a *bembra*, the latter a *macho*.

Vargueños are the most popular and typical pieces of Spanish furniture. They are said to have been a deliberate and conscious evolution from the ordinary chest, an attempt to make the chest more practical and accessible, first by making the lid or door open downward on the front of the chest and second by dividing the inside space into many drawers and compartments. Mounted on a stand, this kind of chest combines the uses of desk and cabinet. It is usually made of walnut, decorated only with iron fittings; and the stand is either a long, narrow table with iron braces and turned, splayed legs, a kind of bridge stand or trestle especially made for this purpose, or a solid cupboard with four divisions, two drawers above and two compartments with doors below. These stands have as a rule two braces that slide out to support the door when it is lowered.

Almost all types of chests and vargueños were duplicated in miniature and used for the smaller and more feminine properties of the house. The smallest of these table boxes were inlaid with ivory, bone, wood or shell, or were covered, inside and out, with velvet held down by the inevitable ornamental nails. Larger boxes of the same type were used for papers and other valuables and were made of leather, or wood, iron mounted. There were even vargueño boxes made exactly like the big cabinets in every detail.

Like the chests that we see in antique shops today, most of the Spanish tables come from monasteries and churches; in fact very little Spanish furniture now sold comes from private houses. These refectory tables had tops made from a solid piece of walnut, sometimes as large as four by twenty feet. The "pork" tables, so called from their use in the kitchen, ignored so long as other tables were to be had, are now popular because they are small and stoutly made. There were some Spanish gate-leg tables but they are interesting chiefly because they are the only tables from Spain having round tops. As a rule the tables were long and narrow, with splayed legs

and iron braces. These braces, even when of the simplest type and intended only to be useful in supporting the table, afford a pleasant contrast of thin, graceful lines to the heavier outlines of the top and legs.

Omitting the Renaissance chairs with their evident French characteristics, Spanish chairs are of only a few distinct types. First there is the high-backed chair, of walnut, with the back and seat leather covered or of red velvet, nail studded and with brass finials. Occasionally they had iron backs, like the one illustrated, but such chairs were more often found in public buildings, not in the homes. It seems a pity to admit it, but the Spanish armchair was the forerunner of our own stodgy "mission" furniture. The Spanish missionaries to America tried to duplicate the chairs of the fatherland, but somehow failed to keep the beauty of the original; and by the time the wholesale chair makers here had finished with it, its forefather would have disowned it. Like so many American hybrids, adapted from foreign models, it retained the worst features of both types. Some of these original armchairs had minute inlays in geometrical designs. Smaller chairs, for visitors, had velvet or leather hung on the back and seat, or, as in the sixteenth century, fastened to the frame. The back of this chair comes only to the sitter's shoulder. Still another type of armchair was the scissors chair illustrated here. Women and children of the household, if they had chairs at all, sat upon hard wooden ones with low, wide backs decorated with carving. They were stoutly made but neither very comfortable nor beautiful. Until the end of the seventeenth century women sat upon stools or upon the floor; and even at meals the head of the house sat in his high-backed armchair while his family sat on the floor and ate from napkins called *mandibules*, or jaw-wipers.

Benches were of a Puritanical hardness, but were always popular articles of furniture. They were usually of wood with carved backs and very simple stretchers and braces. Sometimes the back folded down on the seat and the legs folded under when the braces were released. They were used in all parts of the house, sometimes upholstered, in the salons of the rich, and were even used in churches. Low stools, *banquete*, made of wood with turned legs and an s-shaped cut in the seat for picking them up, were also used everywhere in the house and were the seats of the women when they did not sit on the floor.

Before 1750 beds were usually nothing but stands holding mattresses and covered with elaborately embroidered spreads and canopies. The beds in palaces grew so fabulously luxurious and



gigantic that laws were enacted to put a stop to the extravagance, one such law prohibiting the manufacture of silver beds! They were so high that one must go up a flight of steps to retire. Draperies were of priceless skins or of satin embroidered with gold and silver, or of brocade. But there is no peculiarly Spanish type of bed because, in the average household, the spread and hangings were of greater importance.

Lamps were of iron or brass and were hung on chains from the ceiling. There were also huge candelabra made of two or more iron hoops and fitted with many candles; and there were brass and iron candlesticks to place upon tables. In the court there was usually a lantern mounted on a pole, made of many tiny panes of glass and sheet tin cut in open-work patterns, painted or gilded.

The heating problem in Spain was comparatively simple. As a rule "central heating" was achieved by means of braziers. Being made of iron, and by Spanish or Moorish workmen, they were interesting in design but as a means of providing heat they were not very satisfactory. They were placed on stands of metal or wood, some of which had a shelf near the floor to hold a second brazier. A traveler in Spain tells of his experience with the brazier system of heating:

*A brasero is a brass pan about two feet in diameter, set in a wooden stand and heaped with hot or rather warm ashes. You cannot feel the heat three feet away and the ashes cool rapidly. A brasero is placed under the dinner table, the cloth draped over your knees allowing you to warm your shins slightly. Your breath issues in white clouds and you quite forget your manners and wear your hat at dinner.*

Some of the larger houses and palaces had one or more fireplaces and where they existed they were beautifully fitted with fire irons and usually

a fire screen or *reja* that outlined a delicate tracery against the tiled background of the fireplace.

It is in the Spanish ironwork that one finds the greatest skill and ingenuity shown, in the adaptation of this ungrateful and decidedly occidental material to graceful, Oriental patterns. Old Spanish keys are amusing things, usually of great size because it is said the Spaniard believed that a huge

key offered greater protection than a small one. They were as long as eight or nine inches and weighed about four ounces. These keys were used for house doors and chests. Knockers and door handles almost sparkle in intricate patterns against the dull walnut doors. *Rejas* or grilles were used on windows, for courtyard gates and before the altars in churches and cathedrals. Even in the kitchen we find iron gratings with rings to hold the jugs for mulling wine; and from the same homely apartment we get the beautiful *epatera* or iron racks upon which ladles and saucepans were hung. American purchasers of these *epatera* realize that a



TYPICAL SPANISH "SCISSORS" CHAIR

modern white-tiled kitchen—a sanitary but scarcely beautiful apartment—is an unworthy background for such exquisite design and so these smoke-grimed, pork-flavored bits of rusty iron hang on drawing room walls, beauty having at last completely conquered utility.

There is little space to dwell upon the beautiful leather that was one of the glories of old Spain. Of course, when one says Spanish leather one means Cordovan leather. One section of Cordova was set apart for the leather workers. A traveler in Spain in the sixteenth century tells of walking through this quarter and reflecting that the industry not only enriched the city's purse but enhanced its beauty because everywhere could be seen the racks upon which the decorated leather had been stretched and placed in the sun to dry.



# SCULPTURE by EMIL FUCHS

TO WRITE of Emil Fuchs the sculptor is to ignore Emil Fuchs the etcher and painter, but because his work in these three fields has been so extensive it would invite failure to con-

dense the complete record of his achievement into a magazine article. The entire story would require a book, as is proved by his own recently published memoirs, *With Pencil, Brush and Chisel*, George Putnam's Sons, New York, which is a delightfully intimate account of an unusual career. With only the magnetic attraction of his own talent to win him recognition, he has, even from his student days, been one whom the great ones of the earth have gone out of their way to honor. While a young artist in Rome he drew within the circle of his acquaintances and patrons many of the nobility, which was a gratifying mark of favor considering that he arrived in the Italian capital as an unknown winner of a scholarship from the Academy in Berlin and had no influential friends to make the way smooth. After he had completed his course he stayed on, for he was working at a large sculpture in marble which engrossed him for the best part of five years, a group which was the glorification of womanhood called "Mother Love." While working at this in response to the urge of art, he answered more practical needs with portrait drawings or sculptures.

Among the visitors to his studio on Monte Parioli was Queen Margherita, who had heard of him through some of his diplomatic friends, and this notice from royalty naturally increased the number of callers who came either out of curiosity

*Painter and etcher as well, Fuchs comes to America after a distinguished career in the capitals of Europe*

HELEN GOMSTOCK

or with a more practical intent. Among them were two English women who were instrumental in assuring his later success in London. One was Mrs. Carl Meyer, wife of the London

manager of the Rothschilds, a commission for whose portrait took him to England, and the other was Miss Alexandre Ellis, for whom Mr. Fuchs made a portrait drawing that in time was the means of bringing the artist in contact, through her father, Sir Arthur Ellis, with King Edward VII while he was still Prince of Wales.

A Viennese by birth, a student of the Academy in Berlin, and a resident through many years of Rome, London and New York, Emil Fuchs is truly a "citizen of the world," although actually he is now a citizen of the United States and has been so for the past nine years. His studio in the Hotel des Artistes in New York is one of the most beautiful in the city. It is all that the imagination could devise for an artist's studio, with a main room so large that one's voice will hardly carry the length of it, and it is filled with lovely old rugs and textiles, precious bronzes from China and treasures of old Italian art which are combined with the artist's own sculpture and paintings in an unstudied arrangement which makes even so large a studio intimate, and successfully wards off the cold impersonality of a room that is typically "interior decorated." In these surroundings Mr. Fuchs is a genial host to many of the distinguished men and women in art and letters in New York. He has, very unostensibly and quietly, done a thing for which his wide circle of guests is

MEMBERSHIP MEDAL OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

BY EMIL FUCHS







"PORTRAIT IN BRONZE OF EDGAR SELIGMANN"  
BY EMIL FUCHS

grateful in making his studio a centre for a too rare aspect of social life. He has created an atmosphere in which the expiring art of conversation is given a new vitality; while avoiding the pomp of the *salon* of yesterday and the rigidities of thought and personnel of the "little group of

serious thinkers" of today, he has made his studio a place of informal communication among people of varied interests—scientists and explorers, men and women of society, publishers, collectors of art, writers and artists.

When Mr. Fuchs arrived in London in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, a torrent of social activities seemed to sweep past and leave him as a stranger, very much alone, with none too promising prospects. Mrs. Meyer finally found time to have her portrait completed, however, and General Ellis sought him out in his Kensington studio with an order for a portrait of his youngest daughter. General Ellis, later Sir Arthur Ellis, also ordered a portrait medallion of himself, used on an ashtray which he presented as a Christmas gift to the Prince of Wales, and this put a final link in the chain of coincidences which resulted in the Prince of Wales' visit to the

"MR. KOBAYASHI" IN BRONZE

BY EMIL FUCHS





artist's studio with a commission for a portrait. An invitation to Sandringham followed not long after so that Mr. Fuchs might design a memorial for the Prince's brother Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and in the spring of 1900 he was summoned to Windsor so that Queen Victoria might pose for a portrait-medal which commemorated the entrance of her reign into the new century. He made a medal for the Princess Alexandra as "Princess of Pity" and a year later he made the Coronation medal when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned. Some time before this he had made a bust in marble of Lady Alice Montague, the beautiful young daughter of the Duchess of Manchester. Both Lady Alice and her sister died very young, and their mother suggested that Mr. Fuchs make a memorial for them, but the design was never carried out except in a small model in marble which the artist sent to the Royal Academy. It was later purchased by the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool.

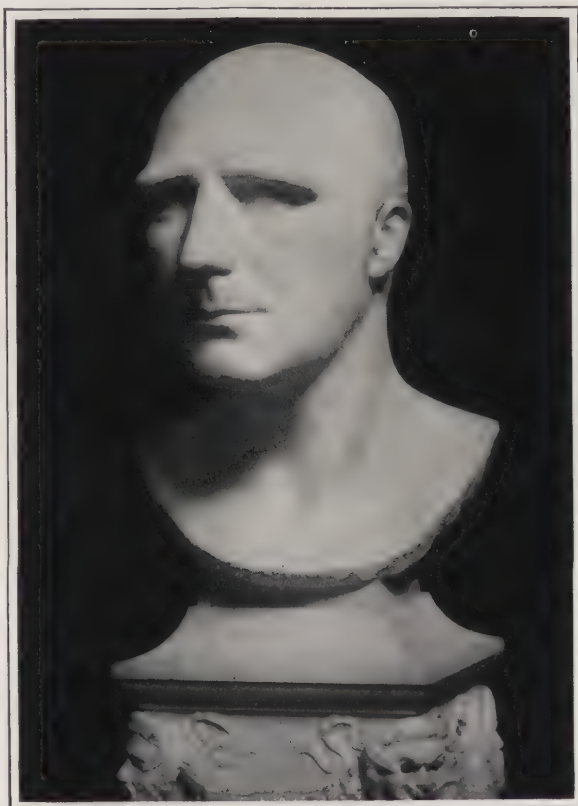
Not long before her death, Queen Victoria ordered of Mr. Fuchs

a memorial to her grandson, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, for St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The Queen was very ill when he took his sketches down to Osborne, but she was able to look at them and the artist journeyed back to London with her approval of his designs. A week later he received word that she was dead and that he should come immediately to make sketches of her as she lay in state. The description of his vigil by her deathbed is an impressive passage in Mr. Fuch's book; he worked alone for many hours through the night in her flower-scented room, and became so engrossed in his task that he was not aware, until he had finished, that he was surrounded by all the royalty of Europe who had come to pay their respect to the dead. Later, King Edward had Mr. Fuchs make a bust of Queen Victoria for Balmoral and a medallion for

Sandringham Church. Memorials to the Empress Frederick, who died in the same year as Queen Victoria, a portrait of Lady Randolph Churchill, the bronze of the little Marquis of Blandford, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, a bronze of Forbes-Robertson and a marble head of Sir Arthur Pinero are a few of the other works in sculpture which belong to the London period.

Mr. Fuch's artistic affiliations with New York

had begun long before he decided to make it his home. When he was staying in the Beaux Arts studios in 1906 he received a visit from Mrs. C. P. Huntington, who invited him to her home to see her art collection. There he met her son, Mr. Archer Huntington, who asked him to make a membership medal for the Hispanic Society of America, of which he is president. The medal which he designed for this purpose is especially pleasing. The figures of Art and Literature on the reverse are very beautifully done, showing the delicacy and richness of effect with which Mr. Fuchs is



"SIR ARTHUR PINERO" IN MARBLE

BY EMIL FUCHS

capable of working in low relief. On the front of the medal the draperies of the crowned figure representing Spain, tenderly guiding the youthful New World, against a background of the Statue of Liberty and New York harbor has a depth of perspective subtly expressed. After completing this, Mr. Fuchs was asked to make a Medal of Merit for the same society which every year might be awarded the Spaniard who had distinguished himself in art, science or music. Sorolla and Ibañez are among those who have received the medal designed for this purpose.

Through these two medals Mr. Fuchs was brought in touch with Mr. Edward D. Adams, who is one of the board of governors of the American Numismatic Society. Mr. Adams was also chairman of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee and secured Mr. Fuchs to make the medal



for the occasion. The side of this medal showing the discovery of the river by the Dutch mariners is particularly noteworthy; there is an air of activity among the sailors and a dominance given the figure of Hudson himself which produces a dramatic intensity not often found in the art of the medalist. Mr. Fuchs also made a medal in 1908 commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Numismatic Society and this is also its membership medal.

In Mr. Fuch's work in the round, particularly in the portraits, one finds a great variety of feeling. While Mr. Fuchs is a portrait painter as well, he is particularly interested in sculptural portraits when the contours of the sitter's head present an interesting aspect from more than one point of view. The half-length of Mr. Kobayashi is admirable for its dignified calm and its perception of the intellectual quality of his Oriental subject, who is one of the directors of Mitsui and Company, the "Morgans of Japan." Alert vitality is expressed in the regular and handsome features of Edgar Seligmann, international fencing champion, while repose is the keynote of the classic head of Sir Arthur Pinero, who looks very much the "antique Roman."

Besides his portraits, Mr. Fuchs has also carried out a number of imaginative themes since the days of the "Mother Love" in Rome. A recent addition to the group of such subjects was "The Call From the Beyond," which was a products of his New York studio; his model, for whom he had long searched, was a little American girl with a strangely sad face whose air of being one who "dwelt among untrodden ways" suited her to his dream of a figure with outstretched arms listening to some call heard only with the inner ear. This sculpture he sent to a spring exhibition of the Architectural League of New York at the Metropolitan Museum several years ago

where it was prominently placed; a short time later the artist was invited to become a member of the League. A very lovely small bronze, "La Pensierosa," has been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum and there is the figure of a child by Mr. Fuchs in the Cleveland Museum.

Toward the end of April Mr. Fuchs will hold an exhibition in New York that will be unique, a one-man show in the Fine Arts Building where the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League and other organizations are held. Its three large galleries are accustomed to house exhibitions by several hundred artists at a time, but this is the first instance of one man assembling several hundred of his own works in various mediums for exhibition there. Mr. Fuchs will show many pieces of sculpture that he has never exhibited in New York before, as they have not long ago come from the London studio which he has now permanently closed, although he at one time intended returning to it. Now, however, he feels that his future is bound up with the course of American art. His is not the attitude of the artist who capitalizes on being a foreigner, and uses his eminent connections in other lands as a bait for those who hope to gain distinction by having their portraits executed by an artist who has "done royalty." On the contrary, he is building his "American period" on American foundations and giving it quite as distinctive a

flavor as that which distinguishes his earlier work in Italy and England. Not only in sculpture, but in his painting and etching, he has progressed in a manner which makes his American work a significant contribution to the art of his adopted country. For we have few men in America who have attained such proficiency in three mediums. His example should be an inspiration to many, both students and artists.



"LA PENSIEROSA" BRONZE  
BY EMIL FUCHS  
*In the Metropolitan Museum*



# A MODERN ENGLISH PAINTER

AMONG the notable art exhibitions recently held in London was one of a collection of paintings by Bertram Nicholls, shown at Barbizon House. At the close of the exhibi-

tion most of the twenty-seven works had been purchased—at fairly high prices—by discerning buyers; surely a satisfactory state of affairs, considering that the artist is as yet unknown to the general public, and his work makes no bid for popularity. According to his own light-hearted statement, he owes most of his success to sheer good luck, but everyone knows that birth under a lucky star would not account for the kind of success which has come to him. To produce such work as his there must be not only the divine spark of inspiration, but the trained vision and the

*Bertram Nicholls follows the traditions of the English landscape school according to his own interpretation*

JANE QUIGLEY

has come steadily to the fore since 1912, the year in which he first exhibited at the Royal Academy.

genius for taking pains, all of which qualifications belong in some measure to Bertram Nicholls.

Working on sound traditions, quietly and without advertisement, this painter

During the war he served with the flying corps, in France and elsewhere, but he somehow managed, almost every year, to send a small painting to the Royal Academy. His first real success was the sale of small work, "Drying the Sails," at the Royal Academy, bought under the Chantrey Bequest for the National Gallery at Millbank. Then a painting of "Swanage Tower,"

was bought in 1918 for the National Gallery of Canada, and yet another work for the Civic Art



"EVENING IN THE CHURCHYARD" BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS

"IN THE CAMPAGNA"

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS





Gallery at Worthing. Since the war the fortunes of artists have been at their lowest ebb until the present moment, when there appears to be a marked improvement in sales of modern art. But collectors have found their way to the little old-world town of Steyning, in 700 a flourishing sea-port in Sussex, where Mr. Nicholls lives, and bought examples of his art in the studio.

Looking at this collection of paintings at Barbizon House it was not surprising to learn that the artist is a disciple of Richard Wilson, a great master of the English school. Also there is an obvious affinity with Cotman and Crome in the massed effects of light and shade, the broad handling of color and the quiet, subtle tones. Most of the paintings were of medium size, some quite small, but the conception and treatment were always broad. Some were of English subjects, and the artist is at his best in depicting some typically English scene, with an old church or dwelling in its setting of peaceful landscape. But always to paint the same range of subjects would mean stagnation,



"THE BRIDGE"

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS

and Bertram Nicholls has worked in France and Spain and Italy, especially at Volterra, that unique town of northern Italy, which offers endless scope to a painter of architecture. Rugged walls, stark and sharply defined against a deep blue sky, in dramatic contrast to the masses of deep shadow, so typical of Italy, such effects as these lend themselves to the work of an artist who shows remarkable skill in rendering the height and the solidity of buildings.

"LOW TIDE, HONFLEUR"

By courtesy of Barbizon House

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS



Some of the critics find a certain sameness, and a certain lack of individuality in the works of Bertram Nicholls—while others give him unmitigated praise. But the truth of the matter is that we moderns are so accustomed to crude color and vivid impressionism that work which is low in tone and reposeful in feeling is almost disconcerting. Moreover, sincerity and simplicity, both of which qualities characterize Mr. Nicholls' work, are somewhat out of favor for the moment, though the swing of the pendulum is already shown by this artist's success with those who appreciate sound painting. He has never asserted his individuality as does the mere virtuoso, for he is in love with his subject rather than with himself, and he is arriving at that highest form of art which conceals art.





"THE KING'S BARN, STEYNING, SUSSEX"

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS

The simplicity of his technique is less simple than it appears. The painting of "The Bridge" is almost austere in its bare solidity, and the dark, subtle tones almost monochromatic to the superficial observer. It is all to the good that the artist is making for greater luminosity and a wider range of color, for the effect of time cannot be disregarded even though, as in his case, the painter be scrupulously careful of the pigment employed. His mind is too alert to rest in a groove, or to think that he has arrived at finality in craftsmanship. Where, indeed, would be the great adventure of art if a man not yet forty could feel that there is nothing left to acquire?

Even though the art of painting reached its zenith centuries ago, the art has to be re-discovered by each artist for himself, and the upward path is never easy, nor the summit so near as it may appear to the light-hearted climber.

In the preface to the catalogue supplied by Barbizon House, an excellent preface, free from ecstatic praise, we are told that Bertram Nicholls, in common with other young artists, found an increased individualism owing to the war; but from this I venture to differ, and to say that he is an individualist in spite of that upheaval. Before the war was thought of he had begun to work on the lines

he has made his own, turning a deaf ear to the then current vogue for Post-Impressionism, Cubism and the rest. True, the influence of Richard Wilson has become paramount with him during the last few years, but the ground was already prepared for this influence. He has a sense of decoration and knows the value of definition, but has never placed these qualities foremost in art. If his paintings lack the carrying power which is aimed at in working for public exhibitions, they have that repose and intimate charm which makes them good to live with. Mr. Nicholls is an exceptionally slow worker. Slowly a picture grows under his hand; he likes

to live with it, and frequently leaves a work in progress while he works at another, returning to the first with a fresh eye.

These methods doubtless appear reactionary to those in favor of direct painting, perhaps completed at a sitting, in which it is difficult to differentiate between the sketch and the finished work.

Without a transforming imagination paintings of architecture are merely dull records, but there is emotion in buildings as painted by Bertram Nicholls. One feels that he has the historic sense, and that bricks and stone-work are to him eloquent of human associations, of the splendor and the

"EVENING IN THE HARBOR"

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS

*By courtesy of Barbizon House*







"HOUSES OF ALABASTER WORKERS, VOLTERRA"

BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS

pathos of life. This is especially obvious in the paintings of the stately old church of Blytheburgh, the more homely but beautiful Norman church at Steyning, in "The Bridge" at Worthing and in the windmill at Rye, which stands for so much in the countryside of East Sussex.

There is little more that can be said in a short article on the work of a man who has a full career before him. It is of interest to know that this artist, despite his preference for a quiet life, is not aloof from the duties and activities of life. He is President of the Academy of Art at Manchester, his native town, and is said to have been successful in raising the standard of work shown there. Until now he has held a sketching class each summer, but with so many other demands upon his time,

it is doubtful whether he will be able to include teaching in his programme. Bertram Nicholls is like his art in being reticent rather than spontaneous, which, after all, is not a bad quality for the painter, since the most eloquent talkers are often the worst performers. The best one can wish for him is that he will continue, in spite of success, to work with whole-hearted sincerity. For the rest, one echoes the hope so often expressed by others interested in contemporary art, that there may be a greater interchange of ideas between artists over here and those in the United States. If exhibitions of work done here could be held in New York, and exhibitions of works by American artists held in London, it would surely lead to fresh appreciation of modern art.



# ART and OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

Continuation of THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS

## G

**GAMUT**—Learned synonym for RANGE, used chiefly in complimentary sense. Applicable to the preliminary reconnaissance which most painters make before they discover what the public likes.

**GENIUS**—A species of chronic indigestion impelling its victims to create works of a totally useless beauty, which few, if any, can be persuaded to buy. The victim of creative dyspepsia. Popularly, one who in public life paints models, writes, composes, dances or sings, and in private life dresses the part. It is noteworthy that the official costume of the genius has changed with the prevailing dyspepsia, the romantic velvet of the last generation giving place to the more aggressive habit of the successful business man. The latter may, however, easily be distinguished by his leisurely manner and the dreamy idealism of his eyes.

**GENUINE**—*Financial*: Implies—often rashly—that the statement printed on the label of a work of art is in accord with the facts. One expert, to put the matter more simply, has pronounced the work in question to be of a given century, school or hand and no other expert has so far come along to contradict him. *N.B.*—A work so labeled is by no means guaranteed either as to quality or as to condition, but only as to antiquity, provenance and price. Warning to the unwary!! To the unwary amateur with a penchant for criticism: Danger! The privilege of pronouncing a work to be *genuine* or *not genuine* is the exclusive monopoly of the expert and all trespassers will be prosecuted!! To the unwary purchaser with a penchant for antiques: Caution! Such general guarantees as "Genuine Gothic," "Genuine Renaissance," and especially "Genuine Early American" are slender pegs on which to hang your domestic happiness. As the advertisers say, "It commits you to nothing!" *Phil.* A much safer use of the word. Married to nouns like emotion, imagination, talent, it implies that the artist is one of those rare mortals who—in contrast with the vast majority, capable only of vicarious enjoyment—enjoy life, love and the spectacle of the stars in and through their own persons. Use sparingly.

**GONFLÉ**—See under Appendix A. *French for the critic and man about town.* See also under PNEUMATIC, MESTROVIC.

**GOTHIC**—*Phil.* Originally a term of abuse, connoting barbarism, the word received, at the hands of nineteenth-century romantics, a new baptism of faith, to become henceforward the ultimate haven of the sensitive soul, yearning for peace. *Arch.* In response to this yearning, architects of the last century used their best endeavors to revive the styles of medieval architecture with which it is associated, producing for the delectation of the modern world the varieties known as *Wardour Street* and *Wedding Cake*. Both are still with us. In our own generation the mystic halo which surrounds the word has, however, been set at a rather more rakish angle and the style itself has become thoroughly domesticated. A *Gothic milieu* is, one gathers, almost *de rigueur* in the best families and the installation of a *prie-dieu* by the side of one's bed the first step in social advancement.

**GRAND**—Has acquired a jocular and slightly satiric sense, which, properly used, may be of inestimable value to the critic in his difficult social relations. Essentially non-committal, it has distinct advantages over the more usual phrases, INTERESTING, AMUSING, CHARMING, DELIGHTFUL, etc., as a pacifier for the proud parent and his wife. The wise critic will, however, consult Appendix A, and lay in a good stock of French phrases for this purpose. See also under TACT.

—**EUR**—A matter of scale, not dimension. Painters of the great open spaces please copy.

**GREAT**—A little word with a vast implication. An exclamation, as applied to contemporary painting, connoting benevolence on the part of the public, cupidity on the part of the dealer and criminal rashness on the part of the critic.

## H

**HAPPY**—Obscure word much affected by lady-critics. May apparently be applied indiscriminately to composition, arrangement, color scheme, draughtsmanship or other academic virtues. Some lady-critic kindly define!



**HARMONY**—"Accord parfait entre les parties d'un tout" (Larousse). The same accord, that is, which exists between the branches of a tree, the limbs of a man, and for the same reason, that each separate branch or limb draws its life from a central trunk. This one may call living harmony. Painters, however, are for the most part content to simulate the result without inquiring into the cause. Their creative idea or trunk being without sufficient sap to feed the outlying limbs, recourse is had to carpentry and cosmetics. Theories of composition take care of shape, patent palettes of color, both being reduced to a common denominator. That's what we painters call our harmony, said, according to Browning, Andrea del Sarto, and he meant thereby a "silver greyness." Fashions, however, have changed since Andrea's, or shall we say Corot's, day and the up-to-date editor, with an eye on the vogue of the Henri-Speicher-Bellows school, would neatly change the line to "lemon yellow."

**HIERATIC**—A simple word, obscured by persistent misuse. As *vide* "The hieratic ecstasy of the Byzantines" (Christian Brinton, introduction to the Mestrovic catalogue). May be applied to any art which obeys the laws of a liturgical tradition. The use of this word need by no means be confined to the Byzantine or even to the Buddhistic, but is peculiarly appropriate, as any commercial artist will testify, to the covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

**HOLE**—"Sculpture," said Gauguin, "allows lumps, but no holes." Had he broadened his statement to include all art, it had been even more true. The materials of art, the surface of a canvas, the stone or bronze of a statue, the words of a poem, the sounds of a symphony, may be regarded as a living tissue, a dead spot in which spells eventual death to the whole body. This explains the failure of all attempts to create art on the basis of optical illusion, since illusion is only able to make one conscious of solidity by contrast with its opposite, with a hole, in other words.

**HUMOR**—That which makes painters, when they haven't any, exceedingly dull fellows. N.B.—They never have.

# I

**IDEA**—The image formed when man looks at Nature, not with his eyes, but through them.

**CREATIVE**—An image of nature so vibrant with

life, in which each part is organically connected with every other, that it will not let man rest till it be given permanent form.

—**s**—Scraps of book knowledge, with which a man strives to patch up his inadequate vision.

**IDEAL**—That which, in every generation, man conceives as being just outside his grasp, the quality without which he feels himself and his attainment to be incomplete.

—**s**—A set of virtues, mainly negative, which are, it seems, the exclusive perquisite of the American nation. From this privilege not even painters, of the academic persuasion, it will be understood, are excluded. See Royal Cortissoz on his favorite theme: "Life of the American Artist in Paris," or "How He Resisted Temptation."

—**IZE**—To depict the world on the tacit assumption that the sun never breeds maggots and all conception is immaculate.

—**ISM**—Colloquially, a polite euphemism for self-righteousness.

**IDIOM**—The language by which the artist tries to make himself understood. In those rare cases when it is his own, one can count on it becoming generally comprehensible within forty years. The majority, however, prefer to take a language ready-made as they have nothing much to say anyway and would like to say it at once.

**ILLUSION**—The aim of the woman turned actress, of the painter turned conjurer, optimists both. A depiction of nature, so "natural" that the eye is deceived into believing it real. By "natural" understand in both cases nothing more profound than that which the individual expects and desires to find.

—, **OPTICAL**—A hypothesis which everyone knows to be unsound, but agrees, for pragmatic reasons, to regard as truth.

**ILLUSTRATION**—Colloquially, a pretty picture painted for the popular magazine, where it fulfills the admirable function of selling literature to the masses. A more proper, but almost forgotten use of the word, would make it applicable to any work of art in which a philosophical concept has been translated into plastic terms.

—**OR**—One who pines all his life to be an artist, but is too rich to afford it.

**IMAGINATION**—The faculty of seeing in common things a more than common significance. Is not synonymous with **ROMANTIC** —, which needs



a complete set of stage properties in order to function, and only begins to be interested in things when it has so softened their outline as to belie their real nature. **PLAYFUL** — emphasizes the lightness of things. **VIVID** — sharpens their outline. **INTENSE** — heightens their luminosity.

**IMITATION**—The only sincere compliment one painter was ever known to pay another.

— **OF LIFE**—The Aristotelian definition of art, whereby is meant not photography, not a naturalistic imitation of appearances, but an imitation of the processes of life which underlie and condition those appearances.

**IMPERSONAL**—A quality which distinguishes every great work of art, giving it the appearance of having been made, not by a man's hand, but by an elemental force, as sun, rain and frost carve shapes in the face of a granite boulder. So soon as one can follow the processes of a man's mind in a work, whatever its magnificence, it falls short of the highest class.

**IMPRESSIONISM**—A brickbat epithet hurled at the exhibitors of the *Société Anonyme des Artistes Peintres, Sculpteurs et Graveurs* in 1874, a time when many of them, Monet at their head, were still busy sunchasing with the aid of Chevreul's divisionist theory. Clever press-agenting turned, however, a bad egg into a battle-cry and many of them soon woke up to find themselves famous as exponents of a theory in which they no longer believed and had long since discarded.

— **IST**—Accurately used, one who employs only pure colors in pure fashion; lays his colors on, that is, in small touches, mixing them optically to obtain his *demi-teintes*. Colloquially, a group of painters, including Monet, Manet, Renoir, Degas and Pissarro, none of whom, technically speaking, qualify for the title. Vulgarly, a synonym, in the mouths of those who don't like it, for all modern art, however ancient.

**INHIBITION**—A large placard in the soul of man, bearing the mystic letters **DON'T**, when his whole being cries out **DO**. Another most valuable invention of Mr. Freud, since it explains why the great mass of the American nation is, and will remain, solidly conservative. By the same token, it reduces the field, from which art is likely to spring, to a pitiful handful.

**INSANITY**—State of mind ascribed to living artists, by those who have vested interests in the dead.

The uncomplimentary connotation of the epithet evidently outweighs truth in the opinion of those who use it, since to reproach the moderns with too much sanity were far more telling.

**INSPIRATION**—A fuel, found variously, according to the individual temperament, in what the romantics of the last century called Nature under foreign skies and in a woman's, euphemistically speaking, eyes. In its most convenient form it comes in bottles.

**INTELLECTUAL**—A man "got between two stock-fishes." One whose brain overpowers the natural motions of his blood. One in whom thought and emotion are separate processes, who lacks the faculty of throwing his entire being, all the functions of his body no less than of his mind, into experience. More vulgarly, one who is not averse to giving his mind at least as much exercise as he gives his body.

**INVENTION**—Freshness of vision. The faculty of seeing forms in unexpected interplay one with the other.

#### ADDENDA TO FIRST INSTALMENT

**AESTHETE**—Almost extinct species, which aimed at performing every action in life, even the least appetizing, with beauty. Oscar Wilde, it will be remembered, purified the foul air of the Strand with a lily. And even today no actor will permit himself to be seen in public without a carnation. Painters, however, are less delicately minded.

— **ICS**—The science of beauty—our little science, dear amateur.

**ART CRITIC**—Vulgarly, a journalist who has graduated from the social page and doesn't yet write well enough to be entrusted with fashions or murders. Philosophically, a creator of legends, under cover of which art may be made to appear attractive.

— **DEALER**—A wizard who persuades the public to spend good money for things which they have not the least desire for.

— **EDITOR**—A watchdog, whose business is to see that the susceptibilities of the great public are not offended.

— **LOVER**—With apologies to the thousands who haunt "varnishing days"—one who buys works of art.

**EXPERT**—Here, my dear amateur, is where *we* stage a graceful fadeout.



# GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH FULTON

THE OTHER DAY this department received a letter from a painter which we are not sure should be taken seriously. There is a suggestion in it, however, and even should the detective be a figment of an active imagination it is possible that such a profession, for a man of independent means, might be interesting. The letter follows:

... a sad-faced man with just the suspicion of an English accent came to see me. He was well but inconspicuously dressed; his shoulders were slightly bent; his eyes darted furtive glances about the room. I was working at my easel when he came in; he crossed the studio without a sound, setting his feet down cautiously. In the middle of the room he stopped and peered at one of my pictures, emitting dolorous sighs. Then he sidled up to me, laid his finger on his lips and whispered, "Shhhh."

"How much a case?" I asked.

He shook his head: "I am a greatly misunderstood man."

Then he told me his story:

As a young man I became passionately interested in biography, particularly in the biography of genius. The lives of great statesmen, soldiers, rulers, of the lesser men who had made courts brilliant, of men who had distinguished themselves in letters and art. I will not bore you with the names of even a tenth of the authors I read. But when I tell you that I read Theodoret and Suidas as well as Plutarch, Suetonius and the other familiar classics; Vasari, of course, and Cellini; Verdier de Vauprivas; the *Acta Sanctorum*; Bas-sompierre—the forty volumes, not Mme. de Stael's condensation—and Brantôme; Gutzman; Cavendish, Anthony à Wood, Whibley; when I tell you this you will see that mine was not a superficial interest. Distinguished men were my passion.

Then, one black day, I bought a magazine of the arts. The form of the volume was pleasing, the illustrations, if not remarkable—to my untutored eye—were interesting. I began to read! The first magazine finished, I rushed to the bookseller's. I bought every back number he had. For days and nights together I read, fascinated. Here, at the rate of six or eight a month, were more contemporary great men, "transcendent geniuses," than I had found in forty years of constant search through the history of the world. I reveled in it. At that time my education in the arts was slight; my appreciation was undeveloped. Sure that

greater knowledge, a more sensitive eye, would add to the delight I found in the lives of the artists, I devoted several years to the study of art. I visited the galleries of Europe; traveled in the East; I came at last not only to know art but to feel it. Duccio, Mantegna, Cimabue, Giotto, Tintoretto, da Vinci, El Greco, Poussin, Cézanne—their very names, recalling their art, were a great joy.

During all this time I had shut myself off from the art of the present. That, I felt from my reading, I should only be worthy to approach, when I had mastered all that had gone before. Too, I remembered that many of the writers who had extolled contemporary art had seemed to feel that painting had reached its highest level only in recent years. Surely, I thought, this must be true. I had studied art from the cave paintings to Cézanne. In all that time, about fifty thousand years, the men whose art might truly be called great were few—fifty is probably a high figure. How miraculous, then, must be an age which produced, for the pages of one magazine alone, fifty great artists in a year.

I ordered copies of the magazine. I was, I felt, as well prepared as one can be to contemplate a new heaven and a new earth. It was with a feeling akin to fear that I opened the first number. A single great picture had been enough to excite me for days; how, then, could I bear an avalanche of genius?

I read, read, read. Here, in the text, were great men in plenty, with illustrations which to me contradicted the authors' every statement. Could I be wrong? Had the publishers used other pictures than those which had inspired the critics to write so beautifully? Was I, or were the critics, mad?

I have become a detective—an art detective. My time is spent in the search for great art. If you could know of the days spent in the painful following of false clues; of how many paths which seem to lead to art end only in prettiness. Some good paintings I have found, a few things which might justly be called art; but great art . . . ?

You will pardon me, sir, but an enthusiastic person told me that I should see you.

And, says our correspondent, this strange person shook his head sadly and shuffled out.

The implications of the letter made me wonder if, perhaps, in some field other than that in which the detective labored there might not be more of



interest, or at least a freedom from misleading clues and false scents. So I discarded not only the adjective which troubled him, but the noun as well, and set out for adventure. The usual masculine approach to a department store, or at least to those parts of one which are not set apart for strictly male attire, is one of trepidation. One feels that at any moment any of the women who go about with an air of general determination may demand of him if "this wouldn't make a stunning negligée for Edith." A man feels upon his back the disapproving stares of a thousand women whose domain he has invaded. Particularly if he has been sent to some ten or fifteen story building, covering a block of two, to match a piece of quarter-inch ribbon, does he envy the woman who can buy a spool of thread or a kolinsky coat with equal assurance. One of his troubles is that he cannot get over the habit of going, if he goes at all, for a definite thing and closing his eyes to everything else.

But I have made a discovery. The man who visits a museum or an art gallery because he enjoys doing it will, if he visits a great department store in the same spirit, find the exhibition quite as interesting as many of those in the galleries.

In the first place the term "art," of which indiscriminate use is annoying, is not laid over everything like a well-intentioned veil. Nor does the fact that most of the things on display have a strictly utilitarian value which even the masculine mind can comprehend detract from the real beauty which some of them possess. There is, of course, a lack of synthetic rhythmicism, but that, too, is a help.

Perhaps it was because I had just seen an exhibition of paintings by a famous Spanish painter that I was most interested in some Spanish shawls displayed at Altman's. Between the shawls in paint and these actual fabrics there could be no choice. These, the Mudejar version of ancient Chinese embroideries, told a much more vivid tale of Spain and her people than the series of illustrations in the Spanish manner by Zuloaga.

The comparison between the store and the gallery naturally led to Macy's, where space has been set apart for the exhibition and sale of paintings. The gallery has begun modestly, in a small space, with few pictures, and these by several of the younger American painters. The prices are low and, and this is a curiosity, marked in odd cents. If there are no masterpieces among the paintings, there are also none that will offend good taste. But paintings were not the only thing at Macy's to attract the eye of the explorer. Next to the little gallery was a table on which old maps—

Dutch and Spanish, chiefly—were shown. Many of them were colored, and all were finely engraved and decorated. Some were folio size, others double that; they had been taken from old books; the paper was heavy and hand-made; they were shown as "merchandise," but they did not suffer by comparison with the "art" in the next room.

Many Philadelphians believe that the exact centre of the universe is to be found in John Wanamaker's store. Whether this be true or not it is certain that a large part of the universe has been packed into his New York establishment. One could as well do the Louvre in a day as to describe Wanamaker's in a paragraph. But the fourth floor, where the old furniture of the world is gathered together, while it may not be catalogued may be suggested. All the usual types of fine antiques—French, Spanish, English and American—are there, but beside these Wanamaker always contrives to place pieces of rare beauty.

There is one "gallery" in New York which, both for size and for variety of exhibitions, is unique. Some of the finest paintings in the world are shown there; rare furniture, rugs and tapestries; Persia, India, China and Japan send to it their richest treasures. There are books, textiles, costumes, automobiles. It extends from Madison Square north to Fifty-ninth Street and is called Fifth Avenue. Even the "art detective" must lose some of his gloom here. For again the things which are labeled art are few, and among them he may find an occasional work worthy of the adjective "great." And along the way there will be many things in which he will delight.

Fifth Avenue is one of the few institutions in which the New Yorker has an active pride. He has a comfortable feeling about the Metropolitan Museum; the Opera is part of a background he is glad to be seen against; although Wall Street is as much a mystery to him as to the man in Grand Forks he finds it a handy club for country cousins. But "The Avenue" is something else again. He is proud of its glitter; of its air of costliness; of its outward reserve; of the fact that behind those gleaming windows are thousands of persons waiting to give him service. The question, "It's pretty, but is it art?" is a matter for Kipling and the Devil to decide. But the Avenue has one attraction which many of the other galleries lack; it is so evident that a foreign visitor whose first comment on America failed to include it would probably be shipped back by the next boat. It is an attraction which, though often a product of art, defies it. "And that's," wrote Browning, "your Venus, whence we turn to yonder girl. . . ."



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. VOL. I. EUROPE AND THE NEAR EAST, EARTHENWARE AND STONEWARE. Price, \$8.75. VOL. 2. THE FAR EAST. Price, \$7.50. VOL. 3. EUROPEAN PORCELAIN. Price, \$8.75. Translated from the Danish of Emil Hanover by Bernard Rackham and W. W. Worster. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

IN A DAY given to the short story, the monograph, and an almost universal specialization in both art and life, a work which in any sense essays to be encyclopedic and gathers up all available material around a given subject is coming more and more to find a welcome. There are many books on pottery of different periods and different countries, but it is hard to follow the course from book to book without suffering either from a hiatus of material or tedious duplication.

Emil Hanover, late director of the Museum of Industrial Art at Copenhagen, died in March, 1923. The last two volumes of this series, whose Danish title is *Keramisk Haandbog*, were published after his death. This estimate of the book from so eminent an authority as Mr. Rackham will have weight with connoisseurs: "When the first volume was published it was at once recognized that here was a book of no ordinary stamp. Merely as a compilation from existing works it would have represented a great achievement, but it was seen to be much more than this. The historical narrative is accompanied by a wealth of just criticism which gives the work a place amongst the body of serious literature on the history of art in general. A leading German authority, Dr. Walter Stengel, speaks of it as 'the first great scientific presentation of the whole evolutionary history of pottery since the time of Jacquemart.'"

Mr. Rackham, who is keeper of the department of ceramics of the Victoria and Albert Museum, translated the first volume, and W. W. Worster the final two, under Mr. Rackham's direction. The publication of the English translation at the present price has been made possible by a contribution from the Rask Orsted Fond.

There is no account of prehistoric potteries, but with this exception the history of ceramic art is treated with great completeness, except that the portion given to Chinese pottery in comparison to the much longer account accorded Chinese porcelain seems hardly justifiable when the superior beauty of the former and our greater opportunity for studying it in recent years is taken into consideration. The author pays particular attention to forgeries, supplementing his remarks with numerous photographs. The books are illustrated from pieces in European collections, numbering about two thousand in all.

COSTUME AND FASHION. By Herbert Norris. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$10.

THE EXACT and easily accessible information supplied by Mr. Norris on the subject of European dress from the time of the first sewed garments of the Stone Age through the eleventh century is of a completeness and accuracy to commend itself to all students of dress. Mr. Norris has made it his particular object to furnish dated information and for this reason includes a great deal of historical narrative not otherwise bearing on costume

solely to enable the reader to find himself in relation to the period.

Not only is costume itself discussed but the accessories of costume for each period and for each class of people. Jewelry, ornament, patterns of textiles, colors, the manner of dressing the hair and beard, insignia, drinking cups, thrones, etc., furnish material for secondary consideration. There is a chapter on silk which traces that aristocrat among textiles out of China into Europe where it appeared about the first century A. D. Heliogabalus was the first Roman emperor to clothe himself entirely in silk and this at a time when it was literally worth its weight in gold.

The early chapters of the book are devoted to Celtic Britain and Celtic Ireland. From these Mr. Norris passes to classical Greece, omitting the Minoan and Mycenaean periods, and then to Rome. The account of Republican Imperial Rome is the most comprehensive yet published, while the costume of Byzantium, which occupies fully one-fourth of the book, is treated here for the first time in English. The Byzantine period, from the fifth to the twelfth century, was one of great richness and extravagance in dress in spite of the precarious condition of the Empire. The book concludes with the Frankish, Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic costume.

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL. By Emil Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$7.50.

WHEN AN ARTIST's career touches at so many points with the larger aspects of the social life of his day as that of Emil Fuchs the record of it insures a book of memoirs which will be received with the eagerness which is always accorded glimpses of the great when they are seen through the eyes of one who has moved within society's more inaccessible circles.

The story of Emil Fuchs, which has been made familiar to a wide public through a series which he wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* during the past winter, appears now in an augmented form in a book for whose typographical excellence the publishers must be congratulated. It is illustrated with many examples of the artist's work in sculpture, painting and etching, while among the drawings are those which the artist made of Queen Victoria on her deathbed at Osborne.

It was solely his art that led Emil Fuchs from his Vienna schoolroom, where he drew caricatures of his fellow pupils and his teacher (the Dr. Steinbach who was later secretary of treasury of Austria) to his recognized place at the Court of St. James. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, became interested in him through a portrait medallion which the artist had made of his equerry, Sir Arthur Ellis, and Sir Arthur for his part had had his attention turned in Mr. Fuch's direction by a portrait drawing which his daughter had had made of her in Rome, where the artist completed his student days and inaugurated his career. His work as a designer of memorials at Sandringham, at Balmoral, at Windsor, his medals for Queen Victoria, and the coronation medal for King Edward and Queen Alexandra led to many pleasant associations when he was the guest of royalty, and it is the delightful narrative supplied by these reminiscences which makes so entertaining a background to the autobiography of an artist.



# ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

**P**ROBABLY the keynote of modern decoration is the ability to achieve a composite ensemble that is at the same time both harmonious and beautiful. Many countries and many centuries have contributed to the art



A CORNER OF MANY PERIODS  
Courtesy of Harold Mann

of the world, and the happy combination of these various conceptions of beauty is one of the arts of the present age. Submitted as a cross-word puzzle in decoration is a corner of the very delightful studio of Harold Mann. The answer is—China, Italy, France, America—and charm. The gold and green screen is of hand-blocked French wall paper by Zuber, decidedly Chinese in character. The chair, an original, is a finely carved walnut *fauteuil de bergère* of the Regency period. The reign of Louis XIV has been called “the triumph of gilded wood,” and it introduced the idea of useful luxury—everything in common use had to be beautiful. This was largely due to Le Brun, who was master of decorative art, and his influence was felt in every branch of activity that had anything to do with art. Toward the end of this reign, the massive features disappeared from decoration, and it gradually became more delicate and refined, at length merging into the period of the Regency and Louis XV—the most perfect in the history of art in France. The console pictured here is late Louis XIV, and the stool Louis XV—both originals in gilded wood. The vase on the console is Venetian glass, and the picture above it an engraving, from a Riguard painting, of Pierre Mignard, court painter, who was famous for his portrait of Madame Pompadour. The bell pull is early American tapestry and one wonders at the soft and ancient tones of the hooked rug—made in Maine. Who can find a discordant note, or quarrel with the picture as a whole?

**A** RENAISSANCE of the Georgian period in house decoration is being felt more and more in this country—we constantly have evidence that people are turning with renewed interest to the beauty and grace of eighteenth-

century English architecture and cabinetry. That work seems especially fitted for use in our homes—it was the inspiration of our Colonial houses and furniture, and since then we have adapted and made it our own in many ways. What better could we do? Those designers originated a truly great style—even in taking ideas from other sources they made them distinctly and essentially English. At that time the classical note was in the flesh and blood of every designer and builder, and the trail of this influence leads back to the Italian Renaissance. Bramante inspired Palladio, and Palladio’s work made a deep impression upon Inigo Jones. It has been said of Jones that as an artist he is alone among English architects, and perhaps no other man ever had so great share in changing the architecture of a nation. He introduced “Strength with Politeness, Ornament with Simplicity, Beauty with Majesty,” and the most perfect buildings in England today stand as monuments to his genius. In the early Georgian period rooms were paneled and painted, and the section illustrated shows the influence of Jones in its architectural merits. Recognizing the growing demand for rooms of this type, Frederick Rose & Company are bringing over exceptional examples, portions of which may be seen in their galleries. By way of preparation for modern use, they are stripped of their paint, and the natural age-softened pine is the basis for a finish that is given with applications of wax. The room shown here is from a house at Sand Hills Park, Taunton, Somerset, and the full size is twenty-two feet by sixteen, by nine and a half feet high. It can be reduced, or even added to, by expert treatment of old pine. The period is about 1750. Most of the paneling at that time was done in oak, and carved, hence the unusual interest of this specimen, which was selected by Frank C. Young, of this firm, who has made a life-long and intensive study of English architectural interiors.



ENGLISH PINE paneled ROOM  
Courtesy of Frederick Rose & Co.

**A**S FAR BACK as history goes, weaving is recorded as one of the great arts. The craft is of such antiquity and so general in its range over the earth that inquiry as to its origin is useless. Savage races practiced it, and the most cultivated nations down through the centuries have



vied with each other in its development. At the present time, one of the valuable assets of any country is its capability to produce woven materials. The first known record of weaving is from Egypt. In the *bypogeum* at Beni Hassan, about three thousand years before Christ, there is depicted on the wall a loom for weaving, and two women are represented at the occupation. Incidentally it is said they complained of cramped quarters and poor pay, and struck for higher wages. Perhaps this is where the "woman movement" began—who can say? It was in the sixteenth century that the workshops of Flanders eclipsed all competitors in the manufacture of tapestry. The designs of the greatest artists were entrusted to weavers of the Low Countries, and Brussels especially was productive. Pope Leo X selected Peter Van Aelst, a Brussels master weaver, as being most fit to translate the designs of Raphael for the set of cartoons entitled "The Acts of the Apostles," which were made for the Vatican. Van Aelst was tapestry weaver to Philip the Handsome, and to his son, Charles V of Spain, who was also Emperor of Austria and ruler of the Low Countries. The example given here was made for Charles, and is early sixteenth century, but its origin is obscure. It is gold and blue, very beautiful in color and design, and bears the crest and plumed helmet of Charles, as well as emblems of Austria and France. It was recently acquired by the Pomposa Art Trading Company from the

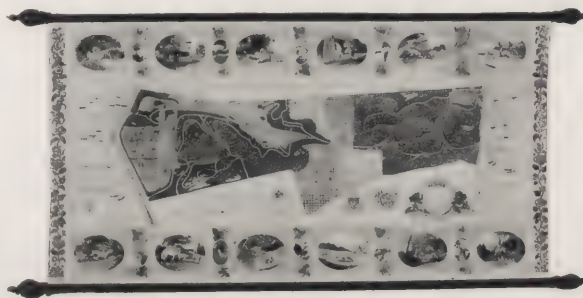


SIXTEENTH CENTURY ROYAL TAPESTRY  
*Courtesy of the Pomposa Art Trading Co.*

Royal Tapestry Fabrica in Madrid, and is now being exhibited by the Pomposa Company in the Michaelian Galleries at Palm Beach. The Royal Tapestry Fabrica, which for centuries has made all tapestries and carpets used by the royal families of Spain, is owned by the King, who is especially interested in introducing Spanish tapestry to America, and it was directly through his influence that this old factory has made its first American connection, with the Pomposa Company.

UNTIL RECENTLY the decorative quality of maps was more appreciated in other ages than in our own. The Romans sculptured them in marble and used them as mural embellishments in public places. The medieval cartographers and illuminators imparted to them a highly decorative character, and at a later date engravers and

painters fully recognized their interesting possibilities. Later still the nimble fingers of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers worked them into samplers and embroidered them on satin, to be hung upon the wall and admired by succeeding generations. In fact, there are numerous adaptations from the precedents of the past. One recalls the quaint old maps of cities, with their perspective as if viewed from an airship, so the whole topography is shown—notable examples of this sort are the



MAP OF VAN SANTVOORD MERLE-SMITH ESTATE  
*Courtesy of Lewis E. Macomber*

paintings of Venice and other Italian waterfronts done by Antonio Canaletto in the early eighteenth century. A map may be so delightfully adjusted to the hobby of its owner—for instance, the "estate map" has a peculiarly intimate and personal appeal. The one illustrated here was done by Lewis E. Macomber, and pictures the Van Santvoord Merle-Smith estate at Oyster Bay. It is drawn in pen and ink, and rendered in color on a soft yellow ground. Embodying eighteenth-century elements of architecture, it has the appearance of an engraving by Repton. The top and bottom panels are adaptations of sporting prints by Samuel Howitt, with vignettes between, and the vertical borders are gay with garden flowers. It is three by five feet and hangs in the library of the Merle-Smith home, giving a condensed and colorful panoramic history of the activities and beauties of the farm.

THE ANCIENT art of wood carving reached its height of popularity and perfection, in France, during the time of the three Louis. The illustration given here is in a group of several very exceptional examples to be seen in the studio of Adeline de Voo and is one of a pair of sconces, faithfully copied from a Louis XVIth piece, done in gold-leaf, and has the inimitable lightness and grace that is truly French.

COPY OF A LOUIS XVI SCONCE  
*Courtesy of Adeline de Voo*



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STUDIO SERVICE, 49 West 45th Street, New York



## THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

THE SUDDEN CLOSE of George Bellows' career has put a heavy mark on the record of this present art season. Perhaps no other figure in American art today possessed the same forceful personality and the same commanding pictorial powers. Just where his exact place will be in the annals of contemporary art is a matter of less concern than the need of fixing in the public thought the kind of man he was and the unique range of his artistic expression. Therefore the article on this progressive and provocative painter by Ralph Flint in the May INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be more in the nature of a general appreciation than a critical analysis of his work. There will be a number of his most important paintings reproduced together with a remarkable photographic portrait of the artist, taken in his Woodstock studio last summer, for which he expressed a great liking. When the large memorial exhibition of Bellows' art comes to pass, as it undoubtedly must within the near future, there will be ample opportunity to weigh and measure the various aspects of his large talents. In the meanwhile there is a fine opportunity for those who held the man and his art in high esteem to come forward with fitting testimonials.

WHEN A SCULPTOR turns gardener he brings to his avocation the creative spirit which distinguishes him as an artist. And so, both because its designer was Daniel Chester French and because its design is good, the garden about which Ruth MacFarland Furniss has written for the May issue is one with which you will be glad to become acquainted. The garden, by the way, is Mr. French's own. Besides this one he has designed two others, one for his daughter, Mrs. Cresson, the other for Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Smith. The article will be illustrated by photographs of all three of these beautiful gardens. None of the gardens is elaborate, so, while few can hope to emulate Daniel Chester French the sculptor, many can put to their own good use his experience as "exterior decorator."

AS THE WORLD was merciless during his life to Paul Gauguin so was Gauguin merciless to himself when it came to the self-portraits to which he so often had recourse in moments of retrospection. They are remorseless, bitterly analytical, even clinical. Often they were accompanied by inscriptions that indicated self-pity and an inclination to draw the full measure of tragic satisfaction from this self-pity which a morose soul usually covets. Louise Gebhard Cann writes of them in the May number, and as is natural with such a theme, explores deeply the artist's personality. Her article is a unique and valuable contribution to Gauguin literature. The reproductions start with a dry Impressionistic one done in 1880, when as a young man of thirty-two he was a follower of Sisley during the time he was not toiling as a desk clerk, and extend all the way through his career to the tragic, morbid one of seventeen years later, sent from Tahiti, bearing the epigraph "Near Golgotha"—Gauguin presenting himself in grief, broken, facing us, the shoulders falling under a garment of dirty blue against a dull earthy background. Some of the portraits have never before been reproduced in America.

FRIEND, counsellor and exemplar of art on the Pacific Coast, is the characterization which seems best to fit Benjamin C. Brown. He was not always of California, for

only twenty years has he resided there, but in those two decades his personality has so impressed itself on art and the world of artists in that state that his name comes first to mind when such things are discussed. It is just to Mr. Brown, however, that he should be considered mainly in connection with his own beautiful paintings, and that is what Rose V. S. Berry does in an article in the May number. A color reproduction of one of his typical works will be presented, together with black and white half-tones that reflect the charm of his tenderer landscapes as well as his meaty coast scenes and his ethereal interpretations of the snow-clad peaks of the Sierras.

"A RED AND YELLOW THREAD of exploration," writes Virginia Robie in the May number, "lies over the entire peninsula of Florida. With the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, Spain made this vast country her own." So it is fitting that one of the latest of the Florida communities, Coral Gables, should have been conceived, as to its plan and architecture, in the Spanish manner. It is truly a city of New Spain. To the picturesqueness and color of a Spanish town has been added the spacious design characteristic of America. Everything of Spain, except the deeper shadows and the dirt, is here. Even in America it is unusual for a whole city of fine houses and commercial buildings to be built from one consistent plan; it is unique to have that plan a Spanish interpretation. Therefore Coral Gables is, architecturally, both interesting and important and, for the general reader, it brings the dream of a Castle in Spain nearer the possibility of realization.

OVER A YEAR AGO INTERNATIONAL STUDIO published photographs of the first completed building of a series of small fraternity houses proposed for the campus of Swarthmore. Since that time two more houses of the group have been built and plans for the fourth and last have been approved. In the next issue there will be a short article about the group, illustrated by photographs of the two new houses, a drawing of the fourth and of the completed "village." All of these houses, designed by Karcher and Smith, of Philadelphia, are built of stone, hand cut, and the quality of fine hand work has been given to every detail. Without in any way suggesting the objectionable arts and crafts building, these small houses recall the day when the contractor was unknown; when "Mason and Builder," "Carpenter and Builder," signified men more interested in doing a good job than in making a slipshod job last as many days as possible. Although they are designed as lodges, they suggest, both in exterior and plan, many possibilities for the small residence. For, although they are all of moderate cost, they have been so well designed and built that, regardless of price, anyone might well be proud to live in them.

THE ARTICLE on Georges Seurat by Guy Eglington, scheduled for this issue, will be published in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO for May. We are indebted to Mrs. William Johnston for permission to reproduce her portrait on the cover of this number.

Peyton Buzwell









*"A YOUNG SQUIRE"*

*by*

*Sir William Beechey*

*Courtesy of the Fearon Galleries*



# INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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## BELLOWS AND HIS ART

THE VIGOROUS and heartfelt *Hail and Farewell* that has gone up for George Bellows is but commensurate with the man and his art. His individual makeup and artistic stature could only produce that kind of cry when the time came for parting. Among contemporary American artists there is no other who might lay like claim to the affections and sensibilities of the men and women who comprise the world of art. Plainly, by all past and present tokens, his place and appeal were made with great and growing power. Plain, too, that the sequence of his art was a rising one and barely half run. It is vain to speculate upon the art that would have come from his hand had it not been stayed, but it is no end comforting to know that with Bellows there could have been no tempering, no loitering, no pandering of purpose or desire. That his ultimate place in the history of American art is assuredly large and distinguished none can rightfully deny. However, now,

*A general survey of the pictorial record which this distinguished American artist has left*

RALPH FLINT

GEORGE BELLOWS, AUGUST, 1924

Photograph by Alfred Cobn



and until a proper perspective is vouchsafed the issue of permanent niche, the time can be better spent in fixing in thought the figure that is to be raised there.

With Bellows it was ever a question of letting the niches look to themselves. He stood so venturesomely upon each instant of the way that the matter of measuring him for particular frame or setting was a particularly difficult if not impossible task. He was ever for staking all he had on each new throw; into every move of the game he put the whole of himself with a fine impetuosity. Quite as a matter of course he became a leading figure in the art world of New York whither he had come twenty years ago as a young student from the middle west. If he became an outstanding figure, it was entirely due to his strong and commanding personality; if he was something of a leader, it was never a self-appointed post he occupied. A close circle of friends grew up about him, but he





"RIVERFRONT"

Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner

BY GEORGE BELLOW'S

stood an independent to the end. It is true he was one of the leading lights of the New Society which sprang up some years ago in protest to the time-honored policies of the National Academy of Design, and it also is a fact that he was one of the prime movers in the group which brought the Independents into being. But if he chose to throw his weight with these unbiased bodies it was in the mood of fair play and with a keen dislike for party politics and preferences. What really mattered to Bellows, and mattered to the exclusion of all other interests save his family and friends, was his art.

The pictorial record of this progressive painter will always have a tremendous element of romance and inspiration. It is good to know that the end came on a fine, full, dominant chord, struck with a new and almost unsuspected brilliance and with a powerful suggestion of rich color qualities to come. His long predilection for the sabler shades had almost put him in the category of the monochromatists, or at least so the general verdict of the art world ran. He had dealt so handsomely with the beautiful blacks of the lithograph, had produced so splendid a series of pencil drawings, and had built his canvases on such a solid substructure of black and white that the tag of "no-colorist" became automatically hitched to his work. But just because he was never content

with what he had already done and because he was by his nature bound to feel out new approaches and latitudes, his very monochromaticism forced the color issue. He had finished his period of masonries and monochrome; the superstructure was just beginning to be raised in light and color. Just as with the technical processes of the great Renaissance masters he so admired, the black and white foundation was an essential preliminary to free coloration, and the recent exhibition of the canvases done during his final summer in Woodstock was a startling proof of his new palette.

All of Bellows' achievements came from an eager and healthy genius for painting. A glance at the many phases of the human round that came within the focus of his keen and appreciative eye indicates the rare and easy familiarity with which he approached life, the deep and simple reverence he felt for beauty wherever it might be found. He took up his brushes in the name of all comers, rich and poor, young and old. His good taste and understanding carried him everywhere. How easily he ranged from the fireside to the arena, from quiet studio to teeming tenements; how unconsciously he made the transition between town and country, between the madding throng and the deep silences! Whether it was faint spring in some city square or winter sunshine on some over-





"GRAMERCY PARK"

*Courtesy of Mrs. George Bellows*

BY GEORGE BELLOW'S

crowded palisade, sweltering summer on some public beach or rare autumn shade in the hills and mountains of his vacationing, he caught the full flavor of each scene and season. His ready and rapid sense of selection kept him always to the point in his pictorial expeditions, and even in his most crowded compositions he maintained a coherent, rhythmic utterance that spoke of penetration and clear thinking. Bellows was never redundant, and he was never a bore. Only now and then, in some of his more ambitious studio pictures, did he fail to keep the design and human interest alert and pointed.

It is perhaps impossible to hit upon any one group of canvases or drawings that will give a complete impression of Bellows' accomplishments; and until his whole work is laid out for leisurely inspection and assimilation there is no need for particular care in this direction. But for the present it is pleasant to take the tone and tempo of some of his more important productions and to dwell for a little upon a few of the many pictorial pleasures that he has afforded us. There is, for instance, the finely harmonized "Up the Hudson" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, painted some

fourteen years ago, a fresh landscape vision of lively detail and handling, large and winning in its open sweep of park and river, palisade and sky; and that sane relationship of man to nature found in all of his work is fully exemplified here in the human touches scattered through. The universe to Bellows was a distinctly peopled affair, and if the composition on hand did not call for any attendant mortal, he usually spied out some satisfactory note of dappled steed or mahogany cow, of strutting cock or wheeling pigeon for accent and entertainment. Take his "Easter Snow," another Palisades picture, as full of animation and happy design as a Russian ballet, and as dramatic. All through this sunny, snowy scene—church paraders gingerly picking their way along the shoveled paths and young New York sporting among the white reaches of parkway that slope to the cold river—he has worked that exhilarating quality of touch and design that animates such canvases as "Polo" and "Newport Tennis." This slice of life, like so many other records Bellows made, is as real a document of period and place as any Currier and Ives plate of earlier days. He was ever on the watch for something eventful and





"INTRODUCING JOHN L. SULLIVAN"

*Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner*

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

significant to record, and beside being accurate he was invariably incisive and inclusive. His "Gramercy Park," reproduced here, is another bit of fine observation, put down with that bursting sense of energy and enthusiasm which he possessed so abundantly; the use of salient detail makes this picture a very compact and convincing whole, with the lovely light touch of the girl with skipping-rope put for pivotal foreground point against the deep notes of the ancient trees of the park and the city without the date.

Looking over some of the scenes which Bellows made of the motley park and seaside throngs, of the multitudes that hem in the pugilists' platform, it becomes clear what a masterly designer he was in reducing the confusion of crowds to the required masses and accents that he needed for his pictures.

His "Riverfront," among the reproductions here, is one of his most entertaining and telling arrangements. Here, indeed, is midsummer humanity at large turned by the alchemy of his art into an extraordinarily fine design, filled to the brim with the racy, humorous touches that reveal the fine appreciation Bellows had for the "next" man, whoever, wherever and whatever he might be. He has handled "Ringside Seats" with the same control of detail and with a like easy run of pictorial comment; here too he has tried one of his many sensational experimentations, putting the whitest white against the blackest black in mass formation. The prize ring with the roped-in fighting men set sharp under the blazing arcs was a favorite object of his attention and it provided him with many a fine arrangement of the human





"RINGSIDE SEATS"

*Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner*

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

form in vigorous action. His "Dempsey-Firpo" drawing brought him much reclame and he later put it on canvas, but with some tempering of the original effect. "Introducing John L. Sullivan," a shrewd bit of satiric summarizing, is another of his best known scenes of the sporting world.

In sharp contrast to these pugilistic pieces comes the long series of distinguished portraits and interior groups which brought him so much recognition and honor along the way. Here is Bellows at work in the composite painting room of the Venetian blinds and the well-beloved horse-hair chairs and sofa. Whether it was at his studio in the Beautiful Block in East Nineteenth Street or in the little Woodstock studio set at the foot of the Catskill Mountains, it was to all intents and purposes the same room and the same almost old-world atmosphere which he evoked upon these canvases to enhance the charms of his sitters. Again and again he painted his wife and two little daughters, singly or in groups; the many "Emma"

portraits are eloquent witnesses to his family devotion and to the depth of his powers as portraitist. He leaned toward the types of women that belong to the America of the last century, simple, somewhat old-fashioned gentlewomen who are carrying on the big work of real homemaking and character building that was started back in the Puritan days. Bellows' intense feeling for his native land and all that it stands for of strength and simplicity somehow comes through these portraits with special force. His large canvas "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," likewise chosen here for illustration, is a splendid and imposing proof of his sympathetic understanding of youth and age, and is a fine example of his command of black and white designing. In "The Violinist" and "Mary" he surmounts the issues of design and detail with equal facility, showing his preference for simple outline and large mass; in the brown flowered gown of the latter portrait Bellows worked one of his loveliest passages of soft color.





"ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA"

Courtesy of Mrs. George Bellows

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

There was also in Bellows something of the showman which led to the production of occasional so-called "Academy" pictures, wherein he palpably set out to make a stir. Usually he succeeded and his yearly offering at the New Society was invariably a bone of pictorial contention. The "Two Women," shown at the last convention of that society at the Anderson Galleries, and his large "Nude," seen later at the Durand-Ruel exhibition, were challenging canvases and not his best by a long way. But the large "Crucifixion" shown at the New Society the preceding year, while being the most provocative piece he ever painted, comes under another heading. It was hailed with a storm of criticism in which harsh words were mingled; but there is every possibility that this painting will go down to posterity as one of the greatest of his works. Underneath the handling of this gigantic theme which has led the greatest painters of every epoch of European art to their highest efforts was Bellows' deep rever-

ence and admiration for the few men of the past who made up his particular Pantheon. It must have been with the names of Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt and Velasquez on his lips that he set forth on this unusual undertaking; for in it he has not only produced one of the most arresting compositions he ever made but he also went deeper into the matter of technical research than ever before, finding out new levels of loaded whites and thinly wrought halftones, new dynamics of light and new depths of shade. It was this reaching of his Rubicon of chiaroscuro that led the way straight on into the flowering fields of color in which he passed one glorious summer before the end came. With Bellows' return to his Woodstock studio the summer after the "Crucifixion" was shown the flowering of his long latent color sense began. The fondest Bellows enthusiast was hardly prepared for the brilliantly colored canvases which were later assembled in the Durand-Ruel exhibition. Here the deep greens





"SAND TEAM"

*Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum*

BY GEORGE BELLOWS

"THE PICNIC"

*Courtesy of Adolph Lewisohn*

BY GEORGE BELLOWS







"THE VIOLINIST"

*Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner*

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

and purples, somber ochres and carmines gave way to florid vermilions and blues, cadmiums and violets in an astounding profusion. The "Lady Jean" glowed on the gallery walls like a bed of larkspurs and poppies, her old-fashioned blue

gown, the red lacquer cabinet and the gayly colored hooked rug at her feet striking the new Bellows color scale with marked effect. Then, too, his highest landscape flight was shown at the same time, a picture in which the new color-





"MARY"

*Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner*

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

tion was employed with an almost festive flow and unrestraint. This canvas was the one he called "Jean, Anne, Joseph," a smallish affair in size but large to a degree in terms of design and light. The three small figures standing in the foreground

somehow typify his insistence on human existence as a great adventure with all the world as playground, and the landscape he has set down here is one of the most brilliant and imaginative bits of painting that he ever did. A colorful, indefinable





"CRUCIFIXION"

Courtesy of Mrs. George Bellows

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

tangle of rich vegetation fills the middle distance, and the boldly accented purple hills beyond with lines of light shooting here and there in sudden and curious irradiation are stabbing bits of form and color that spell out his particular pictorial powers with special persuasion.

There is no space in this brief review to speak of the interest he took in the theoretical side of painting and design, especially in the Hambidge system of dynamic symmetry. But it can be said with truth that his strong sense of constructional values, dating from his earliest days when he contemplated a career in civil engineering, kept him free from theories which were not demonstrable. In fact, while discussing these matters on one occasion, he expressed his complete indifference to the whole category *per se* by saying that he felt free, if such need should arise, to discard all theories and technical practices today with the full assurance that there would be enough on hand tomorrow to meet the requirements of the day.

Neither is there space here to treat of the fine series of lithographs and drawings which we have from his hand, things as fine, perhaps, as anything of their kind. His mastery of the stone is acknowledged, and in his drawings he showed again and again a fertility of imaginative design that found a special vent in this particular medium.

In looking over the various phases of Bellows' work, the wide range of his art comes to us as a unique thing in contemporary painting. He was the embodiment of rightly directed power; he was indeed an artist who hewed to the line, and with a splendid accuracy. His popularity was a marked thing from the first, but success was slower in coming. When it did, however, it came to him on his own terms. He worked valiantly and without dissimulation for art and the happiness that he had in his work was the proof of it. His individual rewards were rich, but the future alone can give him the crowning gift of undying fame.





GATEWAY IN THE GARDEN OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

## Gardens Designed by a Sculptor

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH's garden is balanced, well ordered, and at the same time intimate. No meaningless clutter of flower beds disturbs the eye. It fulfills the condition that a work can only be said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created.

In developing a garden, Mr. French feels that the natural advantages should be utilized and the line of the least resistance followed, instead of flying in the face of Providence, as so many planners of gardens seem to do. He also feels that one of the chief essentials, particularly in latitudes of long winters and short summers, is that the garden should have a definite, orderly plan, which will be effective when there are no flowers, or even any greenness in the picture.

The vine-covered wall which surrounds the French garden is interrupted by unexpected gates, which give a welcoming, rather than a barring-out impression. A wide path, with a border of phlox,

*Both for himself and his friends, Daniel Chester French has planned simple and beautiful gardens*

Ruth MacFarland Furniss

hollyhocks, day lilies and other old-time favorites, leads to the main entrance of the studio which faces a circular court with a fountain in the centre. Marble benches, over-topped by a

closely clipped privet hedge, form a half circle around the fountain, whose base is framed by glossy-leaved myrtle.

Flanking either side of the entrance to the studio are large pottery vases in which petunias make a cheery note of pink. A luxuriant border of maidenhair fern reaches just above the sides of the step leading to the studio. Clipped cedars complete the setting, and a passion flower scrambles informally over one side of the doorway. A delicate tracery of vines has been Mr. French's idea throughout his planting, just enough foliage to accentuate the construction beneath, rather than a mass to blot it out.

From the courtyard, marble steps lead through a hydrangea bordered path to the woodland garden beyond, over which quaint bits of statuary preside.





PATH LEADING FROM THE GARDEN TO THE STUDIO OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH





DOORWAY OF MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO AND GLIMPSE OF THE WALL WHICH ENCIRCLES THE GARDEN

ENTRANCE TO THE ROBINSON SMITH GARDEN PLANNED BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH







COURTYARD OF MR FRENCH'S GARDEN WITH FOUNTAIN AND STONE BENCHES

COURTYARD IN THE GARDEN OF MRS. WILLIAM PENN CRESSON







COURTYARD AND LAWN OF THE DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH GARDEN

VIEW IN THE ROBINSON SMITH GARDEN







A CORNER IN THE DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH GARDEN

In this charming glen, Mr. French has made no attempt to introduce formal planting. The underbrush has simply been cleared away, and young saplings cut out. Low cement benches stand here and there under the trees. Ferns, lady's slippers, jack-in-the-pulpit and other wood flowers abound.

Simplicity is the keynote of the little courtyard Mr. French has laid out behind the house of his daughter, Mrs. William Penn Cresson. A gaily flowering border scrambles up the retaining wall of rough stone which surrounds the court. Spanish pottery jars add a carefree note. Myrtle clammers over the base of the jardinières. Geraniums bloom in brightly colored Spanish flower-pots which have been set inside the iron grilles that have been substituted for window boxes. A trumpet vine hangs in festoons over the wide spaced lattice against the side of the house, and a flower border makes a line of color against the foundations of the house.

Another intimate and wholly delightful garden is the one Mr. French planned for his friends, the Robinson Smiths. Here the problem was a slightly different one. A sunny slope had to be made becoming to a rambling Colonial farmhouse. As in his other gardens, Mr. French has preferred to

develop a garden in which one is tempted to linger, rather than one in which the onlooker is merely dazzled by the magnificence of the layout.

The original character of the land has been retained. A high, but not too closely clipped privet hedge borders the road and the upper end of the garden. A pool has been used as the axis of a formal arrangement of flower beds. The graceful outline of the bird path stands out against the half circle of privet hedge. Low cement benches complete the frame and a planting of peonies makes a vista through which one glimpses the house. Wide shallow steps lead down to the lawn from the garden which is on an upper level and marble stepping stones break the expanse of green wherever a path is required. Narrow flower beds, full of blooms, like gay ribbons fringe the piazza of the house and the retaining walls of the garden.

Like other works of art, gardens have their own problems if the laws of balance and symmetry are to be observed. In solving these problems for his family and a few fortunate friends, Mr. French has found an intriguing pastime, and a delightful mind changer. It is, however, one to which he cannot devote as much time from his sculpture as he would like.





VARNUM POOR'S HOUSE IN ROCKLAND COUNTY, NEW YORK, FROM THE EAST

*The brook has been cleaned out and dammed, making a pool near the house. The door at right leads into the kitchen. The shed at left has been replaced by permanent quarters for a kiln*

## An ARTIST "ROLLS HIS OWN"

USUALLY, when one says that a man has built him a house all that is meant is that, somehow or other, he has wangled together enough money to pay the bills. And, in the face of present building costs, that in itself is no mean accomplishment. And whether or not the house is in any way expressive of himself is a matter partly of chance and partly of his ability to impress the architect.

Most of us can never hope to do anything other than this. We have neither the time nor the ability, and often not the inclination, to actually build our own houses. Of course, almost every man firmly believes himself to be something of a carpenter, mason and plumber; equally of course he is more sure of it by conviction than by practice. And so long as he confines himself to an occasional shelf his illusions remain intact. Often, too, this same sturdy man has a fixed belief that

*Varnum Poor quarried and laid the stone, felled and adzed the timbers, of which he built his house*

JAMES FRASER

artists are an effete race, averse to, if not incapable of, physical labor.

Fixed beliefs are a comfort, even when they are wrong. So, if you still think that artists differ very much

from the rest of us except in being more keenly alive, this story of an artist and how he built his house may come as a rude shock. For, as you will see, the house which Varnum Poor put up was no "summer studio" of boards and tar paper, but one of stone and big timbers; of stone which he quarried and cut; timbers which he felled and adzed.

Really, it is two stories; the first, that he did the work himself; the second, that the work was good. Without the second the first would be of little value. Labor for the sake of labor may be all right as exercise, but unless it results in something more than well-developed biceps it is of value and interest only to the individual. There





THE HOUSE FROM THE NORTH

is in all the world no greater bore than the man who boasts of the amount of work he has done.

The fact that he does not talk about it is almost as remarkable as Mr. Poor's house. Information has to be pried out of him. Not because he is purposely reticent but because the house is only one of the things he wanted to do. That completed, he is just as busy at other things. His painting and pottery are of greater importance to him now than the way he raised his walls or carved his fireplaces. There is nothing of the poser about him. In a community prone to adulate even moderate accomplishment the attempt to make him a hero fell flat against the armor of his common sense. Not without a certain re-

THE DOORWAY IN THE WEST WALL

*The roof is covered with gray asbestos tiling resembling slate*



sentment. When he came to New York from California one of the things of which he was most sure was that he did not like the city. As a place where business was done and money earned he had no objection to it, but as a place to live it made no appeal. Through friends he saw the Ramapo Hills, west of the Hudson, near Haverstraw. On a back road that twisted along the side of a ridge a few artists and literary people had their homes. Most of the land was uncultivated. There were a few farms near the road but back of them and between them the woods were untouched. The low and intimate hills, the uncultivated beauty of the landscape, the fact that there were only simple houses in the neighborhood,



all appealed to him. He decided to build there.

He bought land away from the road but having a right of way to it, most of it lying in a sheltered valley through which ran two brooks. He selected a piece of high ground beside one of these as the site for his house. That was late in 1919. Early in the spring of the next year he rented one of the houses on the road near his land, and began to build.

Most of the old houses in that part of New York State either date from the early Dutch settlements or were built by the descendants of the original colonists. They were, almost without exception, built of the reddish sandstone which underlies most of the land and were similar in design to the Dutch houses of northern New Jersey. They were simply and sturdily built, most of them with gambrel roofs, and were perfectly suited to the rocky hills which formed their environment. Before he had seen these, however, Mr. Poor had admired the stone cottages of northern France and had hoped some day to build a house in their image. The Dutch houses of Rockland County recalled his dream and he designed his American home as a combination of the two forms.

One of the qualities in both types of cottage which appealed strongly to him was the way in which each seemed to form part of the landscape—to belong to the land. So, in planning for his own building he made sketches of his site and drew houses on them until he arrived at a satisfactory solution. The form determined, he worked out a simple and compact plan, avoiding all waste space and conforming to the contours of the land.

His material, the sandstone—red, gray and purple—was at hand. Not far from his site and on his land



WEST FRONT OF THE HOUSE. AT LEFT: THE ONE-STORY KITCHEN; RIGHT: STUDIO

was an abandoned quarry. There was some stone already cut. There was plenty more to be had for the labor. In the woods nearby stood many chestnuts, killed by the blight which ruined most of those trees some years ago.

He laid out the lines of the foundations and dug the trenches. He had some help there for he was anxious to get at the actual building. He laid a rough track to the quarry and rigged a winch and tackle to haul his stone.

With the dream before him of a house that should be one with the hill on which it stood, he began to build.

He built his walls as he would paint a picture. Each stone was selected and placed for its form and color in relation to the others—brush strokes in stone. When he could, he used the stone already quarried; when that was unsuitable he blasted and cut more.

A stone fireplace belonged to his dream. Notice, in the photograph of the living room, the huge stone which forms the top of the fireplace and the mantel. Until he cut that out and squared it, it was part of the hill. But he did more than square and dress it. From front to

THE HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION

*Showing the heavy lintels and one end of the huge beam which holds the second floor beams*







LIVING ROOM IN VARNUM POOR'S HOUSE, LOOKING SOUTH

*Note the huge beam in the ceiling, the stone stair and the door leading to the cellar. The tables were made by Mr. Poor*

back across the top it is nearly three feet thick; at the bottom only a few inches. Poor carved it out to form the smoke shelf of the fireplace. But before that was placed he cut and set the single block of stone which forms the hearth; carved the stone brackets which support the upper stone. Then the chimney, brick because of the space saved by that material, and a fireplace was built which is not only a monument to the skill and patience of one man, but also one which has never been known to smoke.

There is another fireplace, in the studio, which transgresses all the rules. It is also of stone, but only a few inches deep, and the opening is nearly five feet high. For this, too, he

DETAIL OF THE STONE STAIRWAY

*The upper door leads to the studio*



carved a stone frame and, mocking the head-shakings of the wise men, it also draws.

When the walls reached the height of the door and window tops, Poor became a wood worker. He felled and had hauled great chest-nut trees. He cut and adzed them to make the lintels for his wall openings and the beams to carry the second floor. In the illustrations which show the east wall of the house you can see the end of the great beam which extends from wall to wall across the living room. Although all of these squared logs are heavy and would be overpowering in the usual house, here they seem no more out of place than do trees on a rocky hillside.

The wall between the





NORTH WALL OF THE LIVING ROOM AND THE KITCHEN

*The stones of the fireplace were cut and laid by Mr. Poor. The arch is supported by the buttress in the east wall*

living room and kitchen becomes an outside wall above the first floor, so it is of stone, and solid. Poor wanted an arch over the wide opening between the two rooms, and, because he feared that even his heavy walls would not bear the thrust, he carried the arch through the wall, like a buttress, to bed rock. That also can be seen in the photographs which show the east wall.

The kitchen is at a slightly lower level than the living room and curved stone and brick steps lead from one to the other. In the kitchen the sink is no fragile thing of enameled iron. It is a heavy block of sandstone, hollowed out by hand. This kitchen, by the way, is a model of arrange-

#### DETAIL OF THE KITCHEN

*The sink was cut from a single block of sandstone*



ment. It is well lighted; there is a large coal range which supplies hot water for kitchen and bath; there are built-in shelves and cupboards in which there is a place for everything. The walls and the spaces between the ceiling beams are white plaster of a rough texture but without any "arty" troweling. The floor is brick.

The living room floor is a combination of brick and stone, laid in an unobtrusive pattern. In this room, too, the walls and ceiling, between the beams, have been plastered. At the end of the room opposite the fireplace are a stairway leading to the upper floor, a door into the studio, and one, down a few steps, to the cellar. The stairway is





THE WEST FRONT IN WINTER

a half-arch of stone, braced at the top against a huge block which is balanced on the wall and weighted, and forms the top landing. As you can see from the illustrations it is a remarkable piece of construction. On the upper floor are three rooms, one in each of the gables, the one at the north opening on the cement roof of the kitchen.

At the other end of the house and partly set into the hillside, is the studio. It is a low room of irregular shape, lighted by a large window in the west wall, a small skylight, and small windows facing east. The most remarkable thing about it is the roof, a low-pitched gable of reinforced concrete. When the rafters were in place, Mr. Poor stretched heavy tar paper across them, laid his reinforcing, and poured the concrete. The paper sagged a little in places but it held.

For the other roofs of the house Mr. Poor selected gray asbestos shingles. They have the solid appearance of slate, were much more convenient to handle, and less expensive. There are no overhangs. The gables and walls were carried higher than the roof lines and the result is an added appearance of solidity. Drainage is effected by stone water spouts.

It is not quite true that all of the work was done by Mr. Poor alone. As winter drew near he called in local workmen to help with the finishing. But with that slight qualification, the first story—that he did the work himself—is true. As for the second—that the work is good—there are no qualifications. His dream was realized; the house is so much a part of the landscape that it belongs to the hillside as truly as would an outcrop of the sandstone which forms its walls.

THE FRENCH WINDOWS IN THE LIVING ROOM







HOUSES ON CHARLTON STREET ON THE SITE OF RICHMOND HILL

## GEORGIAN Houses in NEW YORK

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE in and around New York City recognizes just two classifications: country homes and city mansions. Historic city mansions. There was a time

in the early nineteenth century when there was a third classification: city homes; but with the growth of New York there was little between the apartment and the palace. However, hopeful architects assure us that there is a return, so far as the limited space left in the city permits, to city homes, usually by way of remodeling but sometimes by way of building rows of houses in tiny areas rescued from factories or tenements.

*The small predecessors of the brownstones were almost the last city homes to be built in New York*

JO PENNINGTON

A sight-seeing trip to the older part of New York where small houses may still be found has tempted many an apartment house dweller to dream of owning, or at least inhabiting, a little

house that may not be quite so perfect mechanically but will surely be more satisfying emotionally.

To look about at all, even only in print, at the possibilities that are either survivals or new ventures, is to step squarely into the middle of an architectural wrangle. The very first impulse to speak of the colonial house in New York must be promptly repressed. The word rouses thousands





COLONNADE ROW, ON LAFAYETTE STREET, BUILT IN 1836. FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1923 SHOWING ITS ORIGINAL STATE

of architects, dozing peacefully behind their blueprints, so that they all pop out and ask angrily: "What is colonial architecture?" Or to assert indignantly: "There is no such thing." And they are right. In New England, colonial architecture means chiefly frame houses; and in New York it means two things: Dutch houses of the earlier period and Georgian houses of the later. But it is a convenient word; and perhaps if we admit that it refers merely to a period of time rather than to the evolution of a style, the architects will go peacefully back to sleep.

Of course "colonial" as used by gentlemen in the real estate business, especially if they call themselves "realtors," means any house of less than twelve rooms, with small-paned windows. There is a row of "colonial" houses in one of the dreariest flats of Long Island, just across Queensboro bridge from New York, of so appalling a hideousness that one agrees with those who say the word is meaningless.

The old Dutch "town" houses of early New York are only interesting archeologically or as models for country house building.

They were quickly supplanted in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries by houses of the English type; houses of wood and stone, brick and stucco. The British colonists may have denied their fatherland and killed off large numbers

of their kinfolk in battle; but when it came to building homes in the peaceful years that followed the war of the Rebellion, they built them in the image of the homes they had known and left. The Freudians assure us that the rebellious daughter usually marries a man who strongly resembles the father she left home to escape.

The modified Georgian type of house built by New Yorkers in the years following the Revolution had a distinct beauty, as great, if not as ingenuous, as the

beauty of the little frame houses in the country which, in most minds, have the greatest right to the word "colonial." Though it stood in a row of ten or twenty houses, a dwelling in those days might still be a home; it might still have beauty of design and graciousness of aspect; and the rows, themselves, though uniform, were not monotonous. There was just enough variety in details to mark one from the other, without breaking the unity of the row. Before analyzing these details, there must be no doubt as to what is meant by Georgian.

The Renaissance in England created a new type of architecture, based on classic Italian models but not slavishly following them.

At the beginning of this period, there had been frank imitation and copying of Roman designs, with little change except in the simplification of ornamental details. But during the reigns of the Georges, the stiffness of the early Renaissance was lost and there was a freer interpretation of the classic forms. It was this later Georgian style, fostered in England by Sir Christopher Wren and his followers, which crossed the

sea to America and gave the streets of New York in the nineteenth century their English character.

The general tone taken by critics of this imported Georgian architecture is one of censure. The colonists lacked originality, we are told; the



TYPICAL NEW YORK DORMER



OLD DOORWAY, 116TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



only changes they made in their designs were those changes demanded by the difference in materials used here from those used in England. The feeling seems to be that George Washington should have summoned the architects of the late eighteenth century to a conference and said: "This is a new country, and we must have a new architecture;" and after glaring at them fiercely, have allowed them until the following Tuesday to evolve new designs for homebuilding. These critics forget that most architectural styles have been begotten in imitation, just as the Georgian itself was begotten in imitation of Italian models.

In addition to the modifications made necessary by the difference in materials, certain other changes were made in the houses built in New York that distinguish them from their English prototypes. The two styles of dormer windows shown are both distinctive of early New York houses. Window tracery was another local peculiarity; light cast-iron tracings in delicate patterns on the glass used for sidelights and door trim. This type of ornament is related to the fan-lights found in New England houses. The detail sketch of part of a doorway shows this tracery; and it may also be seen in the illustration showing the entrance to a house on Waverly Place, this latter one of the finest Georgian doorways in New York.

In searching for an old doorway to be used in the house of a client, a New York architect found that in fifty doorways examined and measured, there were only three distinct types. This discovery, together with the analysis of other details, led him to the conclusion that these old houses were monotonous in design and architecturally no better than the brownstone fronts that followed them. He assures us that we think they are more beautiful only because they were made of more interesting materials and their ornamentation was more pleasing. It is hard to agree with such an

argument. The brownstones are nearly always much higher than the Georgian houses—they were usually four or five stories high—and had much higher stoops, with tall windows and doors. Looked at from the street, their excessive verticality gives their façades the appearance of sloping backwards. And that very selection of more interesting materials and the use of pleasing ornament, which this gentleman treats so lightly, is of the

greatest importance in the design of houses that are to stand in rows. But compare them for yourself—if you live in New York or visit it. Go to Grove Street just east of Hudson; or to Charlton Street and see the old houses with gabled roofs and dormer windows, built of red brick and white stone; with well proportioned doorways and iron stair railings of excellent design leading to the low stoops; and then go to the west eighties and see the brownstone fronts—gaunt, forbidding and grim; varying so little that one wonders how their inhabitants can be sure of entering their own

doors on dark nights; and built of stone of a repulsive color. Then you may judge how great were the possibilities for a beautiful city which the brownstones completely missed.

The Gothic and Greek revivals in England, that followed the Georgian period, made themselves felt on this side of the ocean chiefly in minor modifications of design. During the later Renaissance English architects had, as we have pointed out, used Italian models in free adaptations, not in a spirit of imitation. But the passionate enthusiasm for Greek art that followed the discovery of the Elgin marbles led to a deliberate and accurate copying of Greek forms, as if to modify were to profane them. But by the time this influence reached us its heat had cooled a little and it was used merely as another interesting source of detail.

One curious bit of architecture, however, shows that the neo-Greek movement had a few dogmatic



DOORWAY AT 112 WAVERLY PLACE





OLD GEORGIAN HOUSES ON HUDSON STREET

followers even in New York. In the early part of the last century a new street was opened "two miles out of town" and named Lafayette Place in honor of the Marquis who had recently visited the city. In 1836 the row of city dwellings called LaGrange Terrace (after Lafayette's country seat) was built. This Terrace was a row of eight houses under one roof and, as first built, was the finest example of the Greek revival in this country, so far as domestic architecture was concerned. It is now usually known as Colonnade Row and is still standing but it has lost most of its beauty because of the lower doors having been taken away, to make room for shop fronts, and other changes; the original sashes have been replaced in the upper windows by French casements. Old prints of the row give an impression of dubious beauty because the effect is rather that of an institution than of a series of private dwellings. But an early detailed view of one of the houses shows that, viewed individually, they were unexpectedly home-like. Undoubtedly too, its original setting when the street was first cut through and there was open country about it, emphasized the stately beauty of its design.

Another curious row of pre-apartment house days in New York was erected on West Twenty-third about the middle of the nineteenth century. The height of the houses in this row, "London Terrace," and the tall pilasters give it the appearance of an institution not very firmly fixed in its mind and liable to become something else. When they were built, they were ridiculed because there seemed so little reason for building a row of city houses in a spot so far out in the country. Back of London Terrace was another row of smaller houses of a mixed breed; some reproductions in miniature of the pilastered Terrace houses; and

some chunky little two-story houses with pudgy bay windows and orange porches. However, both rows, set back from the street with front gardens, are, in the language of our day, amusing; and if they are not wholly beautiful they are at least more like homes than the apartment houses of the present day which supplanted them. Washington Irving lived in one of the London Terrace houses.

Apropos of apartments, the first ones built in New York were erected in 1869 as an experiment. They were called French flats, and in the lean

years following the Civil War, when it was no longer possible for each family to own its own house, they became increasingly popular. In the year 1873, one hundred and twelve of them were built; and in 1883 seven hundred sprang up. Much as we may deplore this rapid increase in the popularity of apartments, we owe to it at least one blessing: it put a stop to the erection of brown-stone fronts.

A curious little row of houses still stands in the heart of the block between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets and Sixth and Seventh Avenues. It was called Paisley Place or Weavers' Row. During the yellow fever epidemic of 1822, the citizens of New York left the city proper and fled to the suburbs. "The banker closed his doors, the merchant packed his goods; churches no longer echoed the words of divine truth." New quarters, sometimes temporary, sometimes permanent, were found in the still rural district northwest of Union Square. At this time most of the cotton fabrics in use were still hand woven; and a group of Scotch weavers thriftily took up their abode just off Southampton Road to which most of the merchants had fled. They set up their looms in this little row of cottages which they named Paisley Place in memory of their Scottish home. As each piece of fabric left the loom, it could, without loss of time or effort, be taken to a nearby merchant and exchanged for coin or for a fresh supply of yarn.

On Grove Street near Hudson there is a row of half a dozen houses well worth a visit. They are low buildings with friendly stoops of a good gossiping height, and roofs with dormer windows. This street has the proud distinction of being the site of the house in which Tom Paine, author of "The Age of Reason," died. His house stood on



the spot that is now No. 59, though at that time Grove Street had not been cut through. Barrow Street, nearby, was originally Raisin Street, a corruption of Reason Street, in honor of Tom Paine. But the most interesting little group of houses in this vicinity is in Grove Court. The entrance to the court is through an iron gate on Grove Street, opening into a charming little garden at the back of which is a row of tiny frame houses. Each house has its own little portico and each is only about twenty-five feet deep. Several of them now have a tiny apartment on each of the three floors consisting of a living room, bedroom and kitchen. They have charming old fireplaces, rather large in relation to the room size, and admirable stairways with mahogany balustrades. No one knows how they came to be thus marooned in the middle of the block; but when their possibilities were first considered by the present owners, they were unsightly tenements.

The naming of streets in Greenwich Village is sufficiently interesting to draw one for the moment from architectural investigations. Jones Street, a tiny lane running from West Fourth to Bleecker Streets, has little to show today for its promising beginnings. Only one or two simple little brick houses survive amidst the tenements and garages and factories. But its history is curious. In 1794 it was laid out by a Dr. Gardiner Jones who gave it his name. It happened that the sister of Mrs. Gardiner Jones had married another man named Jones—a Mr. Samuel Jones, and there was great rivalry between the two families. Mr. Samuel Jones, not to be outdone by his rival, himself laid out a street running from Broadway to the Bowery and called it Jones Street. This gave rise to so much confusion that finally the Jones Street named for Mr. Samuel Jones was called Great Jones Street, while Dr. Jones' lane remained simply Jones Street. But whether the victory lies with Samuel or with Gardiner it is hard to judge.

The houses on Charlton Street shown in the illustration have a two-fold interest, architectural and historical. One of them has just been pulled down and others of the row stood originally on the place where Seventh Avenue was cut through a few years ago. The remainder of the row on Charlton Street, north side, east of Varick is almost as delightful. All of the houses in this row



OLD HOUSES IN GROVE COURT

have pleasing doorways, usually with slender columns and the window tracery mentioned above. Little oval windows, sometimes set vertically and sometimes horizontally, gave light to storerooms; and beneath the storeroom there was usually the carriage driveway or the entrance to the old houses that often stood in back where laborers and humbler folk lived. In the rear of one of these Charlton Street houses, in the year 1851, lived a chair maker, a cabinet maker and a marble worker.

On this site originally stood Richmond Hill, set on an elevation in the midst of wooded lands, with a little trout stream called Minetta Water at its base. Richmond Hill is described as one of those "Grecian temples built of two-inch pine planks;" but "in the taste of the period, it was held to be vastly fine." It was the New York home of Vice-President and Mrs. Adams. Among many distinguished guests entertained in it was Thomas Jefferson whose costume made so great a stir that the excitement has not died away even yet. He had just returned from Versailles and his clothes were in the French fashion—red waistcoat and breeches, ear-rings and red-heeled shoes—and all these sartorial splendors topped by a crop of red hair! After the Adams, Aaron Burr took the house on a sixty-nine year lease, and from it he went forth to his duel with Alexander Hamilton, and to it he returned after he had finally been made to realize that Hamilton's wound was probably fatal. On the very afternoon of the day when the duel was fought, Burr, seated in his bath, consoled his troubled spirit with Rousseau's *Confessions*. When Burr fled the country, Richmond Hill remained vacant for a time; and with the upward march of the city, was finally lowered to the street level, standing exactly on the spot occupied by the Charlton Street houses shown. It was



for a brief time a tavern, and then a theatre; but it was still too far out of the city to succeed in either capacity.

The houses shown on Hudson Street are not so amusing as the Charlton Street row, but they are still an excellent argument against the defendant of brownstone fronts. The doorways are, like most Georgian doorways, fine; and the proportions good. The two on the right were probably built at the same time because they have identical doorways and newel posts set on rather high pedestals; but the one

on the extreme right has a strange sightless look due to the removal of the original sashes and their replacement by some with larger panes. The windows consequently look too long in their relation to the size of the house. This is the type of house that fronted on St. John's Park occupying the square between Hudson and Varick Streets, and Beach and Laight Streets. On this park such fine old families as the Schuylers, the Drakes, the Mortons, the Lydigs, the Lords, Delafields and Hunters had their homes; and the park itself was reserved for their use. Bowling Green was another private pleasure ground, guarded by an iron fence and a locked gate; and today Gramercy Park is similarly restricted. This bit of green between Third and Fourth Avenues at about Twentieth Street was donated in 1830 to the owners of some sixty-six adjoining lots by Samuel B. Ruggles, one of the founders of the Bank of Commerce, on condition that each lot be taxed ten dollars annually forever to keep it in condition.

Just before the improvement of Gramercy Park and at the time that the aristocracy was grouped about St. John's Park, Washington Square was the parade ground upon which the militia was reviewed. Union Square was still out of town. Before this time Washington Square had been used as a burying ground for yellow fever victims and as a place of execution; but in 1823

Bryant Park, at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, became the burying ground and Washington Square became another aristocratic centre. It is the only one of these old squares that has kept, on its north side at least, its earlier good character.

The recent development of Turtle Bay, at East Forty-ninth Street and the river, recalls the days of old New York more vividly than any other section of the city. It was Deutel Bay under the Dutch and it acquired considerable historical significance in the Revolution. In the late eighteenth century it was, of course, a wilderness where a few people had country estates. Turtle feasts were given there to which people from the city came in Italian chaises, a lady and a gentleman in each chaise. An English traveler describes one of these feasts and tells how, on the return trip, they passed over the Kissing Bridge, "where it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." This bridge was on what is now Fifty-third Street between Second and Third Avenues. There

was another Kissing Bridge farther downtown, over a small creek on the Post Road close to Chatham Square. Its tradition, though not so sentimental, is quite as delightful. Travelers leaving the city were conducted thus far by their hosts and the final farewells spoken on Kissing Bridge.

Another successful modern attempt to make use of a small space and build a row of attractive houses in the city is the development of Pomander Walk. This is a tiny lane running from Ninety-fourth to Ninety-fifth Streets between Broadway and West End Avenues. It is only twenty feet wide and is bordered on each side by a row of two-story buildings of English design, half timber with slate and asbestos shingles. It was designed as a reproduction of the original Pomander Walk, near London, on the banks of the Thames.



POMANDER WALK, NEW YORK  
KING AND CAMPBELL, ARCHITECTS





MAIN ARCH OF GRANADA ENTRANCE, CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

DENMAN FINK, ARCHITECT

## A SPANISH CITY IN FLORIDA

WHEN on Easter Sunday, 1513, Juan Ponce de Leon sighting land, unfurled the flag of Castile in the name of King Ferdinand, the romance of Spain was planted in Florida.

When in 1565, Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, raising the colors in the name of Philip II, founded the settlement of St. Augustine, romance took deep root. With Menendez came men of rank, priests, monks, soldiers and retainers, numbering more than fifteen hundred and filling many ships. It was a brilliant company, and such as sixteenth-century Spain alone could send forth into a wilderness.

A red and yellow thread of exploration lies over the entire peninsula of Florida. We find the strands sometimes tangled, sometimes almost lost, but invariably picturesque; often marked by cruelty but touched with high romance. With the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, Spain made this vast country her own. The Indian, at first friendly, then hostile, fled before the conqueror. The French explorer made heroic stand. The tragedy and pathos of the Huguenot massacres form one of the dark chapters of Florida's history. Yet in justice to Spain and in

*The Spanish tradition which is inseparable from Florida has inspired the architecture of Coral Gables*

VIRGINIA ROBIE

the interests of truth it must be recorded that French retaliation was almost as cruel.

Tampa Bay is associated with the intrepid adventurer, Hernando De Sota, and the lovely little city of

Sarasota with his daughter, Sara, whose mournful fate is perpetuated in a moss-grown legend.

Spain loosened her grasp on Florida in 1763, regained it twenty years later and lost it forever in 1821. In 1763 Florida was ceded to England in exchange for Cuba, in 1783 ceded back to Spain, in 1821, purchased by the United States for the sum of five million dollars, a new page turned in its history. Yet Spain has never been really absent from Florida; politically yes, but not in color and atmosphere, and not architecturally. St. Augustine's narrow streets, overhanging balconies and walled gardens still speak of old Spain, as in a lesser way do the ruins of New Smyrna on the Indian River. But nowhere in Florida is the Spanish illusion more perfect than at Coral Gables, the newly developed suburb of Miami. It is not only the romance of Spain but the romance of American fortunes and American genius.

In telling the story of Coral Gables it is difficult to know where to begin; whether to sketch the





BALBOA PLAZA, CORAL GABLES

man and then the achievement, or first paint the background and next the portrait. It is as hard to separate George E. Merrick from Coral Gables as Coral Gables from George E. Merrick. Yet without question Mr. Merrick would prefer that we accept our Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

It is not my purpose to dwell on Mr. Merrick's boyhood in a New England parsonage, nor the blizzard of 1895, with an attending epidemic of pneumonia, which seems to have been a turning point in the family history, nor the departure to southern Florida when Miami was a trading post, nor the initial purchase of land with all that it meant to the future of the clergyman and his family.

One of the great fallacies is that poets,

scholars and saints lack practical perspective. Many of the sanest and most helpful movements which have blessed humanity have been conceived

by men whom the world considered visionaries. With a foresight far beyond that of his associates this New England minister whose life had been spent in the restricted channels of a Cape Cod parish became one of Florida's great pioneers. Acre by acre he acquired land in a neglected section west of Miami which later was to form the nucleus of Coral Gables. Between the passing of pine forests and semi-tropical jungles, and the coming of the real castles of Spain was a middle period when grapefruit and orange groves, the



A MOORISH DOORWAY  
IN CORAL GABLES





HOME OF S. A. RYAN, CORAL GABLES

LOUIS BRUMM, ARCHITECT

largest and finest in southern Florida, made new industrial records. Meanwhile the trading post grew to a city. Miami seems never to have been a village. It sprung full fledged into a metropolis, with, however, little resemblance to its present cosmopolitan character. To the south, Coconut Grove developed, containing some of the finest estates in Dade County. When Mr. James Deering built his Italian villa, rivaling an old world palace, an important milestone was reached in Miami's history. For a parallel, and that on very different lines, one must turn to the George Vanderbilt estate, "Biltmore," North Carolina. They make interesting comparisons and contrasts, with the common basis of great wealth. That Mr. Vanderbilt chose French Renaissance in the late nineteenth century was just as indicative of the taste of his day as Mr. Deering's selection of Italian in the early twentieth.

The present keen interest in the Spanish style in Palm Beach and Miami shows that architects are realizing the great opportunity Florida presents in the way of climate, background and historical traditions. That all these assets have been turned to account one realizes instantly at Coral Gables, also that at last the dream of architects the world over has been given substance, namely, a large architectural and landscape composition definitely planned from the beginning and executed by specialists. Magic has always been more than the mere rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. In this

case it has been secured through the working fellowship of experts on Spanish art, whether artists, city planners, architects or landscape designers. These men know their Spain from long study and much travel. They have an intimate acquaintance with Seville, Granada and Toledo, and with the less familiar cities. There are specialists among specialists, some devoting their talents to Moorish themes, others to more purely Spanish types, another group to Spanish as influenced by the Italian, particularly the Venetian. Just as Spain is made up of inter-related styles, so it is at Coral Gables. Thus both variety and unity are expressed in a manner rare in American planning.

In 1921, Mr. Merrick began the building of Coral Gables. Today there are more than five hundred houses, schools, a community church, a post-office, a bank, a large country club, golf grounds, a well-appointed inn, a big hotel in the process of construction and a prosperous business section, comprising in all an approximate area of four square miles. Geographically, Coral Gables lies southwest of Miami, about three miles from the heart of that city and on the Tamiami Trail which extends through the Everglades, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Other important highways which pass through or near this unique suburb are the Dixie, the Cape Sable, the Overseas and Bird Road. Coral Way is the main boulevards running east and west. A zone system has been used separating the various





DETAIL FROM A SPANISH HOUSE IN CORAL GABLES





PATIO, RESIDENCE OF DR. E. E. DAMMERS, CORAL GABLES

H. GEORGE FINK, ARCHITECT

activities into groups and greatly contributing to the harmony of the plan. Fully as attractive in design are the business buildings which are made a part of the general architectural and landscape composition.

On these broad acres which Mr. Merrick inherited from his father, oranges and grapefruit and avacados still grow. Where possible the trees have been saved, also the tall Florida pine. If you have seen citrus trees only in groves, you have but a faint idea of the beauty of orange and grapefruit trees springing from green lawns. If your knowledge has been gained from northern markets it is perhaps useless to try to give the picture. Not in the royal gardens of the Alcazar of Seville in the days of Spanish glory could the green and the gold and the ivory have been any lovelier than now at Coral Gables.

Here the pine is seen at the best; the true pine of the tropics, towering above other trees and forming a wonderful foil for the airy grace of palms. Here are hundreds of coconut palms with their long sweeping fronds; here are royals, straight, regal and always a little aloof; here are other varieties which on acquaintance exhibit a marked individuality, but at first seem merely "palms," bordering avenues or combining with the giant pines in forming frames and backgrounds for the buildings.

Other trees there are in abundance, each adding its quota of beauty in the ways of line,

color or texture—eucalyptus, poinciana, rubber, bamboo, mango, etc., and the ornamental small fruits as guava, kumquat, tangerine, lime, rose-apple and sappodilla. During the first year of the work at Coral Gables, thousands of flowering shrubs and vines were set out under the supervision of leading landscape architects.

A map of Coral Gables is a fascinating thing to study. The names of the streets, avenues, plazas, prados and esplanades suggest the history and charm of old Spain with the magic of modern achievement.

Among the many men who have made and are making the greater Coral Gables are Denman Fink, one of our great authorities on Spanish design; Frank M. Button, under whose direction Lincoln Park, Chicago, was laid out, also the Lowden place at Oregon, Illinois, and the vast estates of Charles Deering at Miami; Max Keller, utility engineer whose work in Switzerland was well known before he came to Florida; W. C. Bliss, civil engineer; P. E. Paist, supervisor of color; and an architectural staff comprising Martin E. Hampton, Walter C. DeGarmo, Harold Hastings Mundy, H. George Fink, Richard Kiehnel and L. D. Brumm.

Coral rock, a local formation, has been used extensively in building, sometimes faced with stucco, sometimes laid in blocks. Coral rock lends itself to Spanish treatment with distinction and has been used with marked success. Building





RESIDENCE OF GEORGE E. MERRICK, CORAL GABLES

H. GEORGE FINK, ARCHITECT

restrictions are clearly defined at Coral Gables. No one can build unto himself regardless of these carefully formulated regulations.

Color, long neglected in exterior designing, comes into its own so completely that new avenues of thought are opened up to the most casual visitor. Naturally Spain is a country where color, and brave color, has always found a place. This is a European condition in localities of strong sunlight. Dazzling sunshine and dazzling color go hand in hand. We know this from the landscape painters of southern France, Italy and Spain. We know it from the costumes of these countries. Even the national flag of Spain carries the two strongest primaries. To use brilliant tones at Coral Gables merely meant to translate truthfully the architecture of Andalusia, Castile, Valencia, etc.; to give it vitality in a part of our country apparently designed by nature for just such a purpose. That rank failure might have resulted from the use of pure pigment makes the success of the undertaking all the more fascinating.

Undoubtedly much of the color would seem too high in key if the landscape background were not so exquisitely tuned to the architectural composition. The first impression received is one of beautifully related parts in which gardens, houses, avenues and parks blend into one vast picture.

Denman Fink is responsible for much of the landscaping in the large. The plazas, esplanades, fountains and the many beautiful entrance gates

were designed by him. This artist is at present at work on a series of murals depicting the life of Columbus which will be placed in the new hotel. Martin L. Hampton made exhaustive studies in Seville in preparation for his work on this structure. Mr. Hampton is the architect of the delightful inn at Coral Gables, suggesting the summer palace of the Moors in Granada.

The Giralda, one of the famous towers of the world, and to many minds the most beautiful single bit of Moorish architecture in existence, has been chosen as the dominating motif. Stanford White's masterpiece in Madison Square is doomed, and it seems fitting that the Giralda, beloved by poets and painters for centuries, should take on new life in a setting peculiarly harmonious. Facing the Esplanade Columbus, with an approach of one thousand feet, this exquisite tower of tracery and tiling will be an important feature in the new country club section.

Coral Gables will make its appeal in different ways to different people. Many will receive the greatest thrill from the private houses so perfectly adapted to site, climate and conditions, others who feel detail first will be keenly interested in the iron-work, tiling, garden pottery and individual planting. To another group the landscape planning in the large will be the absorbing thing; to another the civic features; to still another the wonderful opportunities in the way of golf and other outdoor sports.





STUDY FOR "DIMANCHE À LA GRANDE JATTE"

In the collection of Adolphe Lewisohn

BY GEORGES SEURAT

## THE THEORY OF SEURAT

ONE OF THE MOST important little jobs that awaits the future critic of nineteenth-century art—I recommend it to the bold young man who must surely come along one day soon and knock us all out of business—is an evaluation of nineteenth-century theory in the light of nineteenth-century achievement. The critic, that is, in place of judging Monet in terms of Impressionism, Cézanne in terms of Post-Impressionism, Picasso in terms of any one of the many -isms he has fathered, will reverse the process and judge the theory by reference to the master. That done, the history of nineteenth-century art will have reached the second stage, and the way will be clear for something like a real evaluation, from which theory will be tacitly excluded.

*En attendant*—and with no desire to steal my hypothetical young man's thunder—it were well to make a start, and Seurat—his admirers will pardon the irreverence of the phrase—offers the best possible springboard.

*Seurat has been called both the climax of Impressionism and the ancestor of Cubism. Is he either?*

GUY EGLINGTON

if they lacked his intensity, far outran him in scope. Signac, bent on securing for his little gang of Neo-Impressionists an illustrious ancestry, fathered him on Delacroix via Monet and Jongkind, and even went the length of calling in Ruskin as godfather. To which the next generation, intent as usual on boxing the compass, replied by fathering on *him* the entire Cubistic movement. Since, however, even this Noah's Ark of a family fails to account for many of Seurat's most distinctive traits, it will be seen that he provides a perfectly paradisaical hunting ground for the theorist.\*

\*See Paul Signac's *D'Eugene Delacroix au Neo-Impressionisme*; Andre Lbote's *Seurat in the Valori Plastica Edition*; Lucie Cousturier's monograph published by Cres, and Walter Pach's excellent little book in the series of The Arts Monographs.



Signac's book deserves especially to be studied by the historian of modern criticism, for it is the perfect example of how a good theory can run wild, even in the hands of a distinguished painter. Setting out to justify the divisionist technique, he ransacks the entire critical library of the nineteenth century for documents to support him. The result is in itself a document, but in a sense that Signac can hardly have intended. It is no small achievement to make a book, consisting largely of quotations from Delacroix and Ruskin, read as though the only values which came within the scope of a painter were color values, harmonies and contrasts. Of the forms which these colors are to clothe, above all, of the relation which these forms and colors may be expected to bear to the painter, who is after all in the majority of cases a human being, not a word. From the business of picture-making, human values are tacitly excluded by this veteran picture-maker.

It was perhaps inevitable that someone should be sufficiently naïve to press the Impressionist theory to its logical conclusion. The Impressionists themselves—those of them that count, that is—had been deplorably inconsistent in this respect. They have been Impressionists when they felt like it, and some of them felt like it very seldom. Just what Manet, for example, thought of the whole business is not recorded, but, if we are to believe the genial Vollard, Renoir expressed himself to some point:

*"Où avez-vous vu que ces tons à plat alourdissent la transparence?"*

*"Toujours la rage de vouloir vous imposer un ensemble immuable de formules et de procédés. Il faudrait, pour leur faire plaisir, que nous eussions tous la même palette, le socialisme en art, quoi? La peinture en vingt-cinq leçons!"*

*"C'est précisément lorsque j'ai pu me débarrasser de l'impressionisme et revenir à l'enseignement des musées. . . ."*

And: *"On croit en savoir long quand on a appris, des 'scientifiques,' que ce sont des oppositions de jaune et de bleu qui font les ombres violettes, mais, quand vous savez ça, vous ignorez tout encore. Il y a dans la peinture quelque chose de plus, qui ne s'explique pas, qui est l'essentiel. Vous arrivez devant la nature avec des théories, la nature flanque tout par terre. . . ."*

To this statement most of the Impressionists, after the first thrill of sunchasing had worn off, would willingly have subscribed. It was only the hangers-on and the critics who remained dogmatically divisionist. Violet shadows became fashionable, swamped the salons from which formerly they had been excluded, but the real men

moved on without saying anything. Divisionism in their view had done its work in cleaning up the palette. For the rest, it was a technique like any other.

For Signac, on the other hand, it was in the nature of a divine revelation and he notes, with the zeal of a religious revivalist, the backsliding of his elder *confrères*. He can not forgive Delacroix, whose theory was in this respect so impeccable, for not banishing from his palette "*ces couleurs terreuses, qui l'incombraient inutilement.*" If only that wretched sore throat had not prevented his meeting with Chevreul, all would have been different, Signac is sure. "*Chevreul l'aurait mieux renseigné.*" As for the Impressionists, they had, it is true, undertaken and completed the purgative process, had replaced the earthy colors with pure rainbow hues, but how unmethodically they applied them. How laxly did they observe the law of contrast. And what, pray, did it profit a man if he kept the colors on his palette pure and unsullied, only to mix them on the canvas by injudicious brushing?

What, indeed, did it profit a man to observe these same laws rigorously, methodically? To substitute everywhere the divided touch for the flat surface, the optical for the pigmentary mixture of complementaries? Answer, with deadly accuracy, every red with its exact shade of green, mate every blue to its inevitable orange? These questions Signac did not even try to answer, because it never occurred to him that they are questions that any intelligent person is likely to ask. Painting that is flat, sleek and dull (*la peinture plate, lisse et terne*)—he strings the adjectives together as though they were synonyms or at least mutually conditioned—is what the public likes, and he infers that the artist, Ingres, Courbet, Manet, the whole Western tradition notwithstanding, is unanimously on the other side. Delacroix, he says, "*bait la peinture plate,*" it leads to slickness, to sleight of hand. "*La grande affaire,*" he quotes, "*c'est d'éviter cette infernale commodité de la brosse. . . . Les jeunes gens ne sont entichés de l'adresse de la main.*" The conclusion is painfully logical. If thy hand offend thee, cut it off. Invent a technique in which the hand "*aura bien peu d'importance, seul le cerveau et l'œil du peintre auront un rôle à jouer.*" Since verve may degenerate into dexterity, away with it! What matter if you sacrifice a Delacroix in the process?

The aim of the whole business? Why, brilliance of color, what else? He says so in so many words, in his *Resumé des Trois Apports*: Delacroix, the Impressionists, the Neo-Impressionists, he brackets them altogether and writes in the next



column under Aim: "*Donnez à la couleur le plus d'éclat possible.*" One rubs one's eyes. Is it possible that this man knows Delacroix? Or has he merely rummaged in the *Journal* for useful quotations? But no, in face of the decorations for the Chapelle des Saints-Anges in Saint Sulpice, he has the courage to exclaim: "*La couleur pour la couleur, sans autre prétexte!*" Color for color's sake, what does it mean? Behind the Simon-pure Whistlerian cry of art for art's sake there is at least a concept, a revolt against the superficial morality painting fathered by a Ruskin. But this, and from one of Ruskin's *soi-disant* disciples. The Beatitudes, after all, have a meaning. They have been and can again be translated into terms of art. But color? What has that to do with art more than the canvas on which it is smeared, the brush or palette knife used to lay it on? Here is Signac's reply, his credo: "*Les Neo-Impressionnistes s'efforcent d'exprimer les splendeurs de lumière et de couleur qu'offre la nature, et puisent à cette source de toute beauté les éléments de leurs œuvres. . .*" Light, the source of all beauty. What would the old man have said to that?

Granted such an esthetic, the wildest judgments are possible. Or rather, all judgment is suppressed. Men are swallowed up in schools. True, there are Delacroix and Constable, but chiefly because they invite quotation. And, in the same breath, there is Turner. One hears Renoir's explosion: "*Turner, vous appelez ça 'lumineux,' vous? Ces couleurs toutes pareilles à celles dont les confiseurs se servent pour colorer leurs nougats et leurs acidules! C'est bien la même chose, allez! que lorsqu'il peignait avec son chocolat!*" But then Renoir himself was only one of *ces impressionnistes* who broke the rules. And the Neo-Impressionists included, alongside of Cross, Luce, van de Velde, Van Rysselberghe, Angrand and Signac himself, all unaware of the strangeness of the juxtaposition, one Georges Seurat.

So much for Signac. Having staked his pennies on a theory, he flattered himself into a belief that a school could be built thereon. He was not disappointed. A school was built. But the theory took its revenge. The existence of that school, and his own position in it as co-founder, blinded him to the fact that an artist had come out of it. He swapped the achievement of a Seurat against the sterility of Neo-Impressionism.

With the next generation behold a complete revolution. In contrast with Signac, who had striven to elevate color to the rank of a cardinal esthetic principle, the approach of a man like Lhote is almost entirely formal. For him, Seurat is above and before all a "*constructeur,*" one of

the master builders who undertook the job of reassembling the materials scattered by Impressionism into an habitable edifice. There were three in his opinion and his definition of their roles can hardly be bettered: "*Renoir, le maître-maçon, joyeux, logique et sain; Cézanne, le grand architecte, possédant les secrets de la matière et traçant sur le modèle de l'Univers le plan du temple nouveau; enfin Seurat, le théoricien précis, le délicat et subtil ornémentiste, le créateur des plus légères et des plus nouvelles abstractions picturales.*" This is excellent and there are other passages in his little book that are no less brilliant. His statement of the early Impressionist viewpoint, for example, no longer interested in objects, but in "*ce qui existe entre les objets, la fusion, la confusion des objets,*" a pre-occupation which was to lead, much sooner than he admits, to a heightened appreciation of the interrelation of objects and so back to the object itself. Or his analysis of the pictures; of the "Grande Jatte," where he speaks of the marvelous manner in which "*les deux techniques les plus opposés, le statique du quattrocento et le dynamisme impressionniste, s'accordent merveilleusement;*" of the "Cirque," in which he points out how Seurat makes every smallest element, even a whiplash, an important element in the design.

But even in the hands of a commentator as brilliant as Lhote, Seurat is not quite at home. He has, it seems, a fatal attraction for painter-critics who admire him for ulterior motives. One remembers the story, so fashionable a few years ago, of the exquisite who went into raptures before a Greco, because, he said, it reminded him so much of Cézanne. In somewhat the same manner Lhote admires Seurat because he reminds him of Picasso. The proviso would be unimportant if it did not lead to a falsification of values. So long as Lhote is analytic, he is impeccable. He has the keenest possible appreciation of what Seurat is doing and his flashlight phrases throw into sharp relief the technical processes that underly the major works. But for their justification, when he comes to consider the essential quality of the complete work of art, he balks and seems to point onward to the Cubists as though Seurat were but a prophecy of an art to come. Seurat, in Lhote's view, had done his work in taking certain elements from nature and raising them onto an abstract plane. It remained for the Cubists to prove their faith in *la seule technique capable de porter au plus haut degré d'épuration les matières que d'autres, moins désintéressés, s'amuse encore à caresser coupablement.*"

There then one has the two conflicting views of Seurat, stated at some length for the reason



that Seurat's whole reputation has been built up, partly on the one, partly on the other. On the one hand, the Neo-Impressionists have boomed him as their most distinguished member. On the other, the Cubists have done him honor, as to an ancestor. Both have used him to support their own theories, further their own ends.

In such a case, in which theory plays so disproportionate a part, and critics conspire to emphasize purely relative values, one can hardly escape an occasional doubt. Is this man really, one asks oneself, as great as he is cracked up to be? Or shall we wake up one fine day to find that behind these theories there is no creative power, behind this superb façade of lines and forms perfectly balanced one with the other there is a boneless, fleshless void, bloodless, filled with sawdust? That we have been worshipping, in fact, an elegant mummy?

The question is immeasurably complicated by the fact that Seurat was himself an incorrigible theorist, and one moreover whose theories were never as it were held in subordination, but stated clearly, aggressively, as a writer might put his thesis in block capitals at the beginning of his book. Not even the veriest beginner in such matters can escape them. Even if he is innocent of their import, he cannot escape the consciousness of having entered a world in which Law, as inflexible as was ever devised by Prussian drill sergeant, is as inexorably enforced. "*Seurat était exactement l'opposé de ce que je me permets d'appeler le peintre-ruminant*," said Lhote and for once he understates his case. Of almost no great painter can one say that he is a pure *peintre-ruminant*. All, consciously or sub-consciously, obey laws, whether inherited or of their own making, shape their material in conformity with a concept, call plan and freedom into conference and make them strike a bargain. But between the frank give and take, the playful balance of will and invention of a Seurat, ordering every line down to its most minute variation from the normal, be it curve or straight, answering it with another line as ordered and as minutely varied, delimiting every area of light and shade with terrifying exactitude, there is a vast gulf fixed. No one in the history of modern painting, not the Cubists, not the Père Ingres himself, from whom both he and they may be said in some sort to derive, has dared to entrust the reins of government so completely to the will.

What then were the theories on which he built?

"Art," he said—the passage has been often quoted, but can one escape quoting it again—"is harmony. Harmony is the conciliation of contraries, the conciliation of similars (related shades)

of tone, color and line; tone means light and dark; color means red and its complementary green, orange and blue, yellow and violet; line means angles built above or below the horizontal. These different harmonies are variously combined to evoke calm, gaiety, sadness. Gaiety in relation to tone implies a luminous dominant, in relation to color a warm dominant, in relation to line, ascent (angles above the horizontal). Calm in relation to tone implies a balance of light and dark, in relation to color, a balance of warm and cold, in relation to line, the horizontal. Sadness in relation to tone implies a dark dominant, in relation to color a cold dominant, in relation to line, descent (angles below the horizontal)."

In other words, Seurat proclaims the existence of two fixed standards by which the painter-navigator can steer. For design the horizontal, for color the perfect balance of light and dark, of warm and cold, provide a norm from which every slightest deviation can be accurately measured. This dual norm, which he calls "calm," he envisages as lying in the exact centre of expression, the poles of which are gaiety, the perpendicular of ascent, and sadness, the perpendicular of descent. In between, accurately measured on the angles of descent, lie every shade of human emotion.

A more simple and at the same time more thoroughgoing esthetic was, I think, never propounded by artist. It is indeed both more and less than an esthetic. Less, in that it reverses the natural order of things and sets the means of expression before the thing to be expressed. More, in that it claims to transcend theory, to have discovered in fact the perfect means of expression, susceptible of nothing less than scientific application.

Now it is not hard to imagine, even without concrete examples before one, whither such a scientific esthetic, to which must of course be added a reasonable adherence to Signac's divisionist theories, is likely to lead. For the chaos of pure Impressionism, which one might compare to an essay in musical harmonies written without key signature or bar division, it proposes to substitute an order based, as to key signature, on the horizontal, as to rhythm, on contrasts recurring at stated intervals, the exact strength of which can be accurately forecast. The resultant may be harmony, but it is exceedingly unlikely to be art. As unlikely, in fact, as for a musical structure, which relies for its stability on incessant and regular returns to the tonic or to some stated interval from the tonic, to be music. The monotony of the one will be found in all probability a close parallel for the monotony of the other.



Let us suppose, however, that this monotony induced by persistent emphasis on the horizontal is avoided, that the architectural scheme is so subtle that it requires an effort of will to transfer

observance of the law of contrasts, the balancing of every color with its exact complementary, the canceling of every line with another line bearing an exactly opposite relation to the horizontal,



"LE CIRQUE"

BY GEORGES SEURAT

it from the subconsciousness to full consciousness. What then of expression? Will the range of the medium prove as compared with the range of human emotion, exhaustive? Hardly. For it is by no means clear that the calm which it envisages as the norm is in any way related to human values, and not rather a purely mechanic calm, an absence, that is, of movement. In the latter case, the whole range of expression, from sad to gay, resolves itself into a kind of multiple gear, capable of accelerating movement, but whether that movement will have any human significance is far from probable.

But indeed it is not even certain that, if the theory be faithfully applied, even mechanic movement will in fact result. Will not rather the rigid

result in arrested movement, the only measurable range of the medium lying in the moving of the focus upward or downward from the centre of the horizontal? Will not the forms, denied expansion by the very nature of the divisionist technique, be as it were frozen in space?

"... 'Le Cirque,' 'Le Chahut,' 'La Parade,' 'La grande Jatte,' writes Lhote, "*dépouillés de leur richesse extérieure, viennent se situer dans cette région merveilleuse où se cristallisent définitivement les mille accidents des apparences. L'anecdote si facilement décriée, n'est donc pas un obstacle à la réussite picturale: un mauvais peintre représentera un simple verre de façon anecdotique; un bon peintre pourra, comme Breughel le Vieux, faire d'une kermesse une œuvre éternelle.*"



# GAUGUIN'S *Image* of HIMSELF

**F**EW MODERN ARTISTS have left us more self-portraits than Paul Gauguin. Instinctive and naïve, he reveals in his studies of his own countenance a cult of Self, nude

and unashamed, that sets him apart from the men of cities, especially of Paris, as if he were an adolescent or one of the improbable heroes of Byron come to life. They form a graphic and plastic autobiography in which we read even more unmistakably than in *Noa-Noa*, *Avant et Après*, the various letters from his hand, his conviction of hieratic personality, the priest of "the devouring god of painting, invested with a redoubtable and august function," necessarily misunderstood, tortured and foredoomed. They constitute, moreover, an epitome of his art from the dry impressionistic characterization of 1880, when he was still a clerk at Bertin's and the disciple of Pissarro, to the profile of 1897 sent to his friend "Daniel,"

to announce in full arabesque and morbid harmonies what painting does to a man who has sacrificed to it wealth, family and the world.

To compare his pictorial diary with that of other artists would lead too far afield in the present discussion, but one can not refrain from noting the difference in the sentiment of self that we discover in Cézanne's astringent assertion of his own *bourgeois* and repellent features. We have depreciation as opposed to apotheosis, the inverted pride that insists on the inability to "realize," hoping for a tangible contradiction from M. Bouguereau. The apostolic enunciations of Van Gogh, dominant yellows flaming up from convulsive reds and blues, establish frenzied madness more authoritatively than a clinic. They are

*His painted autobiography is a clearer record of the misery and turmoil of his life than any words*

Louise Gebhard GANN

violent exhortations instead of the deep earth-cadences, fundamentally calm, by which Gauguin recounts the unrest of a nature intoxicated by its own suffering. Now and again bitterly joc-

ular, but never amusing like "Douanier" Rousseau, whose genial puerility employs harmonies as superb and no more instinctive than his own, Gauguin is far removed from the sickly vanity

found in the exquisite graphic design of Fougère, now at the pinnacle of the Paris vogue. The "Master of Tahiti" gave dignity to everything he touched, or at least, a savage defiance.

The portrait of 1880, done when he was thirty-two and with only Sundays and holidays for painting, belongs to a memorable period. He exhibited for the first time his essays in Impressionism this year, taking part with the group composed of Pissarro, Berthe Morisot, Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Guillaumin, Mary Cassatt and others, in their fifth



"SELF PORTRAIT"

BY PAUL GAUGUIN

De Monfreid Collection

exposition, which was held in the rue des Pyramides. Though Huysmans commented that Gauguin's work was a "dilution of that of Pissarro, itself still uncertain," Gauguin received at about this time, as he himself relates, a compliment from Manet. To the modest objection that he was but an amateur, the leader of the plein-airists replied, "Only those who paint badly are amateurs!" Manet may have pronounced the "Open Sesame" to Gauguin's sealed up daemon that was already muttering for release. We know that "Olympe" was the only painting he ever copied and that his respect for its author was only equaled by his appreciation of Degas. If there be the least signal of danger in this self-portrait, so objective, and from the artist's later point of view, inexpressive,



it gleams in the eyes, always subjective and remarkable in Gauguin's self-depiction. Here they are green and deep-set, with a sort of cunning animal revery in them as if longing for and plotting escape. They are visionary in contrast to the neat business-like head that one easily imagines bending over a ledger, in spite of the sailor's fist holding a brush above the palette from which black has been banished. The features are coarse and energetic; something in the drawing suggests a will that can neither be turned nor broken. The straight lines of the composition are awkward, with an unpleasing rhythm against the lean curves, but the greens and violets vibrate delightfully with the crimsons and ambers, denoting that instinct for harmony that is native and cannot be acquired from others. There is no hint of the transposition of the inner life and the strong egoistic emotion that as early as the famous "Bonjour, Monsieur Gauguin" begin to appear. Broken color and the scientific observation of light was not the vehicle for a temperament that was to culminate in "Que Sommes-nous? D'où Venons-nous? Où Allons-nous?"

One has but to glance at a portrait painted some thirteen years later, soon after his return from Tahiti, to perceive the meaning of quantitative color in relation to linear composition, as he developed and practised it. Full arabesque replaces the meagre curve of the earlier work, straight lines of a happy ordinance stress a rhythm that is musical in visual effect, the harsh upright and abrupt transversals no longer distort the harmony that is carried out in balanced colors proportioned spatially, echoed and varied through the pattern of the *pareo*, the sketch on the wall of "L'Esprit Veille," and the bands of olive-yellow, vegetable green, crimson, in the triangle. The similarity in these two compositions gives an excellent opportunity to ascertain the richness and originality of Gauguin's personal art as compared to his exercises, however capable, in Impressionism. As autobiography, the later work tells us much. It was painted at 6 rue Vercingétorix,



"SELF PORTRAIT," 1893

De Monfreid Collection

BY PAUL GAUGUIN

in that fabulous studio the walls of which were covered by the artist with chrome yellow and hung with barbarous weapons and animal skins collected during his travels. He gave it to the musician, William Molard, who had introduced him to Strindberg, and who with his wife, a sculptress, lived on the ground floor of the same house. Gauguin had started a portrait of M. Molard. He evidently lost interest in it and, reversing the board, painted himself. The incident reminds us of Francisco Durrio's criticism of the water-colors in his own choice collection, which includes a sketch of Gauguin in his Tahiti cabin, his back toward the observer, that "Gauguin had emotion but not technique." It is hard to believe that the feeble drawing on one side of the board was followed within a few days by the robust self-characterization on the other. Gauguin himself remarked on the occasion of his visit to Van Gogh at Arles that he was slow to respond to new themes. The pictorial urge with him was not abetted by any appreciable virtuosity, as it is in a Van Dongen, or a de Segonzac, or, in the opposite camp, a Styka. His emotions were involved





"SELF PORTRAIT," 1889

BY PAUL GAUGUIN

Hodebert Collection, Paris

in the blunt, aggressive, sea-wolf face, with oblique, adventurous glance, and a nether lip that caused Carrière to say: "The mouth is not good."

In the spring of 1888, soon after his return from Martinique, and while still suffering from the climate of the tropics, Gauguin, then in Brittany, made a portrait of himself which he sent to his friend "Vincent." Vincent wrote to the faithful Theo that it was lugubriously blue and gave him the feeling that it represented a "prisoner." He urged the necessity of pulling Gauguin out of his despondent condition by insisting on his coming to Arles to share the lodgings and the income provided by the elder Van Gogh.

In 1889, after his tragic visit to his friend, Gauguin went to the inn of the *Grandes-Sables* at Pouldu. It was owned by a Mlle. Henry, who subsequently married M. Motheré, who furnishes us with a discriminating account of the Gauguin of those days. It is here, according to M. Charles Chassé, whose *Gauguin et le Groupe de Pont-Aven* (Floury, Paris, 1921) has cleared up many obscurities in the Brittany period of the artist, that

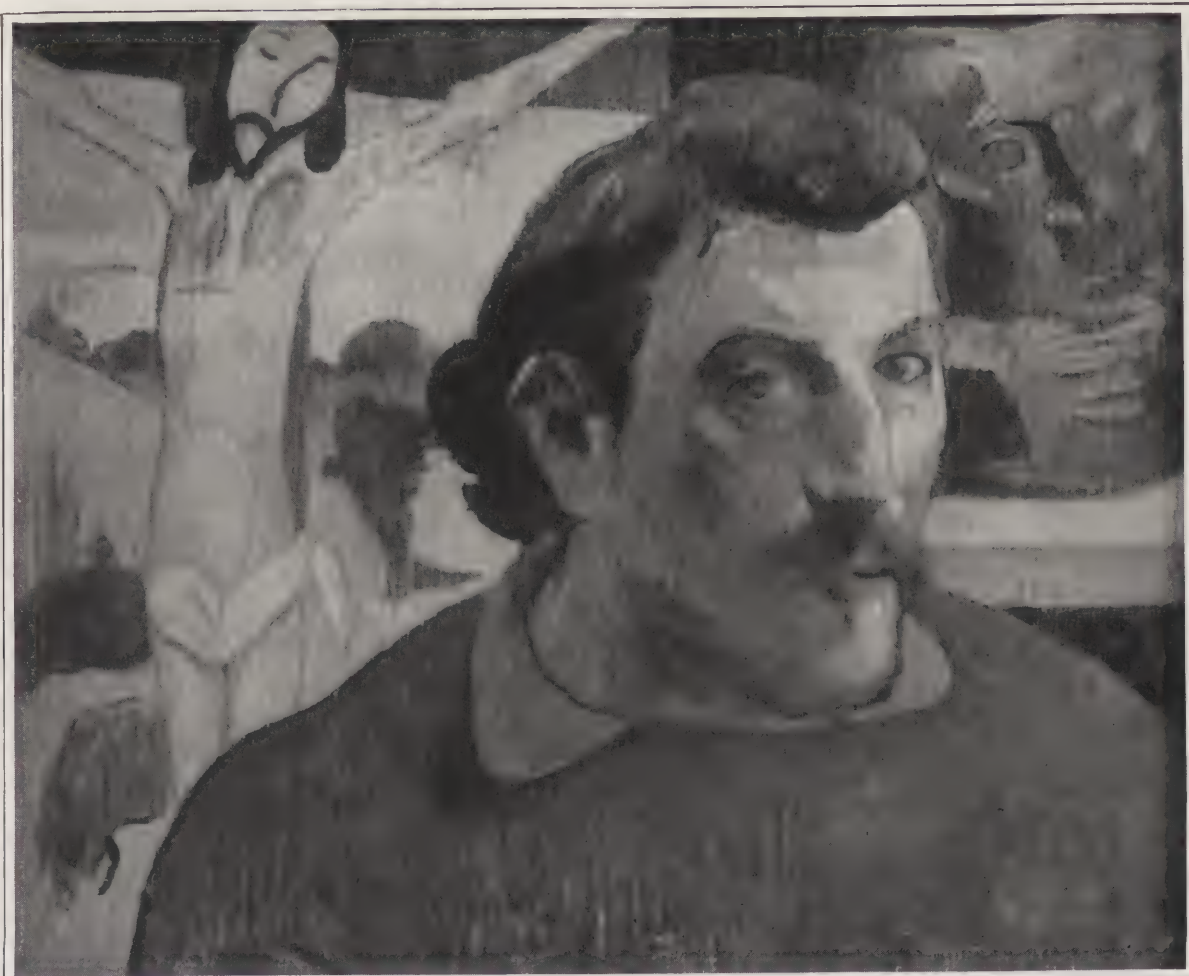
Gauguin changed his manner of painting by definitely renouncing color analysis, as practised by the Impressionists, and passing to synthesis. The "Bonjour, Monsieur Gauguin," in which we see him in a long overcoat crossing a field toward evening, was painted here and shows in its handling the transition between the two manners.

The portrait reproduced from this period was shown at the Gauguin Retrospective at Dru's in Paris, 1923, and more recently at the Barbazanges galleries. The head is seen against a background of the clear scarlet occurring in so many of the Tahiti paintings. Orange, fruit-green, strong sea-blue fill the accentuated arabesques bound by the cloisonné line that has appeared already in the "Christ Jaune," the "Calvaries" and several other early works. The yellow circle above the brow, the abnormal lowness of which so irritated Van Gogh, was not entirely a jest; nor was the faint reminiscence in the features of the archaic face on the wooden cross, as he himself had painted it. Decorating originally a panel above the chimney-piece in the dining-room of the inn, the sardonic mockery of this equivocal Pierrot was doubtless a jibe at the unsympathetic visitors who happened to visit *Grandes-Sables*. As Robert Rey remarks in his study of the painter (Rieder et Cie, Paris, 1923), Gauguin had "the pride of his powerful inspiration but it was always tinged by bitterness." Misery

and disappointment were already insinuating the Mission: to lead men to "dare everything;" though often his non-academic lucubrations on art, as on literature, were answered by the well-planted barb of Jean Moréas, "Monsieur Gauguin, have you read Ronsard?"

He was now forty-two, penniless, accepting with the dignity of unrecognized genius the charity of Meyer de Haan, who had also abandoned family and social respect for art. M. Motheré, speaking of his appearance at this time, notes his tanned face, the black hair worn rather long, the thin beard cut like a horseshoe and bordering his chin, the short mustache, aquiline nose and large green eyes. A photograph taken of him at thirty-eight or forty bears out still further the opinion that Gauguin's most summary sketch of himself was a likeness, though in this and another that I have examined the features are softer and more refined than Gauguin chose to see them. His own vision confirms the observations of M. Jean Dolent and of M. Motheré, the latter saying, "the basis of his character was a ferocious egoism, the





"SELF PORTRAIT," 1892

Maurice Denis Collection

BY PAUL GAUGUIN

egoism of a genius who considers the entire world as a prey offered up to the glorification of his power and as the primary material for his personal creations."

Carrière, professing a certain esteem for Gauguin, though with reservations, proposed to paint his portrait. It was done in three or four sittings. Gauguin, delighted, told Morice that it made him resemble Delacroix. "Characteristically," says his biographer, "he presented Carrière with a self-portrait." On the upper left-hand corner is inscribed, "*A mon ami Carrière, Gauguin.*" Painted in Brittany, the sober countenance with heavy lines under the eyes reminds us of André Salmon's, "Gauguin is a decorator with the tastes of a bourgeois" (*Europe Nouvelle*, 1919). The middle-class face in three-quarters view is cold and implacable, with tight lips, hard eyes and a very Spanish look to the haughty line of the nose. It is his most unsympathetic and least sentimental image of himself and provokes the feeling that he could be calculatingly harsh. Perhaps he feared to offend Carrière by a decorative or emotional statement. He is certainly less at ease than in the

work inscribed. "To Ch. Morice from his friend PGO," in which he wears the wonderful astrakan cap, the dark blue great-coat, fastened with buckles of chased metal, that according to the painter, Armand Seguin, made him appear to Parisians, as he sauntered up the Champs Elysées with Anna, the Javanese, on his arm, a gigantic and sumptuous Magyar. It belongs to the gay interlude of 6, rue Vercingétorix, provided by the inheritance from his Orleans uncle. The hand holding the brush above the palette is elongated, sensual and aristocratic, and the countenance framed by long hair is singularly noble and attractive. There is a geniality in the wide lips that sustains the opinions of Madame Molard, who executed an interesting bas-relief in plaster of him, of Francisco Durrio, of Madame Satre, wife of the mayor of Pont-Aven, and of whom Gauguin made in 1889 the celebrated portrait known as "*La Belle Angèle*," that he was reserved and gentle, "*un doux*," as P. E. Colin puts it, and much loved by those who brought out this side of his nature. It is the Hidalgo, the "*sang-mêlé*" of de Rotonchamps, who in the evil days of '91





"SELF PORTRAIT," 1897

BY PAUL GAUGUIN

resorted to the *brasserie* Gangloff of the rue de la Gaité and cheated hunger by "absent-mindedly pouring a decanter of adulterated cognac into his coffee."

The portrait dated 1892, Tahiti, and owned by the artist, Maurice Denis, is that of a man aware of his isolation. In its sombre revery it is related to two other important works of this series. The yellow figure of the crucifixion and the red mask of an idol symbolize in the background a curiously personal mixture of religious superstition that the agony of his last days was to bring into evidence always more vividly and strangely.

I pass over the many sketches Gauguin has left of himself in crayon, water-color; a decorative relief in plaster signed, "PGO Oviri;" a comical statue in wood, showing the sculptor in the guise of an idol wearing horns, the satire of an episode with Tehura, whom he had wedded after the fashion of the Maori; to pause before a mask carved in wood, the entire block ornamented with a symmetry and elegance equaled only by the mask of a native girl in the collection of Monsieur

de Monfreid. As a transposition of the inner life it may be the genuine apotheosis of self at which he more than once aimed. The first impression it discloses is of a medieval Christ. As one contemplates it, the expression changes to pain mixed with cruelty that is its reflex, a convulsive wickedness deep in the eyes, from which at last flows the exaltation of a terrorizing, half-clad prophet, or Messiah. This sublime mystical effect, as of a metamorphosis, is due as much to the intimacy of the author's hand with the tool and his unique ability to turn blank matter into decorated, artistically living objects, as to the idea he intended to communicate.

We come to the 14th of February, 1897, when in a letter to M. de Monfreid, he complains, "I have many enemies and am destined to have many more, even more and more." He sends his profile dedicated, "*À l'ami, Daniel,*" and describes the head as "bent in a movement of affliction," adding laconically, "description of painting"—as

to say, "This is what being a painter does to you!"

News of his daughter's death came. He wrote, "I have decidedly, somewhere, Above, an Enemy who does not let me have a minute's peace." A year later he tried to commit suicide by taking arsenic. He was haunted by ideas of persecution and bad luck; his friends, with the exception of de Monfried, rarely answered his letters.

The engraver, Paul-Emile Colin, a disciple of Gauguin's at Pouldu, says that Gauguin sacrificed everything to the creative life, knowing that he would not profit from his efforts and refers to him as "Christ lodging with publicans." Dr. Victor Segalen, in his introduction to the de Monfreid letters, quotes Gauguin's, "I shall paint no more. Painting will no longer let me live. . . ." and comments, "It is not human sacrilege to compare this cry with the words of another, 'Father, take away this cup from me!' Nor was it by chance that Paul Gauguin painted himself in grief, broken, facing us, the shoulders and lines falling under a garment of dirty blue, against a dull background, with the epigraph, 'Near Golgotha.'"



# A PATRIARCH of PASADENA

BORN in St. Louis, where he studied his art until he went to Paris, Benjamin Brown is well known throughout the middle west. His work has been exhibited there year after year and is popular with the art collectors. The twenty years of his best work, however, have been passed in California, and since for all this time his residence has been there continuously, save for an occasional journey to Europe, California has long since ignored any other claim, and without a "by your leave" or "please, may I?" Benjamin C. Brown is a California painter today.

There are some painters who have a way with them whereby they become more than individuals, or artists solely. They become institutions, and Benjamin Brown is one of these. He is one to whom everybody turns sooner or later—usually it is sooner. He gathers exhibitions that no one else considers possible. He gives advice. He is a peacemaker. He can also lead a first-rate opposing force, and can conduct a large-sized artistic disagreement. Benjamin C. Brown is the founder of the Print Makers Society of California, which has seven circulating exhibitions, and an Annual International Print Exhibition, which has become the most important thing of its kind in the art world.

The receptions of Benjamin Brown at his Pasadena studio, on Sunday mornings, are real functions in that loveliest of California's residence cities. It is the usual custom to start out at the call of the church bells, but one does not heed that invitation; listening to the chimes is but an added charm to the walk, a leisurely stroll past the several neighborhood churches, to the vine-covered studio. There are confrères, Chicago millionaires, tourists, traveling artists, *et al*; while Benjamin Brown, kindly hospitable, free and easy,

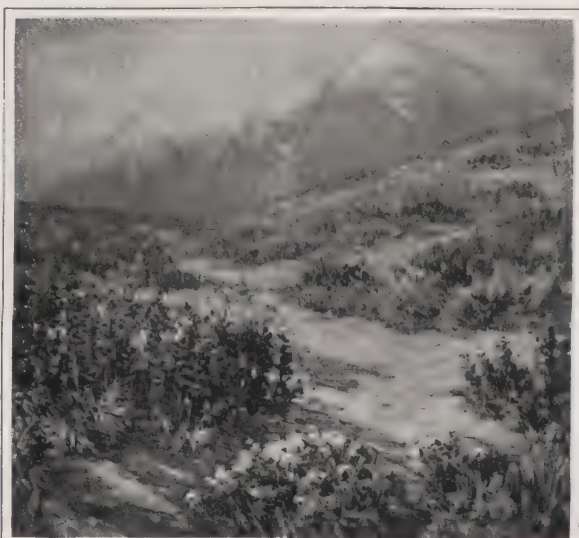
*Benjamin C. Brown is not only a painter; he is the dean and leader of artists in California*

ROSE V. S. BERRY

without egotism, but with a good deal of rigid self-criticism, drags out his canvases in all stages of completion, from sketch to finished painting, for the inspection of his guests.

Benjamin Brown paints all there is to paint of California. When he first began to exhibit in the far west his pictures were of the missions—the pictorial Spanish phase of the Pacific Coast, foreign in character, and totally unlike anything else in the United States. Brown turned from the missions to the spring, a ravishing season to paint. By the last of January and the first of February

the great, deep-orange-colored poppy-cups have turned the fields into burning, glowing plains. The large yellow splotched areas are rich in contrast with the green of the growing meadow and grain fields, and the vivid color leaves an indelible impression upon the easterner who is spending his first winter in California. The lupin, with its purplish tinge of nearby distance, is the next to come along in the spring flower rotation, and it changes



"A SIERRA GARDEN"

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN

Owned by Mrs. Dorothy Krebs

the land into something approaching a mellow beauty with a more quiet appeal. These pictures have been some of Brown's best canvases. The second deluge of blue, the "baby-blue-eyes," is so delicate that it only tints the green. All of this Brown has transcribed successfully, too. The pictures of a California spring furnish much material for an artist to play with if he is so inclined. The winter brings no snowy plains to California, that means no white expanses, no snow-patterned valley land, no muddy roads stretching away, a winding path beaten into earth through the snow. No matter how heavy the storms may be in the mountains and hills, the falling snow becomes rain long before it reaches the valley. But, it means again, that the valley may be one vast riot of color, outdoing any Oriental rug ever produced





"SANTA MONICA CLIFFS"

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN

*Owned by Walter Murphy, Los Angeles*

by the dreamy weavers, while the distant mountain topping the horizon line may be capped with gleaming, glistening snow. All of this tends to make a beautiful picture. "The Light in the Pass" is one of these pictures. A golden, yellowish light is streaming through the break in the hills, falling on the fresh spring flowers and grass. There is a road winding toward the higher hills carrying the eye into the tender lavender and blue of the distance, losing itself as it begins to reveal the height of the snow-capped mountain which carries the horizon skyward. "A Sierra Garden" is another of the pleasing spring pictures. This was exhibited recently at the National Academy of Design, and after that at the Chicago Art Institute.

The two illustrations, "Santa Monica Cliffs," and "The Jeweled Shore," will give an idea of the quiet renditions of the sea, which Brown does exceedingly well. The latter because of the warm, yellow light of the sandstone in the brilliant sunlight of a summer afternoon and the contrasting deep blue of the sea, is especially attractive and in his design the painter has caught an even balance.

"Indian Summer—Russian River," is made pleasing by its difference from the usual

Southern California subject, so often presented by Brown, and the difference in the season. The hills are of blue-gray, the eucalyptus trees feathery and plume-like stand out from the other trees of the hillside, while the red-roofed houses nestling in the poplar trees of the village give a colorful note, only a little less lovely than the reflections in the creek which flows directly across the foreground. "An October Day: High Sierras," is really a lovely glimpse of the country where everything seems to reach up to something not of the earth. No one stands in the presence of such mountains as this peak, and feels himself the only work of a Most-High.

While this is well done, and would attract approving attention anywhere, Brown seems best in his more daring painting of the higher peaks when they are engulfed in snow and defying it.

As the snow comes to California, there is no immediate contact with it, excepting the artists go up into the highest mountains, which they often do. There the beauty of the snow is of another kind than that which is presented by Metcalf, Redfield, Symons, John F. Carlson and

"THE JEWELLED SHORE"

*Owned by Mrs. Allen, Chicago, Ill.*

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN







"INDIAN SUMMER"

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN

Rosen. There is no play of varying bluish tints in the white; or tiny breaks in the snowy surface, where the rocks, water or heavy growths of vege-

"OCTOBER DAYS—HIGH SIERRAS"

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN



tation break through. The snow in the mountains packs itself tight into their gullied sides; it covers the flattened heights; it changes the rocky skyline into slivers which thrust their scintillating crystals into the blue sky and in cold defiance challenge anyone to reproduce them. Their beauty is not a study of white only, it is a whitened, ominous allurements with death-dealing treachery for the painter who ventures among them without experience. "Silver Lake—Midwinter," is one of Brown's good pictures of the mountains in snow. The rugged rocks on the left are covered with dwarfed pines, dark in contrast, and prominent in pattern. The highest peaks are touched with the rays of the morning sun, and all the mountain below lies in a transparent lavender-gray shadow. The water in the lake has broken through the ice sufficiently to make a pattern of its own which is enriched by the glory of the rising sun, in the still, clear, liquid surface. This picture is perhaps excelled by "Kearsarge Peaks: Sunset Light." With the snowy heights for the theme, the superlative hours to paint are those when the rising or setting sun turns the snowy peaks to the color of crimson or gold, leaving upon them a glint which transcends every other feat of the sun.





"KEARSARGE PEAKS: SUNSET LIGHT"

BY BENJAMIN C. BROWN

The Kearsarge Peaks are very high, jagged and sharp. The snow has crept into each crevice, and instead of colored chasms rich with pale lavenders and deep purples, the mountain sides are whitened masses which emphasize the dignity and majesty of the towering range. But their austerity changes to a beauty of ecstatic mood when the tips are made to glow with a crown of lavender, pink and gold, while sky above them adds a radiating halo

of yellow merging into blue. With rare freedom and depth of brush-work, Brown has made this painting a great likeness of a magnificent subject.

California is fast becoming one of the most important centres of artistic activity in America. Every year adds to the number of painters who devote themselves to rendering the beauties of that state. And among them, by reason both of personality and achievement, Brown is a leader.





CAST-IRON FIRE-BACK, ENGLISH; SECOND HALF OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

## OLD ENGLISH FIREBACKS

THERE IS LITTLE now in the county of Sussex to tell of the thriving iron foundries that from the sixteenth century right down to the close of the eighteenth made that whole section of England a prosperous hive of industry. Districts that then resounded to the blow of the blacksmith's hammer now hear nothing more vehement than the low of cattle and the steady swish of the reaping-machine. For those flourishing forges, the excellence of whose work rendered them famous through the Western world, gradually denuded the district of its timber, so that at last there was no more good old Sussex oak and elm with which to feed their flames. Thus, while the master-founders sought to bring their wood from afar, the smaller fry turned to other occupations, as did also eventually the master, for in those days the

*Intended to protect the brick-work at the back of the fireplace the cast-iron plates were often well designed*

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

centred knew it no more. But before the demise of the goose that had laid the golden eggs, the villages of Hawkhurst, Cowden and Lamberhurst turned out many a fine piece of work, especially among the Sussex firebacks, which every home, whether lowly or lordly, must use as a means of deterring the flames from eating into the brick-work of the fireplace. Such plates were essential if the risk of a conflagration was to be obviated. Hence every kitchen, whether in palace or cottage, was thus equipped and since the cost was likely to be beyond the purse of the peasant, his lord of the manor, no matter how niggardly the rent paid,

transport of fuel, whether of coal or of timber, involved a costly business. And so the land was given over to agriculture and sheep grazing, and the spots 'round which the iron industry had





STOVE PLATE, VASE OF FLOWERS, FLEMISH; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

must safeguard his property by supplying a fireback at his own expense. And since the cottager might be tempted by a starvation wage to turn the plate into good coin of the realm, his liege lord took the further precaution of establishing his ownership of it by means of his own shield, crest or coat-of-arms, boldly wrought upon its face. Thus all who ran might read clearly the tale of its possession. As many firebacks as the estate numbered cottages would be cast after the selfsame design and the mould, which was usually formed of wood, would be kept by the ironfounder as a permanent model, to be repeated as the

homes on the estate increased in number.

A monarch-landlord would as a rule employ his royal coat-of-arms alike in the rooms of his own palaces and in the kitchens of his peasant-tenants, the former calling, of course, for plates of greater size and elaboration. This expedient rendered the same fireback appropriate to a series of sovereigns of the same house, so that as son succeeded to father, no change in this respect became necessary. In the sixteenth-century fireback in which the Lion and the Unicorn are seen supporting the royal shield which is surmounted by the crown, we have the fireback of the Tudor sovereigns—and an excellent, virile bit of work it is, notable alike for the modeling of the decorative beasts, for the fine subordination of style to the exigencies of the iron medium and the part played in the whole scheme by the ornamental character of the lettering. Its proportions, that is to say, the excess of its length in contrast to its height, are those proper to the Sussex designers of the period. It was not until

the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the influence of the ironworkers of Germany and



MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA, SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN STOVE PLATE



GERMAN STOVE-PLATE DEPICTING MOSES AND THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

the Netherlands began to make itself more strongly felt, that the taller and narrower plates began to make their appearance in any appreciable numbers.

With the advent of the seventeenth century we notice the development of a more accomplished technique. Contrast with the sixteenth-century plate that from the Shoppee Collection (and like the others illustrated, now housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington) which is dated 1649, and in which the forms stand out in higher relief and with a more flowing, rhythmic line. There is greater artistry in the treatment of the decorative detail and a more evolved command of their general disposition. The lion passant gardant would seem to indicate a royal plate, yet the inclusion of the fleur-de-lys at a date when the English crown could no longer lay claim to inclusion of the French emblem would seem rather to suggest that the plate belonged to the estate of some family which united in their veins the blood of France with that of England, represented by the Tudor rose, and

that of Scotland, represented by the thistle. The rim, which is more sharply defined than in earlier examples, has here learnt to act as frame in good earnest and there is a lyric flow in the treatment of such details as mane and tail, feet and foliage.

Loyalty is the inspiration of the late seventeenth-century fireback bearing the initials of Charles II and commemorating the occasion when, as a prince, he had taken refuge in the Boscobel Oak from his pursuers. The three crowns hidden among the foliage conclusively establish this as a fireback struck under royalist influence as an historical memento.

ENGLISH FIRE-BACK WITH ROYAL ARMS OF TUDOR SOVEREIGNS. SIXTEENTH CENTURY







FIRE-BACK, ENGLISH, DATED 1649

This employment of the fireback as a means of a reminder of historical events is not uncommon and something of the same spirit applies to the biblical firebacks which served as a pictorial means of familiarizing the rising generation with their bible stories. The idea of utilizing the plate as a sort of textbook arose, needless to say, in Germany, a land which has always been alert to perceive means of education in the appurtenances of everyday life. Even the dolls' house, it will be remembered, had its origin in the idea of teaching the infant mind household and kitchen lore. Children, accustomed to gaze upon the story of the Fall or on that of Moses and the Brazen Serpent, the while they warmed their hands at the blaze, had small need of verbal instruction on such topics, and if they learnt to visualize the children that surrounded the Prophet during his sojourn in the Wilderness as Italian cupids, and if they came to think of the guests at the Marriage Feast at Cana as attired in sixteenth-century ruffs and trunkhose, that was merely because the local blacksmith was unable to conceive of other means of representing them. None the less the biblical fireback told its story and taught its educational lesson.

From Holland, a land which tended rather toward the decorative than the educational, came the tall firebacks that took as their central theme a vase of fruit or flowers, and for their border a

garland designed so as to fit in perfectly with the outline of the whole. With the stoves of pottery used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the north of Europe, such plates would be used not alone at the back of the stove, but also on either side of it as a protection of the recess from the heat.

And why no mention, it may be asked, of the plates of the period that showed a sparse decoration in the form of swords, anchors, crosses and initials, mostly scattered irregularly over the surface and surrounded with the favorite cable-twist border? To which comes reply that these plates, though frequently referred to in book and magazine articles as firebacks, and quite often used for this purpose in present-day fireplaces, were not firebacks at all, but hearthplates used to protect the floor in front of the fire, and kept simple and somewhat rough in design since their surface was destined to be concealed for the most part beneath the ashes. For the Sussex ironmasters, enthusiasts as they were in their craft, saw no reason for lavishing their finest effort save in a direction where it was likely to meet with the greatest appreciation. They believed implicitly in the adaptation of their work to its purpose and in the fashioning of the pictorial firebacks they provided homes that knew not the art of painter or sculptor with an ornament which went far to compensate for the absence of both.





FRONT VIEW, LODGE OF DELTA UPSILON

ARCHITECTS: WALTER T. KARCHER AND LIVINGSTON SMITH

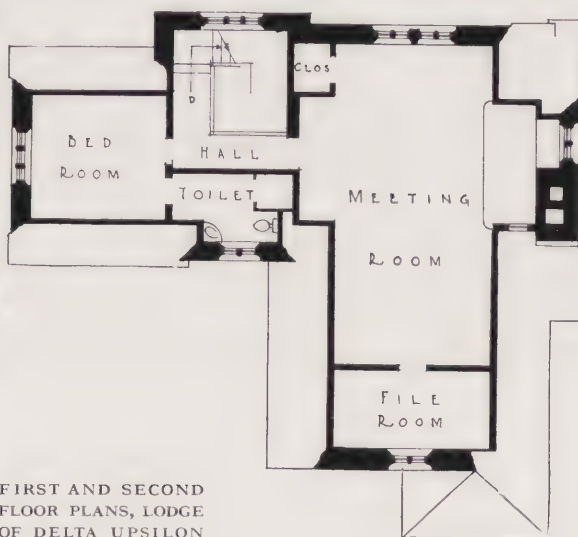
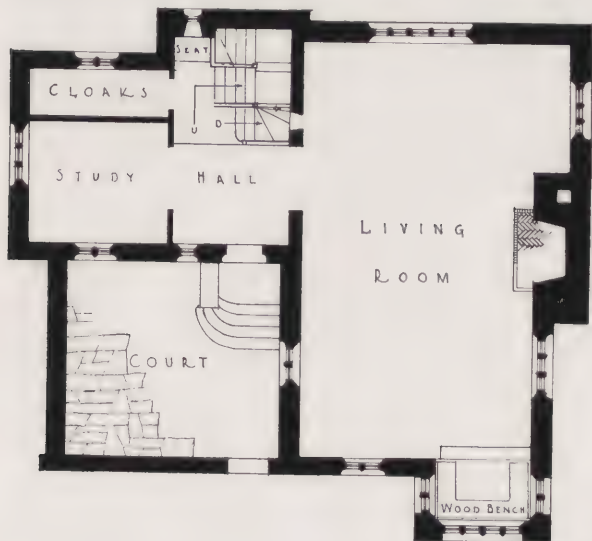
## LODGES AT SWARTHMORE

SHORTLY after the completion of the first fraternity house on the Swarthmore College campus, President Frank Aydelotte conceived the idea that all subsequent fraternity houses should be built in the same quaint, domestic style, executed in the

*A group of small stone fraternity houses which will, when completed, suggest an English village*

same craftsmanlike manner, and above all located in such relation to each other that the finished result should resemble a little village group. The site selected

lent itself to a scheme which in part resembles a rambling little English town and in part a sunken



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS, LODGE OF DELTA UPSILON





THE LIVING ROOM, LODGE OF DELTA Upsilon

garden. A high stone garden wall encloses one side of a rough rectangle, while one end and an opposite side are bordered by the various frater-

nity houses with their connecting cloisters. A slight separation from the main portion of the campus is made by means of a stone balustrade.

SKETCH FROM A CARDBOARD MODEL, CONSTRUCTED IN THE OFFICE OF THE ARCHITECT FOR PURPOSE OF STUDY, SHOWING APPEARANCE OF COMPLETED SCHEME. ARCHITECTS: WALTER T. KARCHER AND LIVINGSTON SMITH







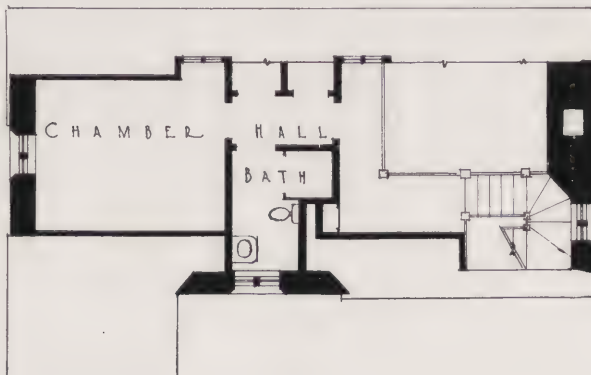
VIEW OF LODGE OF PHI SIGMA KAPPA, SHOWING LODGE OF DELTA UPSILON BEYOND  
ARCHITECTS: WALTER T. KARCHER AND LIVINGSTON SMITH

At the present time three of these houses have been completed. The first, Phi Kappa Psi, was illustrated in the October, 1923, number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. The two herewith shown are Delta Upsilon and Phi Sigma Kappa, and all three were designed by the architects Karcher and Smith of Philadelphia.

The fourth house of the group, a lodge for Kappa Sigma, will be built in the spring. A sketch is shown here. In all cases stress has been laid on hand work and craftsmanship. Every piece of cut stone in these houses, with the exception of a few door



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS, LODGE OF PHI SIGMA KAPPA



sills, has been cut by hand by the masons on the site. All roofs are heavy graduated slate of varying shades; the roof barges of the gables are cement, and all windows in these latter houses are metal casements. The finished effect in all cases is that of a little building several hundred years old yet in perfect condition and meeting all modern requirements.

The entrance to the Delta Upsilon lodge is through a wrought-iron gate in the wall of a small paved court. Directly opposite this gate and up several steps is the front door constructed



of oak planks and covered with great wrought-iron hinges. This front door opens into a compact entrance hall whence a stair opposite with its various landings leads to the second floor and an archway under gives a glimpse of the stairs to the basement and the rear door. To the left is a small study and adjacent to this study a cloak room which in times of entertainment can be converted into a service pantry with a dumb-waiter to the kitchen below. To the right a wide archway leads to the living room. This room has a solid oak adzed beam ceiling—the trees furnishing these beams were specially felled as such sizes were almost unobtainable in the market. Planks span the space between these beams in place of the usual plaster. Up two steps, at one end of this room, is an alcoved window with its cosy seat and at one side is a stone fireplace.

In the basement immediately beneath this room is a large billiard room with alcoves for cards and lounging. The kitchen and lavatory are also on this floor.

The second floor contains a meeting room, bedroom and bath. This bedroom serves normally to house the only member permitted by the faculty to live in each lodge as a caretaker.

The lodge of Phi Sigma Kappa is smaller than either of the other two lodges but is planned with a view to future extension. The present construction includes a large living room covering practically the entire first floor with a small kitchenette in the little offset to the left of the entrance. A spacious rough stone fireplace is located at one end of this living room and at the side of this fireplace in the corner of the room rough open-framed stairs lead upward to a gallery and thence to a bedroom and bath.

A college regulation requires that no lodge may be constructed at greater cost than \$25,000. This requirement wisely prevents any unhealthy building competition among the various fraternities at Swarthmore. To obtain the desired artistic effect therefore, all of these lodges have been kept as small as possible in plan in order that the touch



SKETCH OF LODGE FOR KAPPA SIGMA

KARCHER AND SMITH, ARCHITECTS

of handwork and craftsmanship, that is so characteristic of them, may be carried to the fullest extent and yet all cost kept within the permissible fixed maximum. In each case, however, the problem was first studied in plan, always bearing in mind that the final solution should be not only a structure solving the requirements of its occupants and thoroughly well constructed, but also and equally important, a completed building devoid of the hardness, newness and sharpness of line of the usual just finished work and distinctive in its quaintness of outline, its softness of apparently weathered age and its charm everywhere of handicraft. It is the belief of the college authorities that when this group is complete it will constitute the only harmonious fraternity group in the United States—all lodges being in the same style and designed not alone for their particular and peculiarly personal needs, but studied as well in their relation each to the other.





THE MAIDSTONE CLUB, EAST HAMPTON, NEW YORK

ROGER H. BULLARD, ARCHITECT

## BUILDING A COUNTRY CLUB

**M**ANY A MAN whose most ardent wish is to get below ninety can remember the time when ninety meant nothing more to him than a number. For only thirty years ago

the country clubs in America could be counted, and there were less than a dozen golf clubs with houses of their own in the United States. And however such a man may regret his wasted youth when par referred only to stocks, architecturally the late development of the country club has saved the American landscape from an even worse blight than the billboards. Look around at the detached houses built fifty and sixty years ago; imagine them magnified into clubhouses and disfiguring the finest sites in the countryside and be thankful for at least one benefit of the concentration in cities and towns during the peak of the cupola-fretwork era.

Of course, not all of the country building in the past thirty years has been good. Some of it has been quite bad and, at its worst, equal to anything in the way of horror that the seventies and eighties produced. A few of the country clubs are

*Architect and decorator are faced with a peculiar problem in design and furnishing of modern clubhouses*

ROBERT FISHER

a throwback to the days of lavish and meaningless ornament; a few others have been erected in the name of "quaintness," a strange god after whom a few architects "have gone a—." (We will

let you finish the Biblical quotation for yourself.)

But the majority of the clubhouses, whether they have been newly built or remodeled from old houses, have been architecturally good. With the great increase in country living in America has come an understanding of the appropriateness of the house whose lines are simple. So, in many cases, the architects have chosen the sparsely ornamented houses of a century and more ago as the models for new construction. In effect, it amounts to the carrying on of an excellent architectural tradition after a lapse of three generations.

More than anything else, golf is responsible for the great number of clubhouses. There are a few in which golf has no part, but they are so greatly in the minority that the terms "golf club" and "country club" have come to be practically synonymous. This fact has added another factor





DINING ROOM, CONGRESSIONAL COUNTRY CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C

FURNISHED BY ELGIN A. SIMONDS CO.

to the architect's problem. With an active membership of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, which is about the average, locker space must be provided for all the golfers. At first this space was restricted and usually in the basement; bathing facilities were quite limited and the elaborate paraphernalia, both sportive and social, of the modern club was undreamed of. This was well enough for a clubhouse located near the homes of the majority of the members. These came dressed to play and, after a sufficiently long stop at the nineteenth hole, went home to remove the signs of labor in the fields. But with the newer type of club, often miles from the nearest member's residence, greater locker facilities were a necessity. The locker rooms must be well lighted and ventilated; adequate space provided for showers; there must be a men's grill; valet service; and all this must be roomily housed. The locker problem became of first importance.

In most clubs an entire building, connected with the clubhouse proper, has been given over to the locker room and its service. A long and comparatively low building has been most usual

and is an important factor in the determination of the architectural scheme for the club. Often, when a club is built piecemeal, the locker rooms are the first things erected.

The planning of a modern golf club requires special architectural study. It must combine the convenience of a first-class hotel with the informality of a country residence. The club must be so designed that it can never be mistaken for a hotel. In size it must meet the maximum requirements of its membership; must allow space for their cars as well as their lockers; must provide adequate facilities for every type of social activity in which its members will indulge; the restaurant must be able to provide for thirty persons on Wednesday and two or three hundred on Saturday and Sunday and give perfect service always. It must do all these things if its house committee is not to be made up of men of sorrow, acquainted with grief.

The fact that there are just as few golf clubs which are that alone as there are country clubs which have not golf further complicates the architect's problem. All the various functions must be





LOUNGE: NORTH JERSEY COUNTRY CLUB

BARNETT PHILIPS, DECORATOR.

FURNITURE BY ELGIN A. SIMONDS CO.

CLIFFORD C. WENDEHACK, ARCHITECT

housed in a way suitable to each and yet harmonious. He has to plan dining rooms which can also be ball rooms; porches which will accommodate the maximum number and still seem part of his building. Some of the most successful houses have been designed to follow the style of old buildings in their neighborhood. Three of those illustrated here, the Plainfield Country Club, the Creek Club and the Riverdale Country Club, show what can be done in this way. All three of these at once suggest fine eighteenth-century American homes.

That interior and exterior should bear some relation to each other is a fact that building committees sometimes overlook. The style of the various rooms and all of the interior architectural details, such as fireplaces, windows, doors, paneling and ceilings should be left to the architect. And the result will probably be nearer the members' dream if architect and interior decorator work in harmony. Often the finishing touches, even to a large building, are the things which count most toward satisfaction. No matter how well proportioned a room may be it can easily be ruined by the wrong furniture. Except in very

exceptional cases, antiques have no place in a country club. First of all, to fit out so large a place with genuine and harmonious pieces would be both difficult and enormously costly. As another consideration, the old furniture would scarcely stand the usage demanded of it. In fact it is difficult to think of any reason why, in a country club, an institution that, in America at least, is making its own traditions, antiques should even be considered. Good furniture for almost every style of room is being made today, furniture that is better made than any has ever been, of excellent wood, and well designed. And it can be had in the forms and quantities suited to modern needs. So, although the architect may choose an eighteenth-century American dwelling as the model for a club, he cannot do better for his furniture than to go to a manufacturer, such as Erskine-Danforth, who has chosen the furniture of that period as inspiration for his products.

Even the smallest details should be given careful consideration, for they often determine the impression a room will make. In a room where one is placed, the interest usually centres around the fireplace. If it is well designed that fact may





RIVERDALE COUNTRY CLUB, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

DWIGHT JAMES BAUM, ARCHITECT

never be noticed, except as one is aware of being content in front of it. If it is not, or if the screen and andirons are obviously afterthoughts, the whole room may be spoiled. Several country clubs have adopted the wise plan of leaving the fireplace fittings in the care of an expert and

specialist and for them firms of the type of the W. H. Jackson Company have done excellent work. Several clubs, too, are proud of the iron-work, grilles, doors and lamps executed for them by Oscar Bach.

More and more the clubhouse is becoming the

MAIN BUILDING, CREEK CLUB, LOCUST VALLEY, NEW YORK

WALTER & GILLETTE, ARCHITECTS







PLAINFIELD COUNTRY CLUB, PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

ROGER H. BULLARD, ARCHITECT

country home of the city dweller, and as a home it must be both comfortable and convenient. Frivolity and ostentation are as much out of place as they would be in the member's own house. So, when they are called upon to provide for hotel

service in a domestic atmosphere it is no wonder that building committees and architects grow grey. But the buildings which have added so much beauty to our countryside are splendid monuments to the success of their efforts.

SMALL ROOM IN CONGRESSIONAL COUNTRY CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.





# LEATHER BOTTLES and JACKS

**G**USTO is a word which one persistently associates with the old leather bottles and black jacks for which medieval England was famous in the days of high tariffs, expen-

sive travel, meagre pottery output and profuse manufacture of leather products. A spirit of revelry still pervades these sturdy old flasks, mugs and pitchers, a mood of large and inclusive conviviality characteristic of the times. Many were designed for use in great baronial castles where noble and serf sat at meat in the same vast hall. In kitchens and dining rooms they jogged elbows with crude three-legged kettles of earthenware, with smaller skillets of brass and with bowls and platters of wood, pewter, brass, leather and a few of silver.

The ordinary English leather vessels were the water-bouget, the bottle and the black jack, the latter including all sorts of leather drinking cups and pitchers. Made of tanned ox-hide, which was thick and rigid, these ancient vessels had a strength and stability that the foreign ones, comparatively limited in number, did not possess. And while liquid containers made of animal skins are as old as the Iliad and more or less common to all primitive people, the leather vessels of medieval England reached a state of development which made them unique. The vessels of hide which were used quite universally in the earliest ages of civilization were not really leather as it is known today. They were simply skins sewed up, often in the original shape of the animal, and preserved by smoking or some such primitive process. Some bottles of real leather were made in southern Europe and in Asia and Africa. They were probably known to the Greeks and Romans. But nowhere were they in such common use as in England and nowhere else did they develop a similar variety and individuality.

The traditional leather "bottel" of ballad

*Before it became a night-prowler's weapon the black jack was a symbol of English hospitality*

ROSE HENDERSON

fame was perhaps the most common and was used in harvest fields for water, milk or ale. It held the curds and whey of peasants, went hunting with gay young lords and carried the coats of arms and the red wine of kings. The water-bouget was a pair of leather bags joined together by their necks and much used by soldiers. It was common in England centuries before the crusades and was used for domestic purposes down to the seventeenth century. The leather bottle was in use until comparatively modern times, though probably not manufactured after the eighteenth century. The leather pot or jack was lined with pitch or metal and in its later forms was

often handsomely embellished and provided with a silver binding and perhaps a cover. The jacks were sometimes gaily painted in rich reds, blues and yellows. A handsome specimen is a heraldic jack of the Oxford Joiners' Guild now in a private collection.

According to Oliver Baker, "Silver-bound leather cups have been made as early as Anglo-Saxon days, one belonging to that era

having been dug up in Derbyshire. But though some silver-bound cups which are still extant have been ascribed to the times of Elizabeth and though a few have authentic dates, they may be regarded as belonging generally to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." Bold and interesting contours, excellent ornament and the human traditions and associations reflected in the old leather ware lend peculiar fascination and charm.

The black jack was nicknamed "Sir John" in the time of the Stuarts. It is thought that "jack" is an allusion to the leather coats which soldiers generally wore. In early times the black jack figured romantically in the serving of such way-faring guests as minstrels, jugglers and other wandering companies. That the customary refreshment offered to these itinerants was a black jack of beer and a pie is attested by a reference in



A CORNER OF THE UNDER-CROFT, WARWICK CASTLE



*The Return from Parnassus*, a play written in 1601 and acted by the students in Saint James College in Cambridge. One of the characters remarks: "Faith, fellow Fiddlers, here's no silver found in this place, no, not so much as the usual Christmas entertainment of Musicians, a Black Jack of Beere and a Christmas Pye."

In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Grumio, solicitous as to preparations for the guests asks: "Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving men in their fustian, their white stockings on and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid and everything in order?" "Jills," of course, is a punning reference to the maids.

The lavish mode of entertainment made huge tankards desirable and these were cumbersome in heavy earthen ware or metal. The lightness of leather was an obvious convenience for these immense serving pitchers which often held six or eight gallons. Monasteries, colleges, hospitals and baronial halls—even king's palaces—had their shelves of leather drinking vessels, their huge "bombards" for serving hordes of guests. Early in the fourteenth century each of the principal leather-working crafts had a guild of its own, and one of them was the fraternity of bottle-makers. Many old-time inns were named after the leather bottle, and the experiences of Mr. Pickwick at the Leather Bottle Inn at Cobham have symbolized, in a way, the leather bottle's place in old English tradition and adventure.

Probably because of its resemblance to a clumsy cannon known as a bombard the largest variety of leather pots was called by that name. These gigantic pitchers towered above the feasts spread forth in great dining halls. They lingered in hospitals, colleges and grammar schools after the passing of the feudal baron. As has been suggested, the huge bombard, like oxen roasted,



TWO GREAT BEER BOMBARDS, ONE SMALL JACK, FOUR LEATHER BOTTLES, INCLUDING ONE OF THE RARE UPRIGHT SHAPE

was probably valued for its imposing parade of hospitality as much as for its real convenience.

By the middle of the eighteenth century bottles of wood had largely taken the place of those of leather, even in the harvest fields. The

collector who delights in the mellow color and texture, the virile mould and the simple lines of these sturdy leather bottles may chance upon neglected specimens in the old butteries of monastery or college. He may discover an ancient keg-shaped model in some peasant's hut, serving to put odd trifles in. Of the corpulent, keg-shaped type is a large bottle



JACK AND LARGE LEATHER BOTTLE IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM

now in the Ashmolean Museum. It is decorated on one side with two raised shields, one of which bears the incised pomegranate and the other the Tudor rose. These shields indicate that the vessel once belonged to Henry VIII, or to his elder brother, Prince Arthur, for the pomegranate was the badge of Catherine of Aragon. This splendid old bottle is sixteen inches long and thirteen high. After its service in England's royal household the vessel doubtless experienced diverse fortunes. Mellow with warmth of feeling, vigorous design, a beguiling folk quality and a robust opulence, it shares with others of its kind the merits extolled in an ancient ballad with the refrain:

*And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell  
That first devised the Leather Bottel.*





"NEW MEXICO"

BY MARSDEN HARTLEY

## GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH FULTON

**T**HIS MONTH the department head fits unusually well. Although the Kings predominate, there are a few Cabbages among them. But they are carefully nurtured Cabbages.

Alfred Stieglitz, a thorn in the side of respectable art critics for twenty years, has just given them another jab with a show at the Anderson Galleries. According to the catalogue he "presents seven Americans." These are Arthur G. Dove, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, Georgia O'Keeffe and Alfred Stieglitz.

Many of the wounds which Stieglitz has inflicted in the past still rankle. From the critics' standpoint the three most important exhibitions in New York in March, 1925, were the Toulouse-Lautrec show at Wildenstein's, the Elie Nadelman at Scott and Fowles' and the Matisse at Fearon's. According to the same critics one of the most abominable exhibitions in 1908 was the first American showing of Matisse—by Stieglitz; in 1909, the first American showing of Toulouse-Lautrec—by Stieglitz; in 1915, the first comprehensive showing of Elie Nadelman—by Stieglitz. And these are but three of many similar thorns.

Stieglitz introduced Cézanne to America; was

the first to exhibit Rodin's drawings; Henri Rousseau, Gordon Craig, Picasso made their American bow with him for impressario. From being reviled these have come to be hailed masters. But the praise has been for the performers only. In the face of critical opposition he has backed his own judgment, and that judgment has been sound. When his critics have seen the error of their ways and have, as they think, come up with him, he has gone on to something else. He is a creator in the midst of reviewers. Misunderstanding naturally follows.

His greatest justifications, by popular standards, have been in his exhibitions of the works of Frenchmen—Cézanne, Matisse, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec. It is inevitable that this should be so. Most of us are hypermetropic. We have to strain to see anything less than an ocean distant. And, unquestionably, the art that came from France twenty years ago was more mature than that in the present exhibition of American.

It would be stupid to pretend that this represents all of contemporary American art. It would be just as stupid to claim that these "seven alive," to quote Sherwood Anderson in the catalogue, are more or less alive than many other American





"CALLA LILIES"

BY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

painters. Cutting out the bally-hoo, here are seven who have performed with Stieglitz as ring master at various times during the last twenty years. This exhibition is what they have had to say during the past year. Next year it will be something else, a development or a departure. Which, does not seem to me important.

Stieglitz is an experimenter. "291," the gallery where his earlier exhibitions were given, was a "laboratory where public demonstrations were held." Naturally, therefore, the Americans in whose work he is most interested are also those who experiment. Life and art, to Stieglitz, mean constant search. There is nothing final about this exhibition, but you cannot look at the pictures without feeling that their makers enjoyed themselves, and that is the painter's chief business.

Comparison of the externals of works of art of one time with that of another is almost without value. We cannot say that because a contemporary picture resembles, in its technique, one by

El Greco, Tintoretto, Rembrandt or Cézanne that it is good; nor, because it does not, that it is bad. The only possible comparison is one of the reactions of those sensitive to art. And one "sensitive to art" has yet to be defined. So, for me to say that I find in this exhibition more things to enjoy than in an Academy show (which certainly belongs to another period than our own) or in the work of Hals, Bouguereau or Murillo, means only that I see it that way.

But be warned. Do not condemn too hastily lest, in a few years, you find yourself scratching frantically in an attempt to cover your mistake.

Of the seven exhibitors two are photographers, five painters. The photographs shown by Paul Strand tell their story too quickly. There is a rapid fire of exclamation points but, just as the interest gets keen, come asterisks.

Literary metaphor has no place in connection with Stieglitz's work. The photographs, which he





"STORM CLOUDS IN SILVER"

BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

calls "Equivalents," cannot be seen quickly; looked at carefully, so true are their relations of tone that they have an hypnotic quality. And, in spite of their outward calm, they are intensely alive.

The symbolic portraits and the still-lives shown by Charles Demuth were a disappointment. They are placed in the entrance hall and bear somewhat the same relation to the exhibition as the side-show to the circus. He is a better man than these.

Inside the main tent, Hartley has the first wall. This year he has gone in heavily for reds and browns. When he misses, which he does sometimes, the titles might be "Studies in Liver." There is little color and a great deal of pose in many of the canvases, but there are half a dozen, still-lives and landscapes, which make up for all the rest. When Hartley forgets to be a Dandy, when he can stave off boredom long enough to finish a picture, that picture is likely to be good.

For, hidden beneath the mannerisms of a "painters' painter" lurks an artist.

Georgia O'Keeffe has the next wall. She has been called everything from "great artist" to "poseuse." It is probable that she is something of both. "Great" may be too strong; "artist" certainly is not. One wishes that her abstractions were either more or less abstract; that the literary content was either less pronounced or less involved. There are too many pictures on her wall.

Dove seems to me the poet of the group, a poet with a sense of humor, who constructs both sonnets and limericks. In many of the reviews of the show the limericks have come in for the greater attention. But for how long has it been a crime for an artist to crack a joke? Of course, if you look upon art as a bitter pill to be taken for the soul's good it may offend your solemnity to have the doctor smile. But it is ridiculous to suppose that the man who painted some of the canvases in Dove's section is less than an artist





"LOWER MANHATTAN"

BY JOHN MARIN

because he also made a flapper of things from the ten-cent store pasted on cardboard and called her "Miss Woolworth." His titles, I think, get in the way of most spectators. Taken with the pictures they are so suggestive that the mind becomes involved in representative speculation and the rightness of his design is lost sight of. Perhaps, in a future exhibition, he may be bold enough to write across the top of his page in the catalogue "a wicked and perverse generation seeketh for a sign, and there shall no sign be given it."

John Marin closes the show. Perhaps because I like his part best I find it difficult to say why. Of all the painters in the group he is the keenest experimenter although he has been the most consistent in the development of his art. One of his watercolors of fifteen years ago, although vastly different from his present work, would be recog-

nizable as a Marin by one who had seen only this exhibition. But consistency is more often the ruin of a painter than a virtue. Nor is the appeal which his pictures makes an intellectual one. Although they are studies, and careful ones, of New York, old houses, coast lines and boats, the subject matter is not of primary interest. It would be possible to write at length of the symbolism in some of his New York pictures but when that had been done we would be no nearer the thing which gives those pictures their esthetic value. To me, his watercolors are emotionally exciting; something in his arrangement of lines and forms and colors gives me great pleasure. I have a strong suspicion that neither he nor I know exactly what that something is. There are plenty of formulas for the painting of pictures; but the formula for the creation of a work of art has yet to be written.

*Illustrations by permission of Alfred Stieglitz*



# ART and OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

*Continuation of* THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS

## J

**JARGON**—Esoteric phrases, employed by art critics and others in the hope of appearing learned, the hidden meaning of which, if any, this dictionary is attempting to discover.

**JURY**—A body of painters, appointed by their trades union to prevent any work from being shown which might possibly injure their business.

## K

**KEY**—The prevailing tonality of a work of art. A limitation on the scale of light and dark, self imposed, with the object of guaranteeing to every part homogeneity.

**KLEPTOMANIA**—A traditional disease, which may be studied in its most virulent form in decorators, designers of advertisements and popular song writers.

**KNOWLEDGE**—A technical equipment, gained by long study of the masters, with special reference to problems of craftsmanship. The difficulty is to reconcile KNOWLEDGE—apt to be a synonym for a HABIT OF VISION—with the faculty—the first qualification of an artist—of looking at the most familiar things as though for the first time. That one is conscious of an artist's KNOWLEDGE betokens a sterility which will sooner or later consign his works to oblivion.

## L

**LABOURED**—Uncomplimentary epithet applicable to works in which the sweat of the brow, not to speak of less intellectual parts of the body, has gotten unpleasantly mixed in with the pigment. Philosophically, a case where the artistic infant, lacking the strength to force the walls of its shell, *remanet*, to use the medical term, *in ovo*.

**LANDSCAPE**—Academically speaking, a view of the American or other countryside, skillfully revamped to suit the known predilections of the painter or his clientele. Current variations centre round number and disposition of trees (whether clumped or in straight line, and, if clumped, where?), water or no water, stream or pool (stream to right or left?), cows or no cows. Latest reports from Fifty-seventh Street would

indicate that the three favorite varieties are still the May Blossom School (Impressionism à la Childe Hassam), the Indian Summer School (Barbizon à la Bruce Crane) and the Snow Trust (G. Gardner Symons, President). The more advanced, however, are heroically striking out new paths for themselves and already juries are beginning to weaken under the perpetual bombardment of the insurgent forces. The Daurerians and Degasiens are positively *personæ gratae* and even the Bolshevistic *Café-creme* and Acid-Drop Schools (Celestial Patrons, Pierre Auguste Renoir and Paul Cézanne, respectively) are reported to be gaining new adherents daily.

**LAYMAN**—Philosophically, one who knows nothing whatever about art, boasts of the fact, yet sees no reason to conceal his conviction that, on any question on which you may be unfortunate enough to differ from him, *you* are likely to be wrong.

**LIFE**—At this point the lexicographer retired for lunch. Returned, with fresh courage born of a lavish helping of *leberwurst* washed down with 4½% beer, the lexicographer can only recall with regret the day when he almost learned, from the mouth of a philosopher, the meaning of both art and life. Scene, the draughty corridor of a racing stable, converted, for the duration of the war, into a concentration camp for civil prisoners. Time, 7 A. M. on a cold winter's morning. The philosopher, wearing nothing more pretentious than a pair of high rubber topboots, was performing at one and the same time the rites pertaining to his own particular brand of sunworship and his ablutions. His right hand, that is, was engaged in making gestures of salutation toward the pallid rising sun whilst the left, the practical partner as it seemed, was busy soaping the more private parts of his anatomy. Said the philosopher to the thin soap-bound young man beside him (the faculty of performing complicated ablutions with one hand is granted only to cats and philosophers):

"You are a student."

"Yes," said the young man, soapily.

"You are interested in art?"

"Very," said the young man still more



soapily and—considering the hour of the morning, the temperature or rather lack of temperature and his complete nudity (soap is a poor protection against inquisitive draughts)—quite untruthfully.

"What," asked the philosopher, "is art?"

"That," shivered the young man, "is a question."

"Put the matter differently," said the philosopher. "What is the origin of art?"

The young man soaped diligently for a few moments, then, with a lathery attempt at profundity, "Life," he said.

"Good," said the philosopher, by way of encouragement. "But in what way does art spring from life?"

The young man, older by a decade and freed from the necessity of soaping himself in draughty corridors with the thermometer two points above zero, has forgotten just what his answer was. He had, as he remembers, drunk deep of the mystics and it is possible that his then philosophy was clouded by a lathery vagueness which he mistook for metaphysics. On the other hand it is quite possible that the positive strain in his nature had at the time the upper hand, in which case he would likely have stammered of "Life made purposeful," "an oasis of order in the chaos of existence." Be that as it may, the philosopher's verdict remains a classic utterance. "Your answer," said he, saluting the sun with one final gesture whilst his other hand washed the last suds from his lean body, "is right. Your reasons are wrong."

P. S.—The young man was destined never to learn from the lips of the philosopher just why his reasons were wrong, but his own experience of that mysterious thing Life have broadened somewhat, and he has learned for example that its functions, even from the vantage ground of philosophy, are less immaculate than he had wished to believe them. So, when he says that a work of art possesses or does not possess Life, he is using the word, at least to the extent of one-half, in a physical, not to say grossly physical sense. And for this half, at least, the qualities which he attributes to it are tangible, palpable and capable of immediate verification.

—(Definition of Mr. Bert Allen of Minneapolis)

The vast unknown, popular in summer art colonies and studio apartments renting at more than \$5,000 a year.

**LIGHT**—Simply stated, that which renders forms visible and defines their contours. This defini-

tion holds for all art up to the Renaissance. The hypersensitive sixteenth century, however, refused to be satisfied with so utilitarian a view of the matter and conceived light as having a separate existence of its own, apart from and independent of the object which it happened to be illuminating. To give effect to this conception the science of chiaroscuro was invented, with the end of isolating and defining the qualities of light by contrast with surrounding areas of comparative lightlessness. Whence the "savant distribution of light and shade" and other learned phrases which earned for our illustrious predecessors in the critical field their daily bread. But if Leonardo enfranchised light, it remained for Monet, with the aid of Chevreul and the spectrum, to attempt its canonization. In a moment of spiritual elevation (the exact nature of the preceding *consummation* is not recorded) he is reported to have exclaimed: "The Sun is the most important person in the picture." Thence the science of Impressionism and a new harvest for the critics, who were, as usual, the only ones to understand it thoroughly. See also under CHIAROSCURO, IMPRESSIONISM, NEO-IMPRESSIONISM, OPTICS, SCIENCE.

**LUMINOUS**—Literally a surface which throws off light, its traditional use is bound up with the dark shadows in a chiaroscure picture, which in point of fact carry only a very small stock of this commodity. An obsolete compliment, the modern equivalent for which is probably TRANSLUCENT or PELLUCID.

**LINE**—Vulgarly, a synonym for outline or contour. The more subtle critic will, however, imply the addition of the qualifying adjective, *functional*, an invention, if we are not mistaken, of Mr. Bernard Berenson, and one the use of which might profitably be extended.

— **FUNCTIONAL**—The functions are three-fold: (1) The firm demarcation of contour. (2) The implication of the inner forms which it clothes, the outward pressure of which conditions every variation of its direction, speed and tensility. (3) The cooperation as of members of one body with other lines similarly conditioned, in the sense of the living organism of which it forms part.

**LINEAR**—Of or appertaining to line, whether functional or otherwise. When otherwise, when, that is, the painter's preoccupation with line is one of line for line's sake, with no more reference to inner necessity than a string of paste pearls



hung round a flapper's neck, the addition of the qualifying adverb *merely* suffices to mark the distinction.

**LITERAL**—Imitation of appearances without reference to cause; of objective reality (sic) with no reference to the nature of its relation to the human animal. The supremely literal painter (happily a legal fiction) counts every leaf on every tree but overlooks the fact that each owes its life to the flowing of sap from the trunk.

**LITERATURE**—Philosophically, a luxury, by the abnegation of which the modern painter (of A. D. 1900-1920) hoped to enter paradise. Practically, an opiate which, tactfully administered, enables the public to take its art quite painlessly. By an exquisite irony of fate those painters who most pride themselves on the purity (from the contamination of literature, that is) of their works have seen themselves forced to administer the most liberal doses of the anesthetic. See Gleizes' article: *Ce qui devait sortir du Cubisme* (ca 50,000 words) or any Stieglitz catalogue.

—**RY**—May be applied to any expression which springs, not from the nature of the objects represented in any given work, but from some vaguely poetical idea in the painter's mind concerning them.

**LITHOGRAPH**—*Technique*: For correct procedure see (a) Mr. Pennell, (b) Mr. Bolton Brown. N. B.—It is inadvisable to see them both together. *Esthetic*: A medium for the exploitation of greys, the natural tone of the paper and an almost ivory black being the poles. Not primarily linear, as many of the moderns would like to make it.

—**CHROMO**—See the celebrated productions of Messrs. Currier and Ives, the native American Ukiyo-ye.

**LOGIC**—The constant reiteration in terms of line and color that two plus two equals four, whereas every artist knows they equal at least fifteen.

## M

**MACHINE**—The Gioconda of that twentieth-century Leonardo, M. Marcel Duchamp. Sterile, alas.

**MASCULINITY**—A quality particularly desired by women painters, who associate it with strong brushwork.

**MASS**—Modern synonym for Rotundity. Concrete abstraction much sought by the Miller School and others of the Post-Renoir persuasion. The conception is limited by the fact that it takes into consideration only the mean thickness of the object (usually female) represented, and rarely if ever its composition. Shakespearian reference to the School's early ancestry: "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt." See also under GONFLÉ.

**MATERIAL**—Any raw substance or concept, capable of exploitation at the hands of an artist. Not confined to such tangible substances as pigment, canvas, stone, clay, etc., but equally applicable to abstractions as color, line, texture. Even the relationships which the artist perceives between objects should rightly be considered as his raw material, since, unless he is able to realize them, they are so many souls lost in limbo. *Adjective*: cf. such phrases as "The material world" (contrasted of course with the immaterial, or world of the mind, where present), "You are so material" (the reproach of esoteric young ladies when one is unkind enough to pin them down to a concrete statement), etc., etc.

—**ISM**—Philosophy of life which finds for all phenomena a material explanation. Contrast with **MYSTICISM** (q. v.). In the nature of the artist the two contradictory philosophies are—shall we say, *mystically*—married.

**MATTER**—Obsolete term, of no particular esthetic significance, generally used as a foil to set off the charms of that high-stepping young lady, "Spirit."

**MEANING**—The lifeline for which the drowning neophyte grasps in the last convulsions of despair. Have pity, ye artists! Give it at least a name. . . .

**MECHANICAL**—In terms of esthetics, a train which runs perfectly according to schedule. At 11.59, that is, it stands, a miracle of well-oiled efficiency, in the Grand Central Station. At 7.14 behold it, sharp on the dot—exactly where it started from.

—**ISTIC**—A theory of art deduced from a delightfully naïve conception of mechanics. Noticing that in any well-trained locomotive the wheels go round, the theorist concluded that here was the great secret of art. He therefore set to work, with the aid of compass and set-square, to make *bis* wheels as perfectly rounded.



There, he said, the thing is done. And he sat down to write a book about it. Of course, the machine never gets anywhere. But them, why should it?

MEDIUM—*Latin, medius*: middle. The bridge between conception and realization. Like all bridges, those of art bear specifications as to maximum weight, some being labeled "For Vehicular Traffic Only," others "Commercial Traffic Prohibited," "Foot Passengers," etc. A few are specially constructed for express trains. Contravention of the rules—art slang, "disrespect of the medium"—is liable in each case to end in disaster.

MEGALOMANIA—*En ce qui concerne la critique, il n'y a que toi et moi. Et encore, toi?* (With acknowledgments to Mm. Courbet and Graindorge.)

MERE—*Adverb* (or is it *adjective*? At any rate *expletive*) expressing boundless contempt. Guaranteed to soil the purest virtue. Users are warned to have an exact definition in readiness, as a League of Defence against Mere Critics is reported in process of formation.

METHOD—(*Definition supplied by Mr. Bert Allen of Minneapolis.*) Weakness born of habit; without feeling.

— SCIENTIFIC—Without any sense whatever.

MODEL—In the overheated Puritan imagination:  
*Une qui gagne de l'argent*  
*Tout doucement.*

Nude symbol of all that is Bohemian, extreme and probably immoral. Actuality, less romantic as usual than the moralists, discovers the type eminently respectable and solidly middle-class. In middle-age she either sets up a picture factory for herself or turns critic. In the latter event no one uses the jargon of art with such devastating effect. Thus the American variety. In France the painter often marries her as an insurance against bad cooking and all the consequent ills that assail the flesh.

—, To—Literally, to make shapes out of wax or some equally malleable substance. Thence, to imitate in paint the bumps and cavities (technically, *les reliefs*) of the human or other body. Has acquired a slightly bad odor, from the fact that the academically trained painter or sculptor has a way of starting with said bumps and cavities and only envisages the essential character of the whole, afterwards.

—LING—Aforesaid bumps and holes. See also under PALPABILITA, TACTILE VALUES and the SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

MODERN—In the mind of the public, all that contemporary work, whether good, bad or indifferent, bred of a Love of Distortion out of a hatred of what the said public is pleased to call Nature and Beauty. In the mind of the majority of painters, all that contemporary work, whether good, bad or indifferent, begat by a French theorist of a French artist (Daumier to Marcel Duchamp, inclusive). More philosophically, all that in any age springs from the loins of that age. Contrast with ACADEMIC, the puny offspring, incubated to a semblance of life, of some distinguished preceding. N. B.—Gauguin, in 1890, was modern. This fact, however, does not enable Mr. Biddle, in 1925, to qualify.

— ART—Synonym for Art, *tout court*. That's all there is, there isn't any more.

MOOD—Human sentiment, as gaiety, tenderness, gloom, pervading the works of the more intimate masters. Expressed through hypersensitive modulations of tone and line. The sterner moderns, observing with what ease it degenerates into sentimentality and observing also that the greatest masters transcend it, eschew it utterly. They doubtless choose the nobler part. And yet—between the sentimental and the banal. . . .

MORBID—Stigmatizing preoccupation with pain and misery, things no honest American will admit the existence of.

MORBIDEZZA—Gracious survival from the days when the language of art was the language of poetry. To have heard the four musical syllables fall from the lips of an old gentleman as he kneels in adoration before a Guido Reni is to have glimpsed the Parnassian heights from which we have fallen. "*Che morbidezza!*" he murmurs, "*quelle souplesse dans les chairs!*" To which the august B. B., coldly: "A complete absence of tactile values."

MOTIF—French rehabilitation of the Wagnerian hybrid, *leitmotiv*. Recurring image in composition. For correct Parisian use see, however, APPENDIX A.

MOTION—Absence of calm in a composition, the forms of which have a tendency to displace themselves. Often mistaken for vitality.



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R. A. *By Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson. Brentano's, New York. Price, \$17.50.*

THE NUMBER of women painters whose fame has endured is not hard to count. In France, Berthe Morisot, Mme. Vigée Le Brun and, almost forgotten now, Rosa Bonheur. Rosalba Carriera is little more than a name. Others are remembered only vaguely. Of them all there are only two with whose work we are really familiar, whose names recall a definite series of pictures—Mme. Le Brun and Angelica Kauffmann.

Of these the latter is undoubtedly the more familiar. The reasons for her popularity in her own time and for her enduring fame are not far to seek. Of the eighteenth-century painters in England she was one of the most fashionable; her paintings, and the colored engravings made after them, were exactly suited to the demand of that time for pseudo-classic prettiness. Her work was always decorative even if it seldom attained greater heights. There was nothing about it to trouble the most refined taste. The colored engravings by Ryland and others, after her drawings and paintings, and her decorations for furniture supplied the constant demand of cultivated people for pictures which are artistic rather than works of art. It is worthy of note that she never, in all her depictions of classical myths, painted a nude figure. And although scandal hovered about her, as about almost every prominent figure of her time, she remained, in her work at least, a prude throughout.

Because of her popularity and the strength of her influence, not only upon the painting of her own time but on that of much subsequent English work, she is an important figure in the artistic history of England. This present volume, which contains a far more adequate pictorial record of her work that is available elsewhere, is an attempt to effect a true valuation of her work and assign it a definite place. It is evidently the result of exhaustive research and brings to light for the first time several important documentary records. Of these the chief is the list of her paintings, written in Italian by Angelica herself, and never before published. By means of this many questions of attribution, both of her work and that of her contemporaries, can be settled. Biographically, it is the most complete single record of Angelica Kauffman's life.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART. GAUGUIN. *By Robert Rey. CÉZANNE. By Tristran L. Klingsor. CLAUDE MONET. By Camille Mauclair. Renoir. By François Fosca. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. Four Volumes. Price, \$1.75 each.*

THESE are the first four books of a series which will deal with the modern artists who have exerted the greatest influence on contemporary art. They are in popular form and, while they bring little that is new to careful students, they give, in condensed form, biographies and competent criticisms of the lives and work of these important figures. For example, the text of the volume on

Gauguin contains the most essential and pertinent things to be found in Charles Morice's critique, *Noa-Noa*, *Avant et Après*, the *Letters*, Maurice Denis' *Theories*, Van Gogh's *Letters* and a dozen or more magazine articles. For the person to whom these monographs may be introductions to the painters and who wish to pursue their study further, an excellent bibliography has been appended in each case.

All of the books of the series appeared first in French, and the present edition in English, also printed in France, is, except for the translation, identical with the French. Besides the text forty carefully chosen illustrations, reproduced in collotype, appear in each volume.

THE ITALIAN GARDEN. *By Luigi Dami. Brentano's, New York. Price, \$25.*

SELDOM has the pill of erudition been so pleasantly coated as in this handsome book. The text, including indices, occupies less than seventy pages. Half of that space is devoted to a very readable account of the history of garden planning in Italy, sufficiently detailed to give the average reader a clear conception of the evolution of the styles of various periods and the importance of Italian garden design throughout Europe. Beginning with the thirteenth century, when all gardens were of much the same type, through the fourteenth when, though the gardens were often larger and more elaborate, the artistic elements were scarce and crude, the account really opens with the fifteenth century.

Throughout this period there was a slow evolution toward the architecturally planned garden. A greater order was introduced into the parts although it was not until later that a general scheme for the whole was adopted. Before the close of the century Alberti codified the then existing rules for garden planning. Bramante, in the sixteenth century, was the first architect to plan a complete garden, and his ideas have formed the basis for most of the best formal garden planning since his day.

The seventeenth century followed the traditions of its predecessor, but France, whose earlier gardens had been inspired by the Italian, had developed several new features and many of these were incorporated in the Italian planning. Then came the baroque followed by the "natural" English style, "after which," writes Dami, "we have ended in Italy and everywhere else by drifting into an eclecticism devoid of all style." So much for the foreword.

Then, for the person who cares to go further, there is added a section which contains a brief but comprehensive history of each of the great Italian villas and gardens. Then there is a bibliography listing over five hundred works, an index of artists and one of places. Throughout all the text cross-indexing and plate references have been carefully worked out.

For illustration there are three hundred and fifty-one full-page plates. Those which show the earlier types of garden have been reproduced from fifteenth-century paintings and book illustrations. Among the painters are Botticelli, Fra Angelico and Pinturicchio. Several of the later gardens are illustrated by reproductions of contemporary engravings. Beautiful photographs have been made wherever old gardens are extant. Naturally, other views



of many of these have long been familiar to students of Italian architecture, but there are many garden details which have never been available before and the collection as a whole is an extraordinarily fine one. In combination with the text they make a volume of real and lasting value.

THE STUDY OF COLOR. By Michel Jacobs. D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. Price, \$3.

MICHEL JACOBS, whose book, *The Art of Color*, was reviewed in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO sometime ago, is the director of The Metropolitan Art School in New York. Both his former book and this present volume are based on the instruction he has found most successful in his school work. As its name implies, *The Study of Color* is a more elementary work than the first and is designed as a preparation for consideration of the problems of the painter, illustrator, designer and decorator which are considered in that work. Except by the numerous examples given in the book, no attempt is made to set rules for color combinations, but these examples are so completely worked out that in doing them the eye will be trained to see harmonies and whatever creative gift the student may have will be properly directed.

The most important teaching of this book is that of color mixing. The student is trained not only to obtain the hues and tones which he desires but also to be able to analyze the colors he sees around him. "Study the color-mixing charts," says Mr. Jacobs, "with their shades and tints and make yourself familiar with how each color is mixed, and when you see color outdoors or indoors try to figure out how it would be made. In this way your eye and your mind will become trained to be able to mix the exact color that you wish without experimenting."

The first half of the book is divided into three sets of lessons in color mixing and combination. The second half is given over to pages containing ruled-in designs and rectangles on which the student may carry out the examples given in the lessons.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF VARIOUS DECORATIVE AND UPHOLSTERY FABRICS. F. Schumacher & Company, New York.

ALTHOUGH this is a book which can never have any general circulation and is not for sale it is so fine an example of bookmaking that it merits more than passing mention. It has been prepared by the Schumacher Company as an advertisement for the fabrics which they produce. The text is a short history of decorative textiles, carefully prepared and simply presented. The illustrations are taken from modern Schumacher productions in the various styles mentioned. And it is interesting to note that the representation of the greatest periods in textile making by these contemporary fabrics meets the standards set by the ancient looms.

Typographically and in quality of engraving, the book is a credit to its producers. The color pages are as fine as any we have seen made in America. Both skill and good taste have been shown in the choice of type and the arrangement of the illustrations; and the binding, well designed, is both handsome and appropriate.

HOW TO SEE MODERN PICTURES. By Ralph M. Pearson. Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, New York. Price, \$2.50.

BETTER than any criticism of his book that can be given in a short space are the articles, *Etchings as Works of Art*, in the February, 1925, and June, 1925, issues of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. From a careful reading of these articles one can judge of the value of Mr. Pearson's philosophy of art. In his book the principles propounded in these essays are expanded and illustrated. Mr. Pearson bases his principles of art appreciation on design. This, he believes, is the one quality common to all works of art, and the thing without which a work of art cannot exist. These principles which, he frankly states, he was first led to recognize through a study of modern art he finds are equally applicable to great works of the past. His book is, therefore, a study in the nature and appreciation of fundamental design as revealed in the works we call "classic" as well as in those of the modern school. Everyone recognizes that as between the paintings of Michelangelo and Del Sarto there is a difference which has nothing to do with the subject matter or skill displayed. It is that difference which Mr. Pearson seeks to define.

EVERYDAY ART. By Ami Mali Hicks. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$3.

"GIVE US this day our daily art," says, in effect, the author. But that is perhaps a too limited statement. For after all most of us are content with bread three, or perhaps four, times a day. Not so with art and Ami Mali. From our rising up to our going down, in our clothes, our speech, houses, gardens and handwriting, art must be our constant companion. Not to mention its guidance in the way we live.

One cannot disagree with Miss Hicks. There are too many pages in her book to allow of that; no less than twenty-four chapters in which she has stated her credo. But as to what constitutes art? Again one can hardly disagree, for apparently it has never occurred to her to ask herself the simple little question, "What is art?" To her it means something more or less decorative, concerned, as has been said, with the proper hat.

Now all that is very well. It is quite important that, for the sake of their peace of mind and the pleasure of their associates, women should dress their hair well and wear becoming clothes. It would be pleasant to have our friends write at least a legible hand. One turns to the chapter *More Art—Less Furniture* to find the excellent suggestion that unnecessary pieces be eliminated and the walls kalsomined. It is quite possible that a person of good taste might find suggestions in this book which could be followed to advantage. It is equally possible that too close adherence might result in a multicolored family in an arty bungalow.

In Jerome K. Jerome's *Idle Thoughts* there is an amusing essay—*On Dress and Deportment*. It is not *The "Art" of Dress*. We need a new noun, for when costumer, milliner, barber and bootblack are all artists, what is there left for Michelangelo? And we need to watch our steps, too, lest we be led by the army of persons who have "gone in for decorating" into a period as dull as the Victorian and lacking its comfort.



ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA  
R. BAXTER

OF LOCAL as well as general interest is the intricate and fascinating old map of New York State, on the screen portrayed here. When discovered by a discerning representative of the Westport Antique Shop, it was hanging in dust and oblivion upon the wall of an antiquated



SCREEN MADE FROM MAP OF NEW YORK  
*Courtesy of the Westport Antique Shop*

Staten Island barber shop, and was promptly brought forth and made to do its potent bit toward beautifying the American room of a famous café. This curious map is dated 1860, and is pictorially and quaintly descriptive. Just within the scroll border are numerous prints of "natural wonders," such as Niagara Falls, Indian Pass, Lake George, New York Harbor, etc., and interspersed are rural scenes, county court houses, the capitol at Albany and West Point. The counties and cities are all defined in colors, that are growing dim, and age has gently touched the general contour. The screen which serves as a framework for this scrap of human history is five and a half feet high and each fold is eighteen inches wide. A protective glaze covers the whole, and old-fashioned nails fasten the map to its moorings. Aside from its worth as a thing of beauty, is there an American who would fail to respond to the sentimental value of such a possession? One's own country is "like to no other."

ANOTHER interesting glimpse of American history is afforded by the line engraving portrayed here. It was designed, engraved and published, "According to Act of Congress," by John James Barralet. It is very rare, being one of only three impressions known to be in existence from this plate, which depicts the murder of John Pierce, within a quarter of a mile of Sandy Hook, on the 28th of April, 1806. It came to pass that the British gun ship, *Leander*, arrived off Sandy Hook and sent its officers and men in small boats to the port of New York to reprovision the ship. While waiting, the British captain decided to search vessels for British sailors. An unlucky shot, fired across the bow of a merchantman, struck a wave, and ricocheted over the deck of an American sloop, killing a man at the helm. His body was brought to New York,



"THE MURDER OF JOHN PIERCE" LINE ENGRAVING  
*Courtesy of Max Williams*

and great excitement ensued. Mobs attacked the *Leander's* officers and men, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they succeeded in regaining their ship. This was one of the aggravating occurrences which led up to the War of 1812. American privateers of that period were quite active, and took keen delight in annoying the British navy, with the result that any mishap on the part of the British was construed as retaliation, and was quickly and hotly resented. The particular engraving illustrated has belonged to two famous collections. Years ago it was sold by Max Williams and his associate, Mr. Hart, to the then largest collector of American historical marine prints and engravings, and only recently was again acquired by these experts from the collection of Nevett S. Barton, of New York. It is eleven inches high and nineteen inches long.

IT WAS about two hundred and fifty years ago that shawls began to be made in Spain, but for a hundred or more years before that time the so-called Spanish shawl was imported from Manila, hence the decided Chinese influence in color and design, which to this day is a marked characteristic. Assyrian civilization gives us, perhaps, the first record of shawls. There they were used on the head as a protection from heat, as also in the Holy Land, Arabia, and India, from whence they became known in China. Westward they found their way to Rome, then to Spain, where they developed in great beauty, and became the favorite weapon of the coquette, forming a brilliant part of the local color of the country. Eventually, Spain's glorified version of this enveloping charm came, through fashion's whim, by way of Paris and London to us. Thus has the shawl encircled the world. And the Spanish shawl is no longer local, nor is it a fad of the moment—one realizes that it has the qualities and values of a jewel, and is a thing to be treasured and handed down to posterity. The fortunate beauty of modern life, wrapped in its gorgeous folds, can easily visualize its gay and festive past—can hear the castanets, the guitars, the music of the fountain in the patio—can feel the thrill and romance of the bull fight. The example shown here is owned by J. M. Gidding, and is one of a very unusual collection. It is in perfect condition, and is sixty-four inches square. The ground is ivory white, and the design of flowers, birds and



butterflies is wrought in indescribable shades of red, yellow, blue and green.



EMBROIDERED SPANISH SHAWL

Courtesy of J. M. Gidding

SECRETS and hidden springs are possibly even more intriguing in this age of professed frankness than in the dark centuries when mystery was ever present. Who doesn't thrill at the thought of a concealed stairway, or drawer, or treasure? Pictured here is a very lovely hand-carved walnut box, which was made a hundred and fifty years ago, in Florence, for an Italian lady of high degree, who needed a place to hide her innermost thoughts, and in the raised centre of the top is a satin lined secret drawer, just large enough to hold a few letters and trinkets. Open the entire top and one finds an innocent jewelry box with a misty mirror and faded cushions. This box is an exact copy of the original, which is in the Museo Nazionale,



AN OLD ITALIAN JEWEL-CASE

Courtesy of Edith Hebron

For information address STUDIO SERVICE, 40 West 45th Street, New York

in Florence, and is a relic of the fourteenth century. The copy has been in the possession of its owner's descendants, until recently, and is now keeping its own counsel in the studio of Edith Hebron.

THE TIME was when only queens received their favored guests from the impressive eminence of a throne-like bed. The *chaise longue*, or *lit de repos*, did not make its appearance until the end of the seventeenth century, and probably was an answer to the demand of my lady of fashion for a kind of sub-throne, or bed, upon which to recline when receiving—thereby enhancing her charms, and at the same time snatching a privilege from the queen. It became indispensable, and was found in the most formal salons, as well as in boudoirs, varying in type and finish according to the surroundings. The most fashionable *chaise longue* was of the kind upon which Madame Recamier is lounging in David's celebrated picture, and the grace and beauty of that particular type has never been excelled. Cabinetmakers of the present day have successfully reproduced, and adapted, the *chaise longue* for modern use and perhaps no other piece of furniture so subtly suggests luxury. The example shown here is unusually pleasing in line, and is wonderfully soft and comfortable. It measures five and a half feet long, by two feet wide, and stands seventeen inches from the floor. Completely modern, it is a worthy descendant of its aristocratic ancestors, and is to be seen in the shop of the Edward R. Barto Company, where one can always find good furniture.



CHAISE LONGUE COVERED WITH BLACK SATEEN

Courtesy of R. Barto Company

A PAIR of vases, now in the possession of Ralph Chait, have been converted into lamps. The inside of each is so arranged that it can be illuminated, the light being controlled by a switch in the gilt bronze base. The inside lamp can light independently or together with the upper lamps. The shades are made of antique hand-embroidered Chinese silk shawls, old gold in color, and have an interlining of rose. These vases are semi-eggshell of the Yung Chen period, and were made at the Imperial potteries at Ching te Chen in Kiangsi province. They are decorated with a panoramic mountain and seascape view, and depict figures of important people attended by their servants. The entire surface is delicately painted in famille rose over-glass enamels upon a translucent white ground.



# THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

RALPH PEARSON's article, *Etchings as Works of Art*, which appeared in the February, 1925, number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, has aroused a great deal of interest among our readers. In that article Mr. Pearson considered the basic elements of design and construction which distinguished the work of the earliest etchers and made their productions truly works of art. He believes that, whether it may take the external form of "The Hundred Guilders Print" or of "The Last Supper" by Derain there is an inner substance common to both and that it is this abstract quality of design whose presence or absence determines whether or not an etching is of permanent esthetic value.

In the June number Mr. Pearson will write of contemporary etching judged according to this standard. It is an article which will provoke some print lovers to anger. It is hoped that it will also encourage them to look beneath the representative suggestion and the signature of prints and that many may be inspired to readjust their esthetic values.

Because it deals with the fundamentals of art, Mr. Pearson's essay is pertinent to a consideration of painting and sculpture as well as etching. And, both as a continuation of his former article and in itself it is well worth your careful attention.

WRITING of Hunt Diederich for the June number, F. Newlin Price finds a subject with which he is peculiarly in sympathy. He says, in part, "His work has style, not the repeated line nor easily recognized manner, but that elusive, distinctive enthusiasm that makes for taste in sculpture. He completes his creation in his own style, a mixture of invention and joy, for the work of art made without faith or love is dead and cannot live. He is a man who does not feel the need for three dimensions, he has no institutional loyalties, no ties that bind; he adventures where beauty lures. . . . This pirate has definition in his plan and though he may dwell in his castle on the Rhine (a recent acquisition) relatively quiescent today, tomorrow finds him in Paris, in the heat of the forge, the world well lost, dirty and hot and creative.

"His philosophies are like this: 'Art is the fundamental selection for the betterment of species, is the receipt for revolution. . . . Necessity is the mother of art, and art is invention, not a clerk that records facts on a camera. We create as far as we copy not the Divinity, but the Divinity's works.'"

The illustrations will include examples of Diederich's work in silhouette, decorative iron-work and sculpture in the round.

TO THE LIST of those already published INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will add, in the June issue, another article concerned with painters of California. It is not every artist who carries her studio with her, or rather, is carried by her studio. It is even possible that Rowena Meeks Abdy is unique in this respect. She has had a special closed car built, roomy enough inside to accommodate herself, her easel and materials, and in this she tours California, parks, and paints. Her pictures are designed to bring joy to the heart of the native son and, perhaps, many a dweller in less favored climes will be provoked to envy by the charm of the scenes she depicts. For she has a gift for color and

sunlight which shows that, although she may owe much to her adopted state, she has also given more than appreciation alone in return. Two color plates, reproductions of watercolors by Mrs. Abdy, and several black and white illustrations of both watercolors and oils will supply the pictures for the interesting story which her husband, F. Bennett Abdy, has written about her for the next number.

EVERYWHERE in America there is evident an architectural return to the forms of colonial building. In the east many of the old houses have been restored and there are more new "colonial" houses than there were buildings in pre-revolutionary days. And, although in California the influence of the Spanish style has never quite disappeared, within the last few years there has been a great increase in the percentage of new buildings erected in the old tradition and an increased appreciation of its possibilities. One of the most interesting of these new developments is the "Little Street in Spain" in Santa Barbara. Here, in the erection of houses and studios, shops and restaurants, the Spanish style, adapted to modern conditions, has been closely followed. This style in California is the outcome, in large part, of a decree concerning the proper planning of cities on the Pacific coast issued in 1573 by King Phillip of Spain.

In Santa Barbara, many of the provisions of this decree were carried out and as the beginning of the little street about which Henriette Boeckman has written for the June number, there stands one of the ancient *casas* dating from the Spanish occupation. The architectural problem and its solution make a fascinating story, and the illustrations show a street whose beauty is unique in America.

THE EXHIBITION of the National Society of Mural Painters, recently held in Brooklyn, aroused much favorable comment. It was the first time that this society had exhibited independently; in other years it had combined forces with the Architectural League. In the present show were included work in stained glass, fresco and painting, examples of the sketches of Chavannes and John Lafarge, work by several of the modern Spaniards and contemporary Americans. Both in the media of the exhibits and their style it was a show of great variety. In the June number there will be an article by Helen Comstock, illustrated by a comprehensive selection of photographs, on the work of the Society and its latest exhibition.

WHEN A TOWN is the site of so famous a cathedral as York one is apt to overlook its other claims to attention. But York is one of the oldest cities in England; was a place of importance in the Roman days. In fact many of the remains of the Roman occupation are still evident and traces of every period in English civilization are to be found in its old houses and winding streets. In the next issue the byways of York will be described in a way to recall pleasant memories or arouse interest.

"THE CHILD WITH A VIOLIN" by Mme. Vigée Le Brun is reproduced on the cover of this issue by courtesy of the Wildenstein Galleries of New York.

*Payton B. Burrell*









NUMBER SEVEN

*Illustration for the article by Ralph M. Pearson*

*"ETCHINGS AS WORKS OF ART"*



## ETCHINGS as WORKS of ART

**I**F ONE CAN ACCEPT as a definition of art that it lies in the expression of the felt-nature, or inner reality, of life and things through organization into three dimensional, or form,

design, then a decided change in present-day standards of valuation becomes inevitable. That change involves several matters of importance. First it compels a new perspective on, and consequent greatly widened comprehension of, the classics of the museums—a valuing of qualities in them which are their chief claim to enduring greatness but which may have been overlooked hitherto. Second it involves an instant apprehension of classic principles in such of the modern work as is built on them regardless of the degree of abstraction employed as a means to the end. Third, it necessitates an extension of powers of vision to see visual qualities or objects in a picture as ends in themselves rather than as means to an intellectual conception. Fourth, it causes a new and more equitable appraisal of the popular standard of the day—i. e., suggestive representation. And fifth, it involves the difficult task of eliminating from consciousness the inherited and almost universal habit of approaching pictures as imitations of nature when one is searching for basic principles that are built on an opposite approach. A brief consideration of these various evolvings may prepare the way for a consideration of the contemporary works here presented.

I. The classics of practically all civilizations; from paleolithic cave painting through the high tides of Egypt, Greece, later Europe, the Orient, up to the Hopi Indians of today have certain obvious basic qualities which are common to all

*An analysis of the work of  
some contemporary etchers  
whose prints show funda-  
mental esthetic value*

RALPH M. PEARSON

regardless of the wide divergencies of other characteristics. Concern with inner realities rather than superficial, accidental details, is one of these and the release of this inner feeling through

a sensitive building of elements into a synthesis that creates an emotion in the observer purely through the domination, or control to its own ends, of the sense of sight, is another. The fact that works of art have endured longer than any other creations of man and that they are valued long after significance of subject and story has been lost in a forgotten past, give these basic qualities their important place as a fundamental part of the universal language of man.

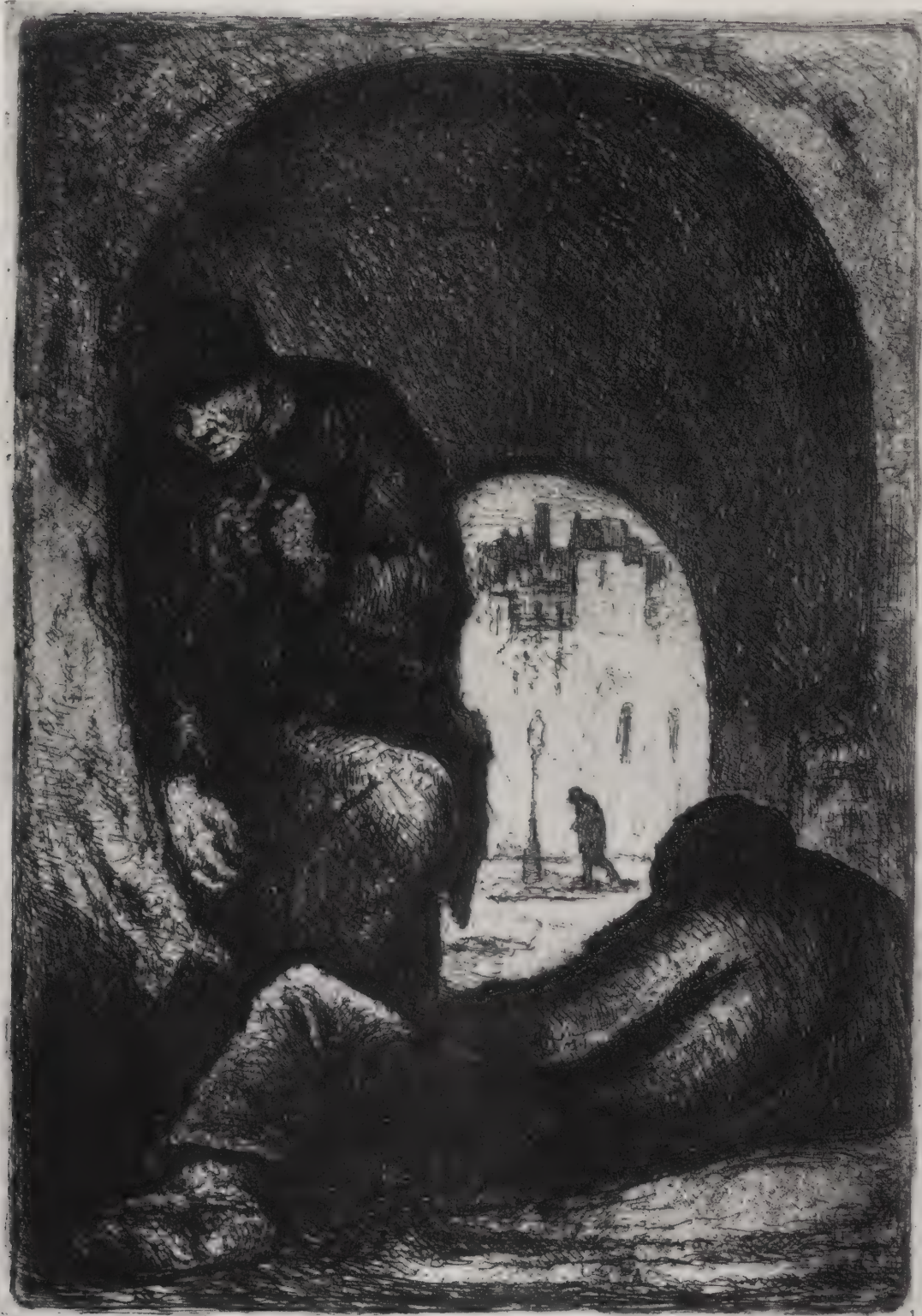
II. The person who can see design organization in classic work instantly sees it wherever present even in a modern complete abstraction where all other interests have been omitted and it alone, for its own esthetic value, has become the objective of the work. The person who cannot see it, on the other hand, in a Parthenon frieze or in a "Sistine Madonna" but values these masterpieces for extraneous literary reasons, quite naturally cannot see it in the classicism of a Renoir, Daumier, Seurat, or in the complete abstraction of a Cubist. In the latter case the unusual degree of abstraction, with its attendant falsifying of superficial facts in nature, draws an outraged attention to itself, and, since there is no story, or characterization, or imitation of the familiar to distract this attention from the obvious "untruths," nothing of value is sensed and the whole is lustily condemned. Abstraction, or stylization in some degree, however, is essential to the attainment of classic expression; for the moment a line





NUMBER ONE





NUMBER TWO





NUMBER THREE

or form taken from nature is simplified or controlled in any way to conform to the needs of the design, abstraction begins. Conversely, an object in nature cannot be changed from the particular to the universal without the use of abstraction. Imitation is powerless in this direction. Imitated lines and forms transplanted into a picture are a law unto themselves alone. By the very nature of the case they can have none but accidental relations to each other. This holds in spite of the fact that an ensemble of many such lines or forms, as in a tree or house, for instance, can be placed, or "composed" to advantage in relation to other ensembles. When this is admitted as an argument the way is opened for an acceptance of abstraction (in any degree, since the amount employed would be a matter for personal preference rather than subject to any laws of necessity) as a necessary ingredient of enduring art and the mental deadlock that prevents visual comprehension of its powers to create emotion through organized eye

control, is broken. Then, and then only, can classic qualities be recognized in modern and classic art.

III. There are various experiments that expose the prevailing blindness to the visual aspect of pictures and nature—a blindness that is fostered (and has been, indeed, created) by the almost universal habit among highly civilized peoples of forming a mental concept of an object in terms of its utility instead of *seeing* it as an end in itself distinct from all human or utilitarian associations. Thus a telephone is an object to talk into instead of an interesting arrangement of cylinders, ovoids and discs. Turning a picture upside down separates design organization from these utilitarian concepts for the design is unaffected by the inversion—is even seen more easily—while the extraneous matters of truth, fact, story, all mental concepts about subject matter, in fact, are eliminated. One who sees design will often resort to this inversion in order to enjoy it more easily, while one blind to it will be outraged at such an absurd action. Blindness of this

character being as general as it is today, a rather positive effort is necessary to free the mind from the well-worn thought grooves and again gain the power (which is native in childhood) to see things as they really are.

IV. When the new orientation toward pictorial art is acquired, or even admitted in principle, the weakness and futility of all imitative processes become at once evident. Of course outright copying from nature—the photographic process—has been discredited as a means to art for a good half century, thanks in part to Whistler. But the *idea* that art is a process of modified copying still persists with a uniformity among laymen and artists of the old school that is hard to believe in view of the fact that the discoveries of the Post-Impressionists are now some forty years old. In helping to free the public mind from the standard of the photograph Whistler, largely through the well-meaning efforts of his hero-worshipping disciples, has been responsible for fastening upon it, espe-





NUMBER FOUR



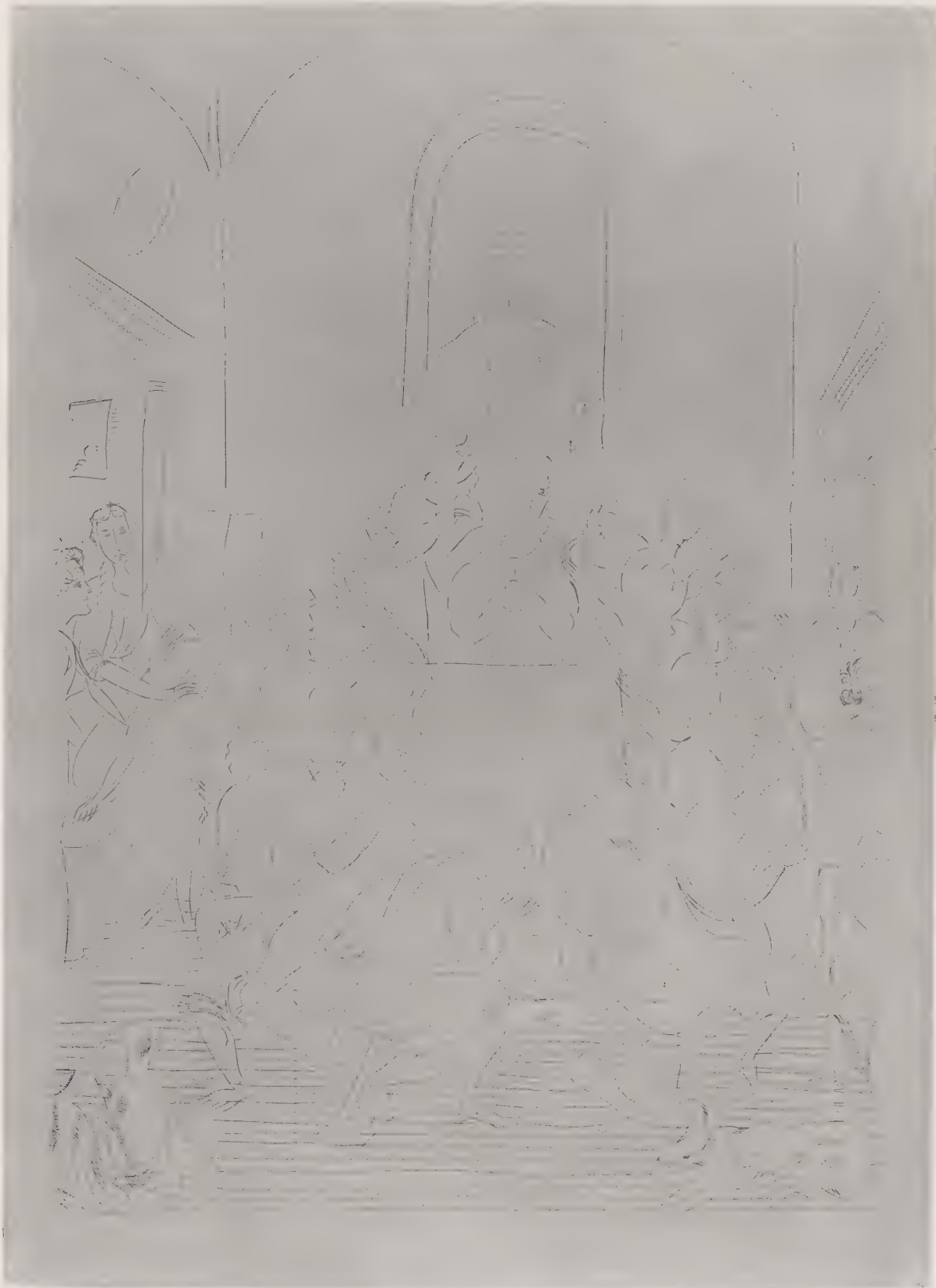


NUMBER FIVE

cially in the field of etching, the closely related standard of suggestive imitation, which, though it is undoubtedly a step in advance of photography is such a comparatively small step that it has given the layman no new or different experience but only a different degree of the same experience. Instead of only recognizing in a picture what he already knows in life, he recognizes a sort of shorthand report of it and is asked to fill in the missing details as in a picture puzzle. The process of imitation, either straight or diluted, always concerns itself with superficial details of momentary importance. It cannot be concerned with inner realities for such demand falsification of superficial truths, abstraction, in their presentation in order to release the universal quality concealed under them. It cannot be concerned with design, for design likewise demands falsification of facts to gain its ends. Imitation is, therefore, a blind alley leading away from the main highway of art, and those who find themselves accepting it are, by the nature of things, involved in extraneous matters that may be delightful for other reasons, but certainly have no connection with the "universal language of man."

V. To eliminate from the mind this well-established tradition that imitation is the end of pictorial art is by no means an easy task. But until it is done comprehension of inner realities expressed through design is certainly impossible. Other important matters may be comprehended, especially all those growing out of meaning of subject matter, and out of skill, personality of the artist, technical experiments, etc., but those concerned with how the creator creates, and most important of all, with the emotional response to the creation (as distinct from that to subject matter used in the creation) are, so far as the conscious mind is concerned, shut out by heavy padlocked doors. Perhaps some degree of contact is unconscious; perhaps the creative contribution of the artist is working on the spirit even while words and thoughts are denying its existence, but this possibility raises a pretty question of paradoxes which is far too deep to delve into here. Consciousness of what is happening in one's own mind is probably the first step toward emancipation from the Whistler formula, after which consciousness of shortcomings in vision will automatically lead to that study of the visual elements in





NUMBER SIX





NUMBER EIGHT

pictures and life that will result in a gradual extension of power in this direction. Awareness is a desirable state of being—fully as desirable in the field of pictorial art as in any other field of human activity.

Finding contemporary etchings that are within this tradition of the ages is certainly no light undertaking. When it is reported that well over three thousand prints were examined to find the eleven here shown, and that these eleven were (with the exception of others by the same artists) the only ones in that three thousand that seemed to the writer to have reached maturity of expression within that tradition, some idea is gained of the comparative scarcity of those works on the copper plate that are making history today.\* That these prints and others like them are making history might be proved by the negative argument: *if they are not, what prints are?* Anyone who stops to think a moment, or who knows history even casually, knows that skill (for its own sake), imitation of nature, and the copying of a style of an artist of the past, all spell decadence—all are most in evidence at the tag end of a spent tradition. Imitation, no

matter how skillful, is always insignificant; creation, no matter how unskilled, is always significant. The works here shown are not copied from some one else, do not mirror nature, conceal rather than exploit skill. Every one of them is a creative expression of the deeply felt nature of life and things. Every one of them builds on a sensitive consideration of the visual emotional significance of organized relations and character of lines, spaces, forms and textures. On these two counts we pronounce them to be works

*\*Of course no infallibility in making these selections is claimed. Errors of inclusion and omission may have been made. But it should be noted that the judgment on which their selection is based does not spring from unsupported personal taste but from a personal interpretation of a world-old standard whose characteristics are immediately obvious to any one who understands them. If the writer has erred in his interpretation he will welcome the widening of his horizon that must result from a showing up of where, how and why. Until then he must assume full responsibility, for the selections were not made hastily or carelessly but with much study. Many prints were omitted, by the way, which undoubtedly had great merit and vitality, especially so when compared to the plentiful reflections of nature and Whistler, because they seemed incomplete—excelling in one quality at the cost of others. They were mainly within the grand tradition, however, and certainly deserve the support of discriminating print lovers.*

NUMBER NINE







NUMBER TEN

of art of enduring value—works that will go down in history as one measurement of the creative production of our day.

NUMBERS ONE, TWO and THREE are put first because they are American. They are all by one artist. The writer hopes there are other American etchings that belong beside these. He is sorry that he could not find any. Which, of course, is another way of saying that, of those he knows, he considers these just about the most significant of American etchings. Why? For several reasons. Take NUMBER ONE. Here is death—heavy limbed, numbing, shadowy, ugly death. In the figures immediately about it are wild-eyed, sodden, hopeless, plodding, dull driven beasts of men. In the distance are figures in white into which one can read many things in strong opposites—hope contrasted to gloom, or what you will. Here is deep feeling for the realities of life powerfully expressed in balanced ration. And the design is as powerful and moving as the “story.” Simplified forms, interacting angles, arbitrary spotting of light and dark, dominant horizontal lines of coffin and top of picture with their relentless poise con-

trasting to the quicker movement of arms and legs! In NUMBER TWO there is the same powerful emotional expression of dull, heavy, simplified forms of weary bulking men—forms that are a living part of the double arch above them and that are balanced as spots by the three grey spaces around the edges. And beyond again the balance of distant light against foreground somberness. Also, in this print more obviously than in the others, is the diagonal organization of the old masters, and yet, most interesting fact, this artist did not know the laws of the diagonal but arrived at them solely through instinctive feeling for rightness. Geometry proves good design. And here is evidence that good design proves geometry. The organization is not perfect when tested with rule and compass, but so near it as to prove the point. Raphael, Goya, Daumier, Seurat, Renoir are more perfectly organized and therefore more coherent in design but only slightly so. The closeness of kinship is striking. And NUMBER THREE. Perfect telling of story! Powerful organization of elements! Surely in the whole history of etching it is difficult to equal the simplified





NUMBER ELEVEN



force of unified expression inherent in these three plates. Rembrandt told more and with greater variations but in recompense missed the compelling power of form reduced to its basic fundamentals.

At the opposite end of the keyboard is NUMBER FOUR. Here is light, airy, delicate femininity powerfully felt and expressed in perfect synthetic design.

NUMBER FIVE is landscape reduced to fundamentals and organized in every square inch of the plate from the low key of foreground to the high key of sky, into sensitively felt design.

NUMBER SIX. For those who conceive of etching as the medium of pure line here is one of the most moving examples to be found in the entire history of the medium. Highly skilled craftsmanship used to build a cathedral-like structure of great harmony and rhythm. Not sketchy suggestion but clean-cut, definite lines *expressing* instead of *indicating*. And again the "story" is ably told.

NUMBER SEVEN. An exhibit covering the history of etching was recently hung in the Metropolitan Museum starting with the fifteenth century and ending with today, but not with these examples of today. Here was the "curve" of etching graphically portrayed. Up to Rembrandt was registered vital, stimulating, forceful creative expression; after Rembrandt a steady decline in all these qualities—a steady dwindling, with only a few breaks, down, down, down into imitation and mediocrity—the bottom of the trough of the wave. Can it be a mistake to feel that now again, in print NUMBER SEVEN, as well as in the others of this series, we have climbed far out of the trough and are well up toward the crest of a succeeding wave? Surely etching has a new lease of life—is again a medium to be reckoned with in the arts—is again concerning itself with those esthetic problems which it has largely forgotten for nearly three hundred years. No need to talk about a print like this. Let us study it and absorb it and cherish it in all humility, and be thankful it is produced during the time in which we live.

Nor need we talk about NUMBERS EIGHT, NINE and TEN, but rather observe them long and carefully—and see that here is a ripeness of expression that can only be equalled in the days of Dürer and the Little Masters.

NUMBER ELEVEN. Here is the essence of a great city emerging from mystery into the consciousness of the observer. Not scribbled notations of pieces of buildings, or records of cloud shadows, or smoke but the basic forms and feeling of a city woven into a tapestry to delight the eyes of man. Even a quick look at this picture returns a sensation of awe and wonder. Not a picturesque veil of twilight used for the borrowed charm of the mystery, but the mystery as a void out of which forms create themselves under the baton of the artist. And they are city forms—forms that could not exist anywhere but in a city.

There is another bit of circumstantial evidence which indicates the importance and enduring value of the prints here shown. With the exception of those native to France, where leader-artists are valued more quickly than in Anglo-Saxon countries, they have been to date quite generally ignored.\* Contemporary neglect, however, even though it is always, in our time, an early by-product of greatness, is not infallible proof that these particular prints are great. Time alone will write that final verdict. But, if our interpretation of the standard of the ages is authentic, then these etchings, because they reveal a blood relationship to works of many times and places that build that standard, are, at the very least, significant creative works of art. To value them as such is, perhaps, sufficient for the moment.

*\*In one case in this list a dealer who believed in them had bought a set but had not had a single chance to show them in two years because all his customers wanted imitative work. In another the artist had "got tired of sending them out year after year with never any comment or purchases." In another a one-man show of the work in a western museum had no other tangible result beyond the writer's purchase of one print. In still another, after making the plate here shown and a few others like it, the artist had been forced by economic necessity to go back to his old style of imitative and very salable work.*

## TITLES AND ARTISTS

NUMBER 1.	"SHADES".....	Eugene Higgins—American—Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery, New York
NUMBER 2.	"THE TUNNEL DWELLERS".....	Eugene Higgins—American—Courtesy of Denks Gallery, New York
NUMBER 3.	"OLD HAG AND DOG".....	Eugene Higgins—American—Courtesy of Denks Gallery, New York
NUMBER 4.	"L'ANGLAISE".....	Marie Laurencin—French—Courtesy of Pierre Matisse
NUMBER 5.	"LANDSCAPE WITH CRATER".....	Paul Seehaus—German—Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery, New York
NUMBER 6.	"THE LAST SUPPER".....	André Derain—French—Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery, New York
NUMBER 7.	"THE BLIND".....	Pablo Picasso—Spanish—Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum
NUMBER 8.	"EX LIBRIS".....	Gregor Rabinovitch—Writer's collection
NUMBER 9.	"EX LIBRIS".....	Gregor Rabinovitch—Writer's collection
NUMBER 10.	"EX LIBRIS".....	Gregor Rabinovitch—Writer's collection
NUMBER 11.	"FROM AN OFFICE WINDOW".....	C. R. W. Nevins—English





"THE JOCKEYS"

W. HUNT DIEDERICH

## DIEDERICH'S *Adventure* in ART

THERE WAS BORN in Hunt Diederich a fine romantic gypsy strain that runs through everything he does. Tall, yet strongly built, with blue eyes, and a sweeping moustache, he reminds one of some adventurer of that bygone era when Hawkins and Frobisher roamed the seas. You may meet him in the Village, perhaps on Barrow Street, walking along with children laughing and singing. He wins affection by his spirit of play and adventure and a really fine instinctive delight in life.

Hunt Diederich was born on a great estate in

*Primarily concerned with making useful things beautiful, this artist-craftsman employs many media*

F. NEWLIN PRICE

Hungary, of an American mother, the daughter of William Morris Hunt, the noted Boston artist, who herself had gone to Europe studying painting. Of his father, who died after an accident in the hunting field when the child was three, he very naturally remembers next to nothing, excepting that he was devoted to horses and dogs which gave the boy, of five, portrait subjects for paper silhouettes cut out with a pair of blunt scissors. They took the form of dogs, horses and deer. Certainly he loves animals, his art is theirs, for as he says, "Animals are a part of art them-



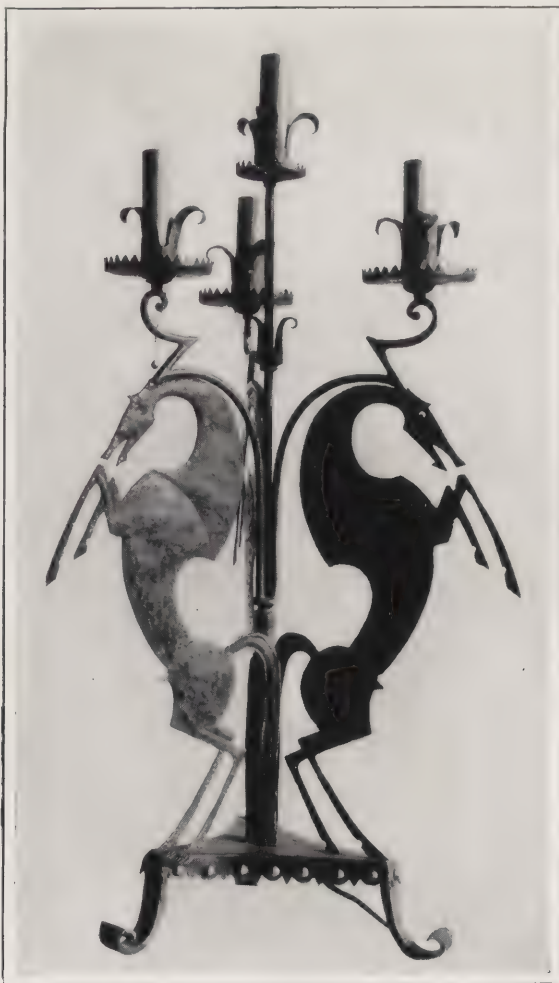


"CHIMNEY POT AND WEATHER VANE" W. HUNT DIEDERICH

selves, they possess such glorious rhythm and spontaneity."

"HORSE CANDELABRUM"

W. HUNT DIEDERICH



Until the age of fifteen Diederich received the very best European schooling, first at the Silig School in Vevey and later at Auchenthaler's in Lausanne, his vacations being spent in wild mountain excursions, swimming and boating races on Lake Geneva, or roaming the great Hungarian estate hunting and living in the open. At the age of fifteen an untamed spirit, wild, romantic, full of enthusiasm, he came to America, of all places to Boston. He and his brother were placed in school close by at the Milton Academy where they were sometimes "gaited" much to their disgust after some wild pranks not appreciated in the rather straightlaced New England school. Following his instinct for the open spaces, Hunt Diederich left school in about two years and soon we find him on the big ranges of Arizona and New Mexico living the life of a cowboy on his cousin Cameron Forbes' great ranch in Wyoming. The old love for animals, under blue canopies, filled with a sense of driven life and the haunting unnamed half-forgotten echoes of divinity, came



"HORSE LAMP"  
W. HUNT DIEDERICH



back threefold from childhood's experience. Deep in the desert of a lonely night or high on monuments of rock, he thrilled again in art. The freedom was delightful, and he enjoyed the exhilarating outdoor life. His restive spirit and love of art, however, soon carried him back to the east, and enrolled him in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Here Hunt Diederich met Paulanship as they both studied the elementary technique of their craft, and together the two young enthusiasts made a trip to Spain. After the summer of tramping through Spain, Granada—Madrid to Gibraltar—Manship returned and Diederich went to Africa. The wanderlust was dominant—he came back through Spain with horse and wagon, the one, from a bony nag grown plump, and the other gorgeous with his little painted panels. Of value today, horse, wagon and all sold for 200 francs and passage taken for Rome—dwelling with princes—making portraits—doing important commissions—friend of nobility, intimate with laborers. Restless again he journeyed to

Berlin and Paris. Ten years of travel to study and practice his profession.

In 1913 he received many commissions of importance following the attention his "Greyhounds" received at the Autumn Salon. These were the same greyhounds that appeared in Central Park one morning before an amazed and startled public that had long since been accustomed to standardized art. Most people agree that the greyhounds should have remained. They are truly fine, and express to a marked degree the greatness of their creator's hand.

The art of Diederich has interested because it lives. The egocentric activity of the child persists more strongly in the man today. He will be creating

always, drawing, cutting with scissors, modeling in the wax he is always provided with little figures that are not so much a thing as an emotion. So

he will work, having near him many emotions, half complete, that as the spirit moves him he finishes. It is not idle pottering but definite things that engage his mind, for he finds pleasure in making necessary things beautifully. Thus a candlestick or a table or a statue. The old idea of

"THE PERCHERON"  
W. HUNT DIEDERICH







"GREYHOUNDS AT PLAY"

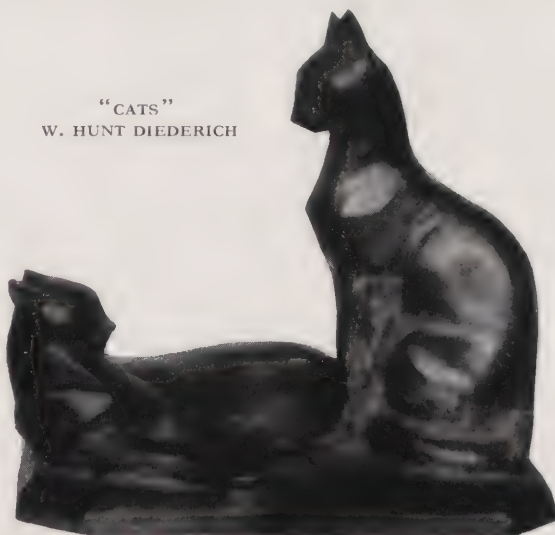
W. HUNT DIEDERICH

marble or bronze is not what he dreams, rather a firescreen or a fountain, gates, lamps, portraits, chimney pots, silhouettes of gold paper on black. All these things bring beauty into everyday life and increase the tectonic art of our country. It is fine to work in every medium, iron or stone, or wood, making for distinction and that better taste that leads to good living.

His work has style, not the repeated line nor easily recognized manner, but that elusive, distinctive enthusiasm that creates taste in sculpture. He completes his creation in his own style, a mixture of creation and joy, for if a work of art is

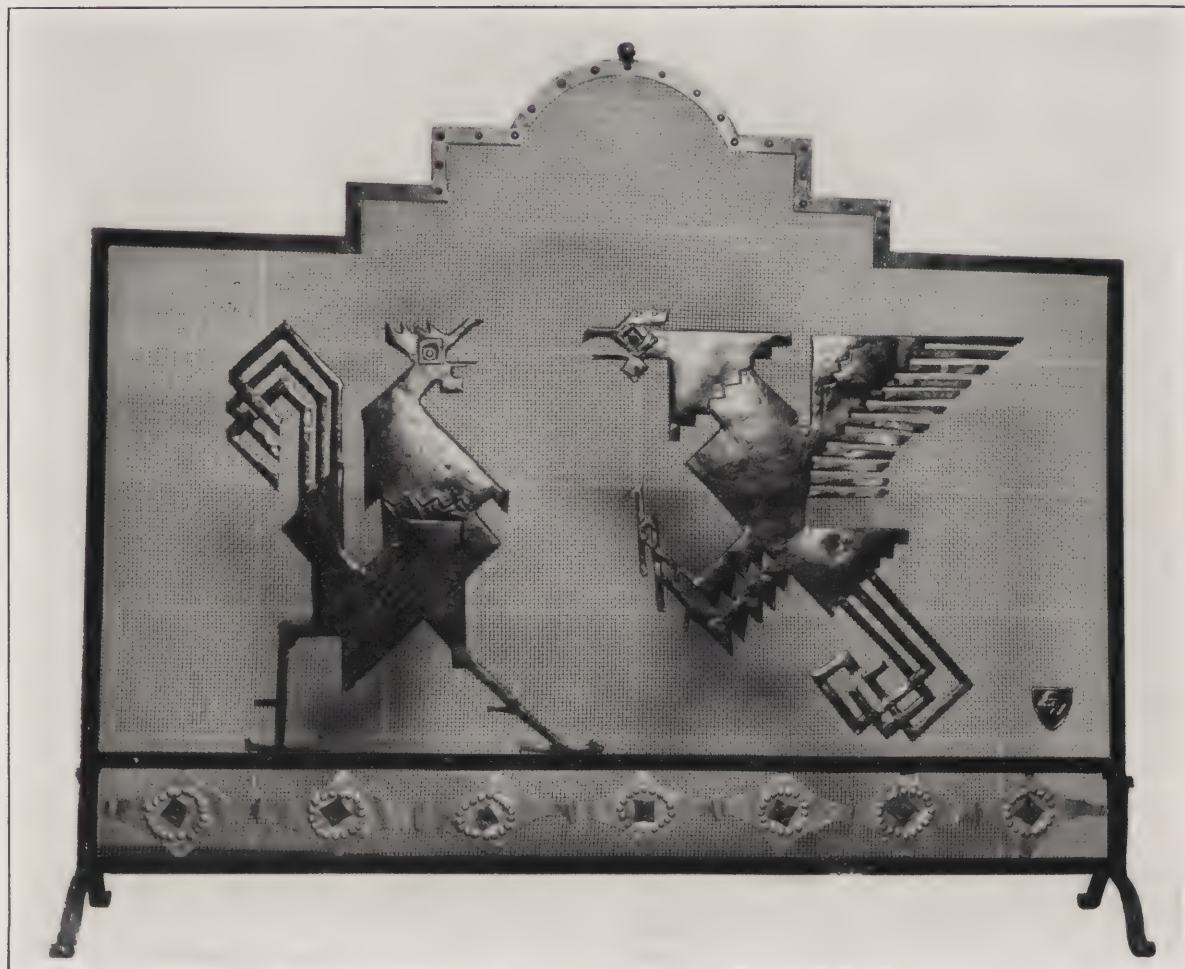
made without faith or love it is dead and cannot know life. He is a man who does not feel the need of three dimensions, he adventures where beauty

"CATS"  
W. HUNT DIEDERICH



lures. He has no institutional loyalties, no academic bonds. It is surprising that one who does not like the "intellectuals" should in himself be definitely literary, a splendid writer and of a creed thoroughly established in his plan of elaboration, but with a fine, clear instinct of





"THE COCK FIGHT FIRESCREEN"

W. HUNT DIEDERICH

execution that is quite absolute and pure. This discoverer has definition in his plan and though he may dwell in his old *burg* in Bavaria, relatively quiescent today, tomorrow finds him in Paris or New York at the forge, hot and creative. His philosophies are like this—"Art is the fundamental selection for the evolution of species, it is the receipt for evolution. Art is the visible expres-

sion of blind love. Art like everything else starts at the bottom and strives upward like the plants, birds and beasts. Necessity is the mother of art, and art is the invention, not a clerk that records facts on a camera. We create as far as we copy the Divinity, but not when we copy the Divinity's works.

"There is more art in the handle of an axe or a good chair than there is in most political monuments, marble bank entrances, frescoes of real estate propositions, or portraits of millionaire debutantes. I'd rather first have the chair in harmony than have a white marble bust of a copy of a copy of some bust of Zeus on my gas mantelpiece."

Then what is art, a thing man-made that is beautiful. labor crystalized with a prayer. Davies told me one day that "art was anything the hands of love had touched."

"PEASANT DANCE"

W. HUNT DIEDERICH







BOOTHAM BAR AND MINSTER, YORK

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## YORK, MINSTER AND TOWN

IT MAY AS WELL be admitted in the very first place that a visit to the city of York is educational. You cannot stop there without, willy nilly, acquiring considerable information, however vague and disjointed, about the days of Roman occupation, of Danish and Norman conquests and of the Reformation; about the power of the Church in England before the Reformation; and about architecture of every variety from Roman to Renaissance. It is so truly heroic an attempt to visit York and take in all that it has to offer that probably no one but an American would undertake it. One American who visited it tells of his stay so pleasantly that we almost forgive York its demands upon our memories and culture. He even has a crumb of comfort to offer the prospective tourist. In *Seven English Cities* William Dean Howells assures us that the charm

*A city of mythical founding  
where succeeding centuries  
have left their historical and  
architectural marks*

JAMES PERRAULT

of being in York and of becoming conscious of its historic associations is that "we need not be so very definite in our knowledge. . . . The facts about it are so spacious as to leave no room for particulars in the imagination." Where there is so much to know and recall of history and architecture, it is easy to evade the responsibility and simply bask in the warmth of those few easily remembered facts which are pleasing; to pick from the vast menu of historical dishes such as please our wayward fancy knowing that to try them all could only result in a kind of cultural indigestion. And this is or is not, as you please, an apology for the selection that follows.

Not satisfied with a merely Roman antiquity—the boast that the first Christian Roman Emperor was crowned in York, and that the Romans made it their northern capital for four centuries—





WEST FRONT OF YORK MINSTER

some of York's enthusiastic admirers must go back even further in their hoary claims. A twelfth-century scholar wrote that York was founded by no less distinguished a person than the grandson of Æneas at the time when David and Solomon reigned over the Israelites. Bettering this boast is one that says York's founder was actually a relative of the Psalmist, and that he came to England about 1000 B. C. A more generally accepted view is that before the coming of the Romans, about the first century of the present era, York was in the hands of a British tribe, the Brigantes, famous for a particularly infamous queen, Cartismandua; and that when Hadrian arrived from Rome, his imperial efficiency converted York in a very few

years into a bustling Roman town. When the Romans had gone, and the Angles had driven the Britons into Wales and Caledonia, York was the

capital of the Saxon kingdom. Then came the Danes and finally the Normans; and after that the city is so completely snarled up with the unrememberable succession of English kings that only a native born Briton can untangle its associations. The Northumbrian King Edwin was baptized there on Easter Day, 627 A. D., and with him all of his court and ten thousand others. It was to York that Edward II retreated after Bannockburn. Edward IV entered the city under the head of his own father hanging on the city gate. Richard III was welcomed by the citizens of York

STONEGATE AND MINSTER, YORK





with whom he was always a popular monarch. Henry VII was married there to the "White Rose of York." Mary Queen of Scots was once in hiding in the city; and her son, on his way to London to be crowned king, stopped there for two nights. Such are a few of the cold facts; but they crop up with living warmth as one goes about the city—in the names of places, in city walls and Roman relics and above all in The Minster, the great cathedral that is so imposing one is permitted to mention it in the same breath with Canterbury and Westminster.

The Minster Church of St. Peter at York is famous for two things: its many kinds of architecture, and its frequent fires. In the beginning of the seventh century, when Romans and Britons worshipped together, a little wooden chapel stood on the site now occupied by the Minster. After King Edwin had been baptized in it, he replaced it with a building of stone. In the next century one of the many fires that have from time to time all but destroyed the cathedral, laid it low, but it was rebuilt a little later by another pious prince. When the Danes took the city they repaired it and so, as Mr. Howells says, it was in a good state to be destroyed by William the Conqueror. At this time also the famous library, of which the scholar Alcuin had been keeper, was burned. The present building, the fifth on this site, was begun in the thirteenth century but additions and restorations went on until nearly the end of the fifteenth.

The cost of building the cathedral was largely defrayed by Indulgences. A man with a not-too-illlicit wish might indulge it by paying to the church certain fixed sums, varying with the length of time for which the Indulgence was granted. In the case of York Cathedral, the time varied from forty days to two and a half years. Wealthy prelates and important families also contributed to it from their own private fortunes. What with fires, restorations and conquests, the cathedral can boast almost every type of ecclesiastical architecture—Norman, early English, Perpendicular



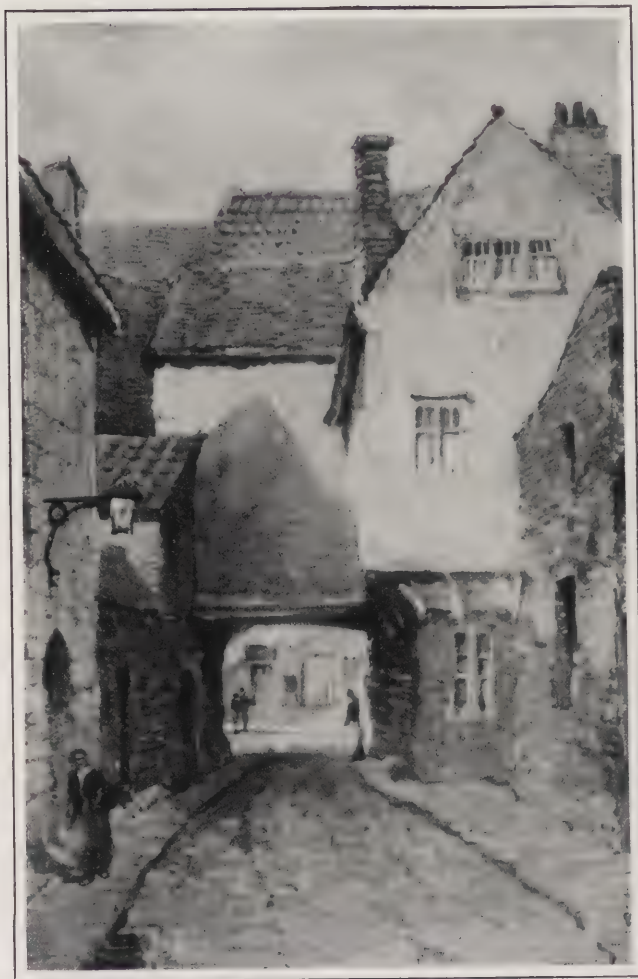
INTERIOR, YORK MINSTER

and Decorated Gothic. In spite of the mixture of styles, it presents a curiously uniform aspect. It is so imposing and magnificent that it overpowers rather than delights, and its history proves that this impression is genuine and legitimate.

During the days when the Church was most powerful in England, York and Canterbury were great rivals, and whatever Canterbury planned, York must better. The minster therefore reflects this spirit of pride and rivalry, of ambition and success rather than a spirit of aspiration or piety. Architects blame its earthiness on defects in design—saying that the towers are not high enough and the west front is over-ornamented; but historians see in it the pride of archbishops who planned it, not so much for the glory of God as for the confusion of Canterbury.

The main entrance is very beautiful, but the west front as a whole is botchy. It is the three towers on this side of the building that Ruskin condemned as architectural confectionery. More-





ST. WILLIAMS COLLEGE, COURT AND CHAPTER HOUSE, YORK

over they are a little too low; they should be about three hundred feet instead of two hundred in height. The façade represents one of those unfortunate decisions on the part of a designer to leave not a square inch of surface undecorated. Unfortunately, too, the cathedral stands in a square that is a little too small for it. The great outdoor sport for tourists seems to be to search for a vantage point from which the cathedral as a whole may be seen to advantage. Most of the drawings and photographs made of it show only its upper portions as seen from the city walls or some other distant point. The city has crowded closely about its feet and, though the spires dominate every view, the walls can scarcely be seen.

The inside of the cathedral is said to be more French than that of any other large English church with the exception of Westminster Abbey. It was never richly painted, but the stained glass windows more than atone for any want of color on the walls. The whole of the interior seems to have been designed chiefly as a setting for these windows. Lovers of statistics may derive their cus-

tomary pleasure from the fact that there are twenty-five thousand, five hundred and thirty square feet of glass in York Minster—probably more than in any other church in the world. This glass, like the building itself, shows the influence of the many periods during which the minster was being alternately burned and restored—Norman, early English and Decorated Gothic. The famous “Five Sisters Windows” are a series of lancets in the north transept, five feet wide and sixty to seventy feet high. They are simple in design and of a peculiar silvery, greyish-green glass with little positive color. It is said that they were placed to perpetuate the memory of five sisters, single ladies (York is famous for its spinsters), who first executed the designs in needlework and then sent them to be copied in glass by foreign artists. This legend belongs to the late thirteenth century and is almost certainly without foundation in fact. The west windows are glorious in color and brave in contrast. Altogether there are one hundred and fifty windows in the minster, all but about twenty of which are of the old glass, though not always in its original place.

Howells was deeply moved by the beauty of the windows of York Minster. “I could not get enough of them. . . . I was forever wondering at their grandeur outside and their glory inside.” He was deeply impressed with what he calls the “ample simplicity of York Minster. No doubt it is full of detail, but I keep no sense of this from that mighty interior with its tree-like, clustered pillars and its measureless windows like breadths of stained foliage in autumnal woodlands.” Its glorious interior he can liken to nothing else than all outdoors; the vistas are open and it is free from “architectural undergrowth; its gates are like the gates of sunrise and sunset for magnitude.”

The chapter house has been praised as the gem of the cathedral. It is octagonal in shape with a conical roof and geometric windows. It is filled with rich carvings, often humorous and not always as pious as one would expect. One for instance shows the devil taking the crown from the king's head; and another shows a nun and a monk kissing. The windows of the chapter house are all of the original glass save one on the east.

When Shakespeare invites us pompously to York:

*I pray you let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and things of fame  
That do renown this city.*



we feel like begging off and assuring him that we'd rather read what he has to say about them than to go there; but when Howells, writing from York, assures us in modern American that the city has "all kinds of streets except straight," we want to take the first boat for Liverpool. Anticipating the uprising of a million or so professors, let it hastily be added that this merely means that Howells was a better press agent. The irregularity of the streets is blamed on the Danes who, finding the city an honest Roman rectangle, rearranged them nearer to the Norse desire. Then to further confuse the few conquered citizens whom they had not slaughtered, they called the streets "Gates" so that the real gates of the city, built in Norman times, had to be called Bars "or else the stranger might take them for streets." These Bars are often handsome and always historic. There are four of them along the city walls and in the dubious language of publicity they are "almost theatrically fine." The city walls almost encircle the city and one may walk about on top of them.

The story of Hotspur comes to an end at one of these city gates known as Mickelgate Bar. Sir Henry Percy, known as Hotspur because he was a brave and headstrong soldier, led an insurrectionary force against his king, Henry IV. He was killed in battle, but Henry had his body disinterred, crushed between two millstones and then beheaded, drawn and quartered with typical medieval thoroughness. The four quarters were exhibited in different places and the head was hung on Mickelgate Bar in York where the king was staying. Henry summoned Hotspur's father, the Earl of Northumberland, to York; and the poor earl made abject submission to the king. On this cheerful errand his way lay through the Bar, beneath the head of his favorite son. But this need not have given the earl any feeling of pride, for so many heads were exposed on Mickelgate Bar, before and after Hotspur's time, that it was scarcely a mark of distinction.

Clifford's Tower is almost as full of bloody memories as Mickelgate Bar. In 1190 there was a persecution of the Jews and the Chosen People took refuge in the Tower. Closely besieged by those who would convert or kill them, about five hundred killed themselves and their families and set fire to the tower. The rest chose to save their lives by professing Christianity, so they emerged from it with this intention to redeem the promise



BEDERN, YORK

of the besiegers and were promptly slain "by their brethren in Christ."

Unfortunately York lies just a little beside the path of many tourists, not so much in actual distance as in their ignorance of history and architecture. It is as thickly plastered with gory facts as the west front of the cathedral with ornament. The tourist who goes to Stratford can come back home and boast with confidence of a single thing: "I have seen the place where Shakespeare was born." But the tourist who goes to York hardly knows which fact of its history to pick as the most dazzling with which to confound his friends at home. He cannot say: "I have seen the place where Constantine was crowned emperor, the first English Christian king baptized, Alcuin the scholar was the keeper of the library," and so on down to modern times. After Constantine, each event is bound to partake of the nature of an anticlimax. Only a Howells can see, alike in the history of the city and the architecture of the minster, an ample spaciousness that gives the imagination free play.

*Illustrations by courtesy of the London & Northeastern Railway*





"MOTHER AND CHILD"

BY MARIO TOPPI

## MARIO TOPPI—Modern Primitive

MARIO TOPPI, peasant painter from the Sabine hills to the north of Rome, is a genuine exponent of untutored art, an unconscious legatee of natural bounty and environment. His career, from the very start, has been attended by the unusual. It is told among the townsfolk of Anticoli how his mother, a particularly pious woman, finding herself unable to suckle this one of her many offspring, set off straightway across the valley to a small chapel some fifteen miles distant where a certain miracle-working relic was enshrined, and made her devotions in full faith. The story moreover goes on to relate the successful outcome of her arduous pilgrimage and how little Mario was eventually nourished in all abundance. Such early rites somewhat explain the special favor which this young painter has always enjoyed.

Anticoli is one of those incredibly fascinating

*Young peasant painter from the Sabine hills whose free, untutored art recalls the ancient Italian masters*

RALPH FLINT

Italian hill-towns whose compact masonries, seemingly as old as time itself, grip the craggy slopes with tenacious hold. This ancient habitation looks upon the outer world and its shifting modes with a fine indifference. Splendidly isolated, it continues quite unmindful of the march of time. The motor cars threading the winding valley roads that lead past Horace's villa to the Eternal City only a scant three hours distant mean little to these Anticolians perched aloft in their hilly fastness where a thousand years has left so little trace. Toppi and his friends still wear the primitive peasant costume of unnumbered generations. They wrap their feet with hairy cowhide coverings against the pebbly mountain paths, and they still make their plows of wood after the ancient pattern. Among these simple folk Mario Toppi has spent his days.

But if Anticoli does not care to grapple with





"THE PRAYER"

BY MARIO TOPPI

the passing centuries, it is not wholly without its outside contacts. During the summer months the Roman artists seek out this region, and it is in Anticoli especially that they find their models. Many of the Anticolians make a living by posing, and certain ones go to Rome in the winter as professional models. But even these contacts seem to have small effect, and as for Toppi, he openly

prefers the peace and remoteness of his mountain home to any of the divertissements of the city. On each visit to Rome he has found only distraction, and it is quite possible that without such simplicity of outlook and desire he could never have achieved such a direct pictorial concept.

Toppi came into the world of art quite naturally. His meditations took shape in line and color

"ST. FRANCIS"

BY MARIO TOPPI







"THE BIRTH OF THE CHILD"

BY MARIO TOPPI

apparently without effort. It is related that his initial cue came from an artist at work in some corner of the town. Standing alongside in the typical mood of the street-corner critic, Toppi took exception to the painter's sense of proportion at some especially difficult point. Much intrigued, the artist challenged this untrained and presumptuous fellow to arm himself with the necessary materials and accompany him to a nearby goatshed where they might in all seriousness determine who could make the better drawing of a goat. Toppi emerged from the shed with a drawing which was acclaimed the winner; and thus his artistic career, so humbly mangled, was ushered in.

Among those who elected the altitudes of Anticoli for mid-season diversion was Maurice Sterne, the American artist. He came upon some of Toppi's drawings, recognized their character and furthered the discovery by one day bringing Stephan Bourgeois, art dealer and patron of promising young modernists, to Anticoli to see for himself what had been unearthed upon its rugged slopes. This important event took place at the Toppi home, where Mario and quite a number of his fourteen brothers and sisters dwell,

one evening shortly after the New York entrepreneur's arrival. A bundle of carelessly rolled-up lithographic papers of a cheap variety on which were a series of pencilings slightly reinforced with washes of color and accented with touches of varicolored crayons was quite casually produced from an old leather trunk in the attic, and the drawings offered for the distinguished foreigner's inspection. At once the collector was convinced that here was an art clear, continent and thoroughly consistent. To him these drawings appeared so complete in thought and expression, so endued with purity of form and depth of sentiment that he decided on the spot to acquire the lot. After negotiations were concluded and refreshments had been served, the young artist quietly intimated that a tip was expected, which puzzled the art patron somewhat until he learned that all money went into the family till and that Mario was acting quite within his rights and upon thoroughly good precedent. The tip was added and the dealer went home that night highly elated over his new discovery and the novelty of the whole proceeding. In the morning a basket of fine Italian marrons was found on the Bourgeois doorstep as a thank offering.

From here the tale of Mario Toppi jumps to





"CHRIST'S DEATH"

BY MARIO TOPPI

New York, to the Bourgeois Galleries on Fifth Avenue where in the spring of 1923 some thirty of his drawings were placed on public exhibition, and this world première of an absolutely unknown, untrained peasant painter became one of the sensations of that art season. Within the first few days of the opening, practically the entire collection of drawings had been sold to collectors and museums, and the name of Toppi became heard on all sides.

In his art Toppi is primarily concerned with religious subjects, but these scriptural themes occur to him naturally and vigorously. While he conceives these biblical events in a mood of deepest reverence, yet they have such a sense of familiarity and immediacy that they might have been enacted but yesterday on the very slopes of Anticoli and with the artist himself in rapt attendance. He draws his pictorial material out of the store of a very retentive memory; from everyday details he finds the incidental matter that he likes to weave about the incidents in the Saviour's earthly career. He puts the faces and features of his own Anticoli into the narrative of the Good Shepherd, and the terraced slopes of this Sabine mount serve him for the hills and vales of Judea. Under an Italian arbor of slender poles, delicately festooned with flowering vines, he sets an "Adoration of the Virgin," and in the quaintest of Anticolian wooden structures, ringed

all about with little hills where peaceful cattle browse, he depicts a "Nativity." His "Mother and Child," shown in the illustration, has probably been inspired by a chance glimpse of some village mother resting by the wayside.

In this first New York exhibition Toppi showed an "Ascension" where the central figure and attendant angels were seen in an exquisite departure from material bondage, lifted up in spiritual beauty, and all linked together by slender strands of blossoming tendrils. Throughout these drawings little children are scattered like asphodels by the wayside, unconscious symbols of purity and grace. His "St. Christopher" and many of the scenes of the last years of the Mother of Jesus are filled with a more dramatic and sustained power than the earliest drawings. While these drawings of Toppi in many instances recall the work of Byzantine and Italian masters, it is only in a general sense that any similarity can be traced. There are too many passages of purely personal procedure in his work to let the accusation of plagiarism go unchallenged. Toppi is self-taught, self-advised, a devoted student of nature and an artist with an amazingly sure sense of selection. There is a quality of line and color here that should make the highly trained artist sigh over his profitless years of uninspired preparation, that should make him long to turn within to find for himself the delights of an inspirational art.





A COURTYARD OF THE LITTLE STREET IN SPAIN

Photos by J. Walter Collinge

## The LITTLE STREET in SPAIN

SANTA BARBARA, with its splendid southern exposure, was originally laid out with great care following the forethought of none less than His Majesty, King Philip of Spain. This

fact was discovered by Zellia Nuttall in Madrid but eleven years ago, though the ordinances for the laying out of towns in the New World were issued by the painstaking monarch from the palace of the Escorial in 1573.

The title of these papers, which reveal a remarkable attempt to formulate principles of town planning and to impose their execution, *pro bono publico*, on the pioneers of the New World, reads: "Real Ordenanzas Para Nuevas Poblaciones, etc.—San Lorenzo, 3 de Julio, 1573. Yo el Rey Ordenanzas para descubrimientos, nuevas poblaciones y pacificaciones." This interesting legacy of the past describes what is an ideal plan for the location of a town according to artist, churchman, engineer, architect, strategist, meteorologist and hygienist. Minute directions were given concerning the pro-

*Architectural development in Santa Barbara inspired by the adobe mansions of the Spanish colonists*

Henriette BOEGKMANN

portions and size of the main square which was to form the nucleus of the township, to furnish a place of recreation for its inhabitants and to be surrounded by stately public buildings, shops and

commercial houses only, lined with an arcade. Four main streets, also with arcades, were to extend from the middle of each side of the square, while two minor streets were to converge at each of its corners. These were to face the cardinal points so that the main streets leading to the principal square should not be exposed to the four principal winds "which would cause much inconvenience."

The visitor to Santa Barbara's Little Street in Spain will find that in many respects the Castilian monarch's building theories have been put into practice, as for instance, his order that while in cool climates streets were to be wide, so in hot countries they were to be narrow thus retaining the cool of the morning for a longer time and being shaded for most of the day. "El Paseo de las



Flores," the street is called, and the sign, on State Street, points to a long narrow corridor filled on one side with flowers in baskets and jars. The newcomer follows and finds daintily decorated shop-windows looking upon the passage with flagstones underfoot and its beams above painted in quaint floral pattern. Presently the adventuresome visitor comes to an open space between white-walled buildings, a bit of lipia lawn with boxes crowded with plants beside a brown-stained stairway winding up and up. And over where an apricot tree of ample years stands, this street from a story book begins again.

White walls as before but no shop-windows, only stairways that disappear with fascinating turns. One comes to a curved doorway, the end of this section of the somnolent little street. And then what a picture is portrayed in lofty white wall, upper-story verandah, sloping tiled roof and spread awning all gathered around an open court! And this courtyard, a triumphantly perfect stage setting for a tale of Spain, so replete with an amorous atmosphere of olden times, is the very heart of Santa Barbara's new yet old Street in Spain. It is new and essentially unique because nothing just like it has been created in modern times; it is old and distinctly romantic because a part of the street actually dates back to the days of the dons in California. One side of the central courtyard is, indeed, the rear wall of La Casa Grande, still standing as the most notable landmark, next to the missions, of the Spanish residency in Alta California. It is now better known as



STAIRWAY FROM THE COURTYARD OF EL PASEO RESTAURANT

the de la Guerra mansion, it having been the home of Don Jose Antonio Julian de la Guerra, Commandante of the Presidio of Santa Barbara in 1815, and scion of a distinguished family of Spain. Two of his granddaughters still dwell in a part of the historic house.

INTERIOR OF EL PASEO RESTAURANT







A PASSAGEWAY WITH PRIMITIVE ARCADE

There are numerous exits from this central court. One leads through the middle of the great de la Guerra adobe on across the ancient flagstones of the verandah and out into the gardened courtyard of the casa itself, to a gate in the curving adobe wall opening on a broad city street which has long borne the name of De la Guerra. Another exit is over a small terrace, down some steps and

along a passageway very crudely flagged, the northern wall of the de la Guerra mansion forming one side and handsome, primitive arches, a copy of some in Spain, bordering studios on the opposite side. A broad canopy terminates this little street from which one can follow on up to the Oreña studios, formerly the living quarters of an old Spanish family of that name.





NARROW COVERED PASSAGEWAYS LEAD FROM THE COURTS OF THE LITTLE STREET

One exit from the common court leads through a vaulted corridor to a small platform with a railing of wrought iron festooned by trailers from potted English ivy. From this vantage point one gains a delightful view of El Paseo restaurant, a kind of meeting place for all those residing in the Little Street in Spain. It is sometimes called The

Patio restaurant, for at noon meals are served in the square roofed only with magnificent awnings of tawny brown Venetian sail cloth.

In the restaurant someone is always arranging flowers for the tables with that deliberation the Spanish ever dote on. In the gay-tiled oblong pool in the centre of the court grow tall grasses,





FOUNTAIN AND COURT AT THE END OF THE LITTLE STREET IN SPAIN

Photo by J. L. Von Blon

and full-blown roses, daily tossed therein, drift on its surface. In the surrounding arches hang shiny Mexican bowls with their trailing plants, and huge clusters of golden dates and long strings of cherry-red chili peppers give splashes of color.

From The Patio restaurant as well as from the central court little streets lead through to the picturesque gateway opening onto the next broad city street directly opposite the remarkable remodeling of the famous old Spanish play-house, the Lobero Theatre. Along the side of the dazzling white walls of this palatial edifice will pass the Little Street in Spain, right through the heart of the block to Carrillo Street where stand several other of California's noted adobe mansions of her hidalgo past that have also been changed into studios. Following along will be little shops of various kinds, and the shopper may come and go freed from all annoying hazards of the traffic as found on city streets, for the Little Street is reserved for pedestrians.

James Osborne Craig, the architect, to whom belong the laurels for achievement of this ideal street and studio plan, died in 1922, having lived long enough, however, to complete his drawings. In the upstairs studios of the Oreña mansion where the ancient beams of the adobe are so low as to almost touch one's head, the writer talked with Mrs. Craig, widow of the architect, who has gone on with her husband's art, having worked on the plans for the Little Street under his guidance for some time.

"My husband was a Scotchman who in his boyhood was often taken to make visits in Spain," she said. "Santa Barbara seemed to him the ideal place in the New World, because of its climatic conditions, its people, and its historical background, in which to re-create the inspiration his early days in Spain had given him. And it is my hope that this bit in Santa Barbara will afford inspiration for other cities to adopt the old simple style of architecture."





"THE PIAZZETTA." INTERIOR OF THE ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL COFFEE HOUSE

## Southern ITALY in NEW YORK

TO ENTER directly into a southern Italian piazzetta through the cold exterior of an office building is the delightful experience in store for those who venture to the Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Shop on West 47th Street in New York. So perfect is the illusion that one cannot but regret an inability to overlook the rather disconcerting chairs and tables. But what matter, for after all it is still a superbly done theatrical setting and when people are seated you cannot see the chairs.

Primarily a task for the architect, Cromwell has done his part well. He has lined the original walls with superstructures to represent houses and made of his chief difficulty, the ugly square concrete posts, the basis of his division of space as well as the *raison d'être* of one of the most engaging features, a pergola covered with grape vines. The whole represents an Italian village square with a

A STREET IN THE COFFEE HOUSE







THE MARKET PLACE. BELOW: LOUNGE AND FIREPLACE

the iron grilles were in place one could hardly resist peering inside. Where the posts divide the space at the back a wall has been erected blocking off the kitchen, making room for a lounge decorated

with Venetian chairs, exquisite glassware and a remarkable fireplace arrangement. To the right of this wall an "outside" stairway of stone has been erected and leads to a mezzanine which is a small restaurant in itself, having its own kitchens.

The front of the shop with its huge plate-glass windows makes the background for the cathedral setting quite complete with Gothic arches, rose windows and huge stone buttresses which serve their turn concealing part of the ventilating system. At the foot of the cathedral nestles a typical market place. The counters are constructed of old barrels and boxes. A decrepit cart is filled with rainbow-hued baskets handwoven of soft Italian straw. Quaint shelves hold china and glassware from the same source. Everywhere there are flowers—bright geraniums in boxes, young birch trees against a wall and a magical lilac bush near a renaissance doorway. Nor is the ever-present wayside shrine forgotten. The Madonna of the *Miracle* gazes serenely down from her niche in the corner of a wall.

Bringing the ensemble to life are the lighting effects of Robert Graves, who is also responsible for the lighting of Morris Gest's "*Miracle*." The light varies to correspond with the hour.  
—JANE HOLBERTON.







DECORATION "WILD GEESSE"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY

## Paintings by ROWENA M. ABDY

THE ART of Rowena Meeks Abdy is American; and so it should be for she herself is an American of old Puritan stock. Journeys to Europe for observation and sketch-

ing seem to have intensified her desire to become a painter of American scenes and themes. Keen, analytical study of European galleries served but to strengthen her determination to render what aid she might to carry forward the art of America. California has become to her the most beloved and understood of sketching grounds. That is why we find her today not only a painter with a peculiar gift for the portrayal of California's inspiring scenery in sunshine, shadow, rain or fog but also as a painter who records for posterity something of the California of Yesterday while Today permits it to be done.

With constructive wisdom this painter has completed the necessary arrangements whereby her home and studio overlooking San Francisco Bay will, after her death, be preserved for the use of

*In both art and life she is loyal to the charm and beauty of California, her adopted state*

H. BENNETT ABDY

American painters who may need but a year or two of assistance to complete their study. In line with this idea Mrs. Abdy gives kindly admonishment to young student friends who visit

her to say "goodbye" before leaving for study in Europe. She reminds them that, though they go to finish their studies in famous art schools abroad, it is not alone for the furtherance of their own ambitions but also that they may become worthy standard bearers of art in their native land.

During the sketching and painting of her California scenes Rowena Meeks Abdy has journeyed the length and breadth of the state in the last twelve years. Her latest and most comfortable method of traveling is in her big sedan, the interior of which has been remodeled into a studio equipped with a compact cupboard and compartments wherein are kept her paints, paper and canvases. From the quiet and privacy of locked doors she sketches in comfort—secure from wind and dust and noisy, over-interested spectators.





"FROM A HILLTOP IN SAN FRANCISCO"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY

*WEST from San Francisco's City Hall there begins a quiet and narrow street. From the City Hall the street climbs a steep bill, and, from its top, nearly a mile away, is afforded the view which Mrs. Abdy has shown in this picture. The rows of old houses are relics of San Francisco which survived the fire and earthquake of 1906. The town west of the City Hall was saved from burning by the broad thoroughfare, Van Ness Avenue. So from the summit of this street one sees the old San Francisco and the new, while a glimpse of the bay behind the dome gives a splendid background.*





"A MAIN STREET OF EARLY SPANISH CALIFORNIA DAYS"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY

"THE CASA OF THE COMMANDANTE"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY







"OLD-FASHIONED ROOM"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY

DECORATION WITH GOLD LEAF: "COALING"

BY ROWENA MEEKS ABDY





# When HOLBEIN PAINTED an "AD"

**H**AD YOUNG George Gisze, prosperous merchant of the Hansa and citizen of Basel, that leader in the earlier League of the Rhine Cities, guessed the ultimate resting-

place of the portrait which he permitted his fellow-townsmen to paint, I trow that Hans Holbein never would have produced this most magnificent of advertisements. The Prussians, in Gisze's day, were considered the veriest barbarians, and it looks like the irony of fate that this painting which immortalizes a member of the great Hanseatic league, with which, in its day of power, neither king nor emperor cared to trifle, should now adorn the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, a palace of that monarch who, in 1888, obliterated the last shred of independence left to the two surviving cities of the league—Hamburg and Bremen. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

To speak of the picture as "an advertisement" is in a sense literally true. Holbein's earlier visit to England, when he formed one of the happy household of Sir Thomas More at Chelsea and listened to the humorous, wise and brilliant conversation of More and Erasmus, Archbishop Warham or Grocyn the Scholar, had lasted three years. On his return to Germany he had met little appreciation, even in Basel, his home, and so he drifted back to London, to find that Erasmus had left England for the last time, that Warham and other patrons were dead and that Sir Thomas More had lost the king's fickle favor and was living in somewhat straightened retirement. With the practical desire of making a living from his art, Holbein introduced himself to his compatriots of the London Steelyard. It was natural to approach first Master George Gisze, as a co-citizen, whose family, although of noble blood, had been long distinguished among the leading merchants of Basel. To him he made the offer to paint this portrait for the Steelyard Guildhall as an exhibition of his artistic skill. The paper apparently pinned on the wall at the top of the picture contains the following Latin stanza, composed by Holbein and pointing out the merits and faithfulness of the painting:

*"Imaginem Georgii Gysenii  
"Ista refert vultus, qua carnis imago Georgi  
"Sic oculos vivos, sic habet ille genas,  
"Anno aetatis suae XXXIII.  
"Anno dom. 1532."*

*Portrait painted for a merchant of the Hansa League in London brought him many commissions*

A. E. F R A S E R

We have the best reasons for believing that the merchants of the Steelyard considered this an excellent likeness, for orders came thick and fast upon the artist; one of these mer-

chants, indeed, thus autographed his own portrait: "When thirty-three years of age, I, Deryck Tybis, looked like this picture, as Holbein hath painted me." Besides many another portrait-study, Holbein adorned the Steelyard council-chamber with two large allegorical pictures, "Triumph of Riches" and "Triumph of Poverty." The first subject was much the more popular. The second did not depict the humble Lady Poverty, beloved of St. Francis; the thrifty Hansa idea personified a miserable wretch in a cart drawn by Negligence, Idleness, Greed and Sloth.

Holbein was put through his initiation, which was not quite so strenuous an affair in London as it had been earlier at Wisby and Bergen, and established himself in a tiny house, one of a row built upon London Bridge; so, being close to the Steelyard, upon the site of which Cannon Railway Station now stands, he could avail himself of all the privileges of this unique mercantile cloister. The London Steelyard—so named from the great weighing machine of London being at that place—was one of the most important stations of the Hanseatic League, which included at its height upward of one hundred and seventy cities, although it was against their policy ever to publish any definite list of membership. In Holbein's time the Hansa Merchants of London had held their unique position—a city within a city, a walled foreign fortress at the very river-gate of England's capital—for almost four centuries. I have called it a cloister. It might better be named a university of commerce. Its members held their positions for periods of ten years. They must not marry—no woman might set foot within their precincts, lest the almost Masonic ritual of their conferences might be betrayed to the outside world. A house-master and twelve councillors managed the affairs of their community life. Between the house-master's residence, which included the dormitories and a great stone-flagged kitchen, and the Guildhall, which served as common dining-room and council chamber, extended a "fair pleasance" set with trees and flowering shrubs making shady arbors, also a broad lawn where the younger men might play at ball or tennis. Favored citizens of





"PORTRAIT OF GEORGE GISZE"

BY HOLBEIN

London might visit in this garden but only until nine o'clock in the evening, for the Hansa merchants believed firmly in the distich:

*"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
"Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."*

It was the League's custom to send to the trading stations in foreign countries, so far as possible, men from the same city. Holbein consequently found himself very much at home during his stay as a member of the Painters' Guild, in the London Steelyard, since many of the men, besides

his friend of the portrait, were from Basel. In this portrait the artist, as was his wont, tried to give us, not only a life-size portrayal of the young man, but his *milieu*, his daily work, customs, tastes. Holbein's art does not show the mysterious, haunting light and shadow of Rembrandt's character study, nor is he able to give the sense of *plein air*, of distance, of atmosphere, that fills the spacious canvas of Velasquez. He paints with photographic exactness, and no little penetration, the man as he sees him; his sense of color is pure and rich, although usually deliberately limited in



scale, and he has a love of perfect finish and exquisite detail, not only for its own sake but also for what he can make it convey. Let us see what he has told us. In the first place, remember, these were the days of the great craft guilds, when no slipshod or scamped work might pass. Notice the fine finish of the woodwork, the mortised corner and skilful fastening of the box in the upper right-hand corner, the fluting on the edge of the shelves, the graceful curve and acanthus leaf carved in the supporting brackets. Then see, on the table, the delicate skill displayed in the fine lines of the pewter pen-case, and of the copper tinder-box, remembering that these are not turned by machinery, but each is a little masterpiece from some craftsman's hand. Much, too, is told of the extent of the league's commerce and manufactures. A century earlier, the Persian tablecloth would have entered Europe by the port of Venice, across the Brenner Pass, and thence down the Rhine. By this route, also, would have come, from China, the rose-colored silk and heavy velvet of the merchant's attire, and either Damascus or India might have produced the exquisitely wrought arabesques on the bronze ball containing twine. But in 1532 the great guilds of Bruges and Antwerp were carrying on manufactures in textiles and metal work which hardly could be distinguished from the finest Oriental productions, and, being less in peril from pirates and highway robbers — "land-rats and water-rats" — the "just prices" for them could be fixed at lesser rates than before. No other city, yet, had produced craftsmen to equal the glass-blowers of Murano, however, and the slender grace of the crystal flower vase is true Venetian workmanship. The small steelyard, or scales, was a most necessary part of every merchant's equipment. Spices, drugs, jewels, and, above all, coins, must be accurately weighed. Milled edges were not yet used, so there was a constant tendency on the part of the unscrupulous to shave off a little soft gold. In the open pen-case we may see various coins that are to have their full value carefully tested. On the corner of the shelf hangs a "Nuremberg egg." This primitive parent of our modern watch was invented in Nuremberg about 1500 by Peter Hele and contained the miniature works of a clock within a globular case—hence the name. There was no dial, but it struck every hour. It was equipped with a sort of pendulum, at first of catgut, with a weight like a truncated cone; but later, as in the picture, an articulated steel chain was used. Our friend, George Gisze, was evidently quite up-to-date, for this device came into use only about a year before that on the picture—1532.

We see slips of paper with seals attached. These were preserved as receipts from various transactions. The exact folding of a letter before envelopes were used can be clearly seen, and phrases from the manuscripts can be deciphered with a good glass. Most of it is correspondence with Lübeck, head city of the League, except the letter in the merchant's hand, a private one, of which more anon. Some may refer to the rise into prominence in the Burgher Committee of Jürgen Wullenweber, who was to become the last great Hanseatic leader; others may complain that Gustavus Vasa, "the ox-driver" whom Lübeck had supported in his struggle for the crown, was rapidly and vigorously drawing Sweden away from commercial allegiance to the League. The Lübeckers considered Vasa's determination to support the trade of the Swedish merchants distinctly unkind, and felt that he should be happy to carry out the spirit of their old byword:

*"Was willst du begeben mehr  
"Als die alte Lübsche Ehr?"*

The thick letter-case, almost bursting its stamped, red-leather straps, doubtless contains many such documents. The heavy silver handle of the great Hansa seal, used for all official correspondence, lies, as in most of Holbein's other portraits of the League Merchants, conspicuously in the foreground. Too well known were its design of the imperial double eagle and the motto, "Signum Civitatum Maritimarum," for the artist to delay in depicting it, but the seal ring which lies near on the table is clearly engraved with the arms of the Gisze family. The glitter of the carved steel of the sword-hilt shows us also that this merchant claimed gentle blood; but apart from that, every member of the Steelyard kept a full equipment of defensive armor in his office, for riots sometimes broke out in London against the foreigners who throttled English trade, and the Hansa Merchants never knew when they might be again called upon to pronounce "bread and cheese" in true English fashion, as in the wild days of the peasants' revolt. The massive keys hanging in the corner remind us, also, of the close lock and guard of the Steelyard gates, shutting in this walled retreat at nine o'clock each night, and they let us know, too, that Master Gisze was one of the twelve councillors who governed this community of commerce. Only six years before, Henry VIII had forced an entrance with his soldiery into the Steelyard to search for any writings of the arch-heretic, Martin Luther. Suspicious, as he was, of the fact that both the new learning and the new faith were making their



greatest progress among the merchant class, he could find nothing save a few German Bibles and prayer-books. In the top left-hand corner of the picture may be seen a crimson leather prayer-book with a gold clasp. Evidently George Gisze had lately been reading the large volume, for we can see the slip of paper marking his place. Is the book a ledger, or is it "Holy Writ?" Whether again this tome might be the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More or Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," we know well that these two books were familiarly discussed by the German merchants of the Hansa, but if it were intended to be the latter volume, with Holbein's own illustrations, we may guess that the artist would have found means to indicate the fact to us.

Now we reach the climax of Holbein's silent biography. The young merchant "on this day of his thirty-third year" is pondering deeply. The letter in his hand contains food for serious thought. The superscription, in German text, runs: "Der erzamen Jorgen Gisze zu Lunden in Engeland, mynem broder zu handen." ("To the honorable George Gisze in London, England, my brother, to his own hands.") What news herein contained from his home in Basel causes this serious reflection? Is it an account of that campaign in which Charles V at the head of his army had just forced the Turks under their great Sultan Suleiman down the shores of the Danube? Does he wonder whether the prestige of these victories will tend to make the emperor too strong for the League's independence? Doubtless, in this, or some other letter in the last few months, his brother did mention the death of John Oecolampadius, that noted teacher and courageous supporter of the Reformed Faith. Does George Gisze remember his school-days and the Greek grammar lessons? Or does he hear again the echoing tones from those stirring sermons preached in the great red minster overlooking the rushing Rhine? Perhaps. Yet the message of this letter is mainly different from these speculations, and, for those who observe, Holbein has in subtle fashion depicted it. Over the young man's name on the wall is inscribed, "Nulla sine merore voluptas." The happiness to which this letter refers is, like all earthly pleasures, tinged with regret. The carnation, in the German sentiment of that day, was the emblem of happy love, of betrothal. That this is the central theme, the artist shows by making the pink flower; and the green leaves set in the translucent gray of the glass with its touch of black shadow give the keynote of color for the whole painting. From the delicate pink of the carnation, the sleeves and tunic of rose-colored satin, the carmine in the

tablecloth, the crimson of the large book, the red and gold straps of the leather case, the red cord of the scales, the more vivid scarlet of the sealing wax and the silk lining of the coin box—through all, the rose tint glows and deepens in contrast with the soft green stain of the background and the gray of silver and steel and pewter, until the complementary colors flash together in the sparkle of ruby and emerald on the two rings suspended together on the edge of the shelf.

Thus Holbein made the portrait, painted primarily as a testimony to his own skill, serve also the purpose of wedding card, or "announcement," for the subject of the picture, indicating that Master Gisze's term of ten years' service in the London office had expired, that he would return soon to Basel to be married, but hinting also that there was some little regret, too, in severing connections with his friends and fellow workers in England. Yet, look again. The young man's expression shows more than gentle regret. In the slightly narrowed eyes and the close lips we read that there is a difficult decision to be made, need for control, and—yes—secrecy. Perhaps unwittingly, Holbein has added to the portrait just that touch of the mystery in each separate human soul which eternally eludes and yet fascinates us.

The portrait remained in the Guildhall of the Steelyard after Gisze's return to his native city and Holbein's sudden death from the Black Plague some years later. England's commerce expanded greatly in the days of good Queen Bess, and the Company of Merchant Adventurers first rivaled and finally got the upper hand of the German merchants. The climax of a long contest between Elizabeth and the League resulted in the peremptory expulsion of the Steelyard traders in 1598. Five years later, at the accession of James I, the equipment and furnishings of the buildings became the property of the mayor and aldermen of London, who presented all the pictures to that well-loved young Prince Henry, the friend of the imprisoned Sir Walter Raleigh. His untimely death made his brother Charles his heir. Charles I's critical acumen in standards of art was far superior to that which he displayed in matters political. His collection of pictures, including the subject of this essay, was one of the finest in Europe. When Oliver Cromwell took the reins of power, many works of art from the royal collection were sold. Thus the portrait of George Gisze has been in the successive hands of a prince, a king, a "protector" and the Hohenzollern emperors; now again to be found under the rule of much the same plain German merchants as he was himself.





English example of placing seat in dense shade in niche of yew hedge

## FURNITURE *for the* GARDEN

IN MEDIEVAL DAYS, the ideal garden seat consisted of a mound of earth, covered sometimes with plain grass, sometimes with grass and flowers, as can so frequently be seen in paintings and engravings of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Sometimes these seats were built along the wall surrounding the orchard, which was then the most usual form of garden, the wall serving as the back of the seat. Often the seat ran along the full length of the wall, in other cases it was built only in one or more corners. One charming variation of this type of seat can be seen in one of the Flemish illustrations for the *Romance of the Rose*, where the background for the grass seat is formed by a trellis, covered with roses, which at the same time serves as an enclosure for the garden. It is quite probable that these earliest seats were purely structural and that their ultimate use and elaboration came as a development of the walls. Later, similar seats were built standing free on the lawn, with brick fronts which supported the soil on which the grass

*From the grass seats of medieval days to modern wooden benches a wide range of choice is offered*

S. HELENA ROSSE

cushion was to grow. The turf seat seems to have been about the only type of garden seat used in northern Europe until the end of the sixteenth century. With the advent of the Renaissance, stone benches of classical type came into vogue and at the same time portable wooden benches and tables were also used. It is remarkable that these grass seats have never come back into fashion. Their appearance in the garden is so charming, and they could be used in such a variety of ways, that it would be well worth while to keep them in mind as a possibility in planning for seats in the garden.

For general use in home gardens, simple wooden seats have recently been used more than any other kind. They are more readily adaptable to various types of garden than those of any other material, are usually less expensive and offer an unlimited choice in design and color. Fortunately there is a large number of well-designed benches of this kind which can be bought ready made, but if

*Illustrations reproduced from drawings by Herman L. Rosse*





*A medieval brick seat in U shape. Often two of these U-shaped benches were combined into an enclosed garden*

the garden as a whole is to gain by the presence of these seats, they have to be placed quite judiciously, both from the standpoint of comfort and decorative value. As a rule these benches have been painted white, but it is often advisable to paint them in different colors where special color schemes are aimed at. A light grey will often blend more pleasantly with the plants and flowers than glaring white and various shades of green and blue, if carefully selected in relation to trees or shrubbery, are often very successful. If wooden seats are built in oak or teakwood they do not need painting and in many cases look better in the garden than painted ones.

In a small garden as well as in a large one, a great deal of charm can be added, at small cost, by placing a wooden seat of simple design in a three-sided trellis, which should be planted with roses or other suitable climbers. A similar trellis can be elaborated on in any desired way, forming a cover overhead which may even be crowned by a small figure. Also the ground on which the seat stands offers all possible chance for individual fancies.

The wooden benches that are found in the dooryards of European farmhouses are often among the very best examples of design for benches that are to be used in daily life. They are strongly built but not too heavy, so that they can easily be moved, and are without unnecessary frills. They suggest real comfort and are inviting enough to make it almost unnatural to pass them

without taking a rest. One of their particular charms is the easily recognizable kinship to the house and the furniture in the house and their air of having been made to suit the spot and the requirements of the occupants of the house. Probably the benches have been made by the same hands that built the front door, the window-box and shutters, the plant tubs and flowerpot stand which are often the inseparable companions of the front yard bench.

Entirely in keeping with the peasant garden seats are the benches built around the heavy trunk of a favorite tree, often an apple tree or a linden. They have the great advantage of leaving the choice of sun or shade. A charming variation on the idea of using a tree as the centre of a garden nook is the scheme of building a table around the tree trunk and placing a circular seat, or several sections of a circle, at a convenient distance from the table.

A pleasant atmosphere of hospitality can be given to the passerby if benches are worked in connection with the boundary hedge or entrance gate, or with the entrance door of the house, although the treatment of a bench next to the house door must be entirely different from that for one at the far end of the garden. It requires a fairly large garden to work out successfully the idea of four seats placed at the crossing of two walks. There has to be space enough for a good distance between the seats and plenty of space for shrubbery or hedges, or both, to enclose the inter-





*This very simple form of trellis background adds greatly to the charm of the garden, at a very small cost*

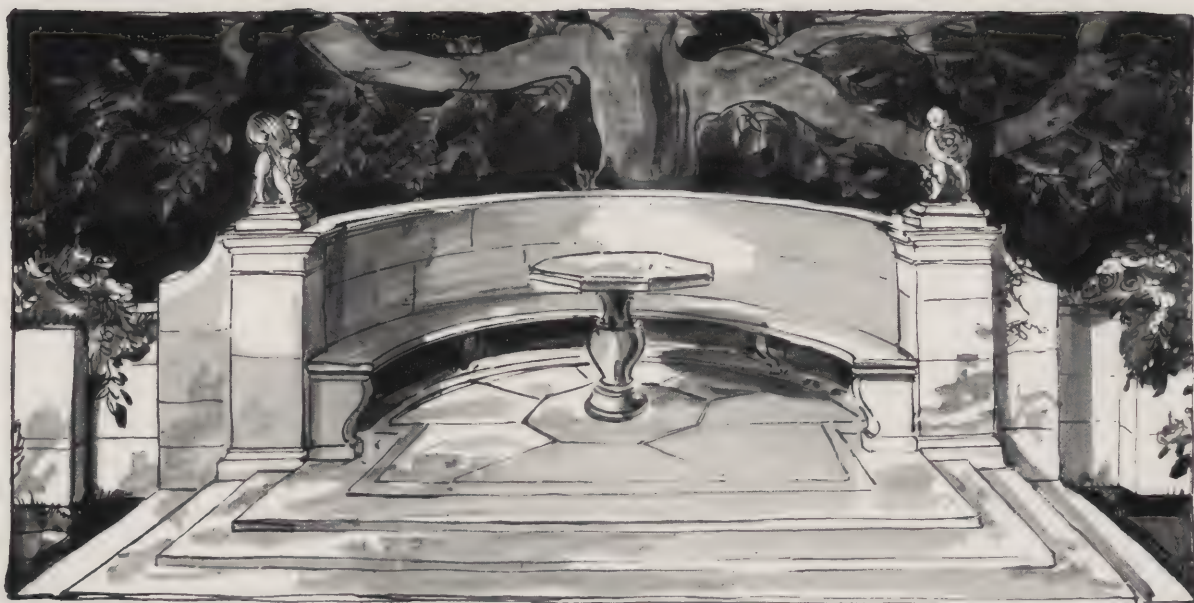
section of the walks. Here again is a great opportunity for a variety of treatment, because the effect will be entirely different with every change in the choice of planting, background, or design of the benches. Another way of securing a shady or a sunny seat and several vistas in a compact and practical way presents a simple shelter, which really comes very near being a small gardenhouse, its four sides having been utilized as backgrounds for benches. If the general plan of the garden has been made so as to lead up to this little structure rather unexpectedly, and attractive views have been arranged facing each one of the exposures, an arrangement of this kind might well form a great attraction.

The rose garden seems to be the favorite location for different kinds of seats, and it is indeed a thankful task to devise various ways of supporting climbing roses in such a way as to frame an inviting seat which at the same time is a very decorative feature. A simple, and yet one of the most attractive forms, is the covered seat, where the sides of the bench support their own overhead trellis. On this same principle, a most charming result is obtained by making a rose arch, approximately eight to ten feet wide, eight feet high and five or six feet deep, inside of which seats are placed on both sides, with a pathway running between them.

In gardens of classical design stone seats, and concrete ones in their imitation, are being used almost entirely. The examples in Italian gardens show effective ways of placing these seats. In our home gardens where the decorative effect of stone or concrete seats is desired and comfort is not to be sacrificed, a good compromise can be made by using stone or concrete bases with wooden slabs for the seat.

Bricks are such a delightful material for garden use that it is no wonder that they are being used more and more to pave garden walks and for building steps, pergola posts, etc. Volumes could be written on the use of brick and the many ways of manipulating it, but if it is to be used in a garden it will often add to the harmonious total if to a certain extent brick is also used for the seats. The color of bricks goes so well with the flowers and there is such a range of shades of brick to choose from, from a dull grey to the brightest orange red. They are pleasant and dry underfoot and their porousness makes them take a nice coat of moss in the shady places. However, brick will often be found unsuitable for the top of the seat and then it is very simple to use a heavy wooden slab. Also in building a seat in a brick wall there is ample opportunity for variety of design and treatment and if the seat is built solid of brick and still a wooden top is desired, it is well to remember





*Exedra of a rather formal type, yet not too severe to be used in home gardens*

that the slab should not rest directly on the brick, but should be lifted on narrow wooden strips to prevent rotting.

It is always pleasant to have a well-paved path leading up to the various seats, and even if the walks are made of gravel it is worth while to pave a space big enough to place the seat on and to allow for a footrest. Not only does this preserve the legs of the seat, but it also emphasizes the spot as being a place specially prepared for the purpose. A combination of brick and tiles, for instance, can be worked out in different patterns and will help to make the garden interesting, even in days when flowers are very scarce. Small garden ornaments, such as figures, fountains, vases, tubs, etc., lend themselves perfectly for use in combination with a garden seat. And a boxseat, used for storing garden tools, croquet sets, etc., in a convenient place, can be both practical and decorative. The medieval brick benches even went so far as to provide large earthenware wine coolers under the seat.

Exedras, far from being reserved only for

philosophical discussions as they were with the ancients, are now more often used for drinking afternoon tea and discussing the neighborhood gossip. Although most often they are planned and detailed on rather imposing and severe lines, it is not necessary that they should always be designed so formally. A raised garden seat is really the nearest definition for the present day meaning of the word "exedra." Even in a very small garden an exedra could be planned, for instance at the end of the garden; three or four broad steps could lead up to a paved platform large enough to accommo-

date a set of benches or a table and chairs, the whole being provided with a solid hedge for a background with perhaps a planting of shrubs or tall, upright trees, such as Lombardy Poplars, behind. Some large tubs or pots, filled with flowering plants, placed on the step or platform may add greatly to the picturesque effect. The severe, classical lines of the design might in most cases be abandoned to advantage, to be substituted by a design of a more home-like type.

*Italian garden, fifteenth century, which suggests the use of a brick seat*





# Ancient Perpetual Pocket Calendars

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY

**A**LTHOUGH today perpetual pocket calendars are almost forgotten, they were carried by our ancestors and were handy, practical and, in many instances, ornamental. The photographs, with slight explanation, tell their story.

NUMBER ONE is made of silver, with the ball-mark of Amsterdam. It is two inches in diameter. On the obverse, which is here shown, there is a revolving disc on which are the names of the days. A stationary disc, under the movable one, has engraved on it the numerals of the month. It is set once a week. On the reverse are six holes (see NUMBER TWO). Again two discs, upper movable, lower fixed. Turning the disc to any month also reveals the correct sign of the Zodiac for that month, and exposes on the four additional openings the number of day and night hours, and the hour of the rising and the setting sun for that month.

NUMBER TWO is of silver, Flemish, and two and one-eighth inches in diameter. It was made about 1680 and has the Tudor Rose on the reverse. It operates the same as NUMBER ONE.

NUMBER THREE is a Spanish silver dollar. On the Obverse is the head of the king, with this lettering: "CAROLUS III DEI GRATIA 1772." This coin is more familiarly known as the Manila dollar. The calendar is presumably of English workmanship. The centre disc revolves and it is changed once a month. Note the spelling of Tuesday.

NUMBER FOUR is of brass, one and five-eighths inches in diameter, signed "A. Buckley," and dated 1716. On the obverse (as in NUMBER FIVE) is a square table for finding the days of the month, surrounded by a ring of dates of the beginning and the end of terms. It is known as an ecclesiastical calendar.



NUMBER ONE



NUMBER TWO



NUMBER THREE

BELOW: NUMBER FIVE



NUMBER EIGHT



NUMBER FOUR



NUMBER SIX

NUMBER FIVE is made of brass. It is two inches in diameter, signed "Tho. Cole" and dated 1735. Ecclesiastical calendar, same as NUMBER FOUR.

NUMBER SIX is copper, one and one-half inches in diameter. On the obverse, as shown in illustration, is inscribed "DAY OF THE MONTH FOR EVER." The revolving disc is marked with the days of the month. It may be moved so that any day is brought opposite the days of the week marked on the stationary outer border. It is changed once a month. On the reverse are two similar rings, encircling a scale for showing, "Moon's Age, Phases & Southing" (difference in latitudes going south).

NUMBER SEVEN is a silver and brass perpetual calendar, one inch in diameter. Engraved on the obverse is a star, an hour glass and the moon. The spelling of the days of the week is correct, except "Munday" and "Fryday." The reverse is similar to NUMBER TWO, except that it is in English.

NUMBER EIGHT is made of brass and nickel, is German and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It is constructed on the same principle as NUMBER SEVEN, to be changed once a week on one side, and once a month on the other. On the reverse it shows the number of the hours of the day and night, and the hours for the rising and setting of the sun.

Almost every home and business office has today a perpetual calendar, and the same must be adjusted every month. They are of all varieties. Only a few years ago perpetual calendars were heralded as new inventions, and the general public believed and talked of marvelous modern efficiency. It may be well to remember that there are few new things under the sun, and that it has been shining a long, long time.



# Russian Miniaturist in America

A MINATURE can almost be called a jewel; the combination of its diminutive size, its delicacy and its beauty of work make it possible to have always at hand the image of a loved

one in a form which is both worthy and appropriate. The eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries were characterized by a general taste for delicate beauty; that is why miniatures were so much in vogue at that time and the delicate paintings, often framed in gold and precious stones, were frequently the gifts dispensed by monarchs as a sign of royal favor. The demand for miniatures brought forth a number of artists who excelled in the practice of the art.

But photography dealt miniature painting a hard blow and it is only now that, by degrees, there seems to be growing a demand for it in Europe and America. One of the representatives of the art of miniature painting in New York is Mr. Lawrence Pouschine, who studied in Russia and also at the Academy Julian in Paris. The revolution in Russia compelled him to leave his country after having lost all his fortune which included a famous collection of antiques. Mr. Pouschine was a member of the Russian Parliament; during the war he worked as chief of one of the sanitary trains of the Red Cross. When the revolution started, he was appointed Governor of the city of Petrograd and entrusted with the task of restoring order in the Russian capital and the prosecution of murderers and thieves who suddenly sprang up in all parts of the town as soon as the re-

*L. I. Pouschine, exiled by the revolution, has brought the gift of his remarkable talent to this country*

MARIE DUYPRÉVAL

volt of the troops had taken place. Owing to the place he held, Mr. Pouschine had been marked by the Bolsheviks as one of their foes, and it is only thanks to his timely escape, which was

facilitated by his friends and the British Embassy, that he and his family were saved from arrest and almost sure death at the hands of the revolutionists in Petrograd.

Ardent admirer of the miniaturists of England and France, it is his opinion that miniature painting must not be a kind of small size water color portrait which often only outlines the features and gives the likeness but leaves aside details and tones. The real miniature such as the old masters painted shows a remarkable study of details. As he adopted this same method of work, Mr. Pouschine's miniature portraits are distinguished by the perfection of all details, accessories and ornaments. In order to appreciate the fineness of his work, from a technical point of view, it is often necessary to make use of a magnifying glass.

To our question as to what were Mr. Pouschine's impressions of America, he answered that he could not be considered a competent judge, since he has seen the East only. He loves nature and therefore does not like towns, preferring the country with its woods, rivers, hills. He was delighted with Maine, the Catskills, Lake George. He finds it hard to get reconciled to the New York climate but this disadvantage is offset by the warm hospitality which was dispensed to him by several mem-



HER MAJESTY  
EMPRESS ALEXANDRA OF RUSSIA  
BY LAWRENCE I. POUSCHINE  
MRS. JOHN SANFORD





MISS PHYLIS BEADON

MISS ELEN MACKAY

BY LAWRENCE I. PUSCHINE



*Mr. Pouschine is essentially and by preference a painter of women and children. This is not so much because he prefers immature or feminine beauty but because, for miniatures, the masculine costume of today does not please him*

bers of New York and Newport society, some of whom have been patrons and patronesses of his art. As a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Aspengreen, Mr. Berwind, Miss Codman, Mrs. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Coe, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. Richard Gambriel, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gallatin, Mrs. W. Post, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Rice, Mrs. John Sanford, Countess Szechinyi, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whitehouse and others, he forgot his exile and among their art treasures he lived over again the times previous to the revolution, when he had been able to enjoy the art which was so flourishing in Russia. Words fail him, he says, to express the

kindness and sympathy shown him by some Americans when he stood in need of it.

Mr. Pouschine was a member of the Russian court and treasures his devotion to the imperial family who perished in such a tragic manner. Because of these feelings he made miniatures of several members of the imperial family; they were bought here in New York by Americans. He depicted in the imperial features the expression of thoughtful sadness which characterized them as though they had foreseen their tragic end. The most interesting of these miniatures is that of the late empress; and mention must also be made of the miniature of the Grand Duchess Tatiana.



H. R. H. GRAND DUCHESS  
TATIANA OF RUSSIA  
BY LAWRENCE I. PUSCHINE



*Except for the plates of the Empress Alexandra and the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the reproductions of Mr. Pouschine's miniatures have been slightly reduced in size*



BY LAWRENCE I. PUSCHINE  
MASTER M. FRY

MISS NATHALIE COE





"THE LAST RAY"

Courtesy of R. C. Vose

BY W. KOENIGER

## KOENIGER, PAINTER of SNOW

LANDSCAPE PAINTING as a separate art was first practised in the latter part of the sixteenth century. An exception to this rule are the number of landscapes unearthed from the ruins of Pompeii. These show a genuine attempt on the part of the artist to reproduce the moods of nature. The desire to depict the manifold and ever-varying beauties of field, forest, mountain, stream and valley did not again manifest itself until the time of Giotto and his followers: Leonardo da Vinci, Pietro Perugino, Raphael Santi, Giorgione, Titian, Joachim de Patinir, the Breughels, Adam Elsheimer and Nicolas Poussin, all of whom, however, used landscape as a setting for historical and biblical subjects. Then Paul Brill,

*An artist who has dedicated his life to the depiction of the American landscape in the winter months*

G. FRANK MULLER

Claude Lorraine, Caspar Dughet, Jan van Goyen, Solomon van Ruysdael, and a host of others bestowed an equal amount of care upon both their landscapes and the figures which they

thought necessary to round out and complete their pictures, one serving as a complement to the other. Jacob Ruysdael was one of the first to paint nature unadorned. Nevertheless, many of the artists up to the time of Richard Wilson and Thomas Gainsborough were more botanists than anything else, for it was their custom to endeavor to delineate every blade of grass and each leaf of foliage with the extreme of painstaking minuteness. It remained for Constable to portray nature "without fal-de-ral or fiddle-de-dee," to use his





"WHEN THE ICE BREAKS"

*Courtesy of R. C. Vose*

BY W. KOENIGER

own words. He was succeeded by Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz and Corot, as well as our own Inness, Wyant and Homer Martin.

But among all these, due probably to environment, there have been few painters of the countryside beneath its radiant wintry mantle; those few were Peter Breughel, van Avercamp, Jan Miense, Molenaer and some others, all of the seventeenth century, who represented the winter solstice in a somewhat conventionalized manner. Nor did the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries produce many notable painters of snow-covered scenery; the most outstanding names are Segantini, Claude Monet, Fritz Thaulow and Bruno Liljefors, who departed from the late Victorian, iced or frosted-cake variety of snowscapes. It was not, however,

until the latter part of the nineteenth century and the present day that the artistic attractions of the wintry months were appreciated and conveyed to canvas in a style at once convincing and pictorially exuberant.

Among those who have felt its attractions is Walter Koeniger, an active exponent, who has been working in America for a dozen years or so, and whose productions are receiving more and more attention as time passes.

Though he had shown a decided leaning toward painting from his earliest days, he was destined by his parents to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a successful architect and builder. However, he refused the emoluments of a large and lucrative business for the purpose of





"WHEN SNOW IS KING"

By permission of a private collector

BY W. KOENIGER

devoting himself entirely to art, an inward urge which he could not resist. He established himself in Woodstock about 1912, and has been depicting the vistas of the Catskills for over a decade.

Seeking no connection with any school, he worked out his own salvation, and where the chain of hills sweeps toward the bank of the Hudson in ever-changing variety he found his inspiration. He is deeply concerned with the moods of nature; the soft gradations of violet, purple, deep blue, and heliotrope of the crisp snow; with the emerald sky, the lazy brooks, and the silver, glistening branches of the stately pines. Here we have a streamlet, half imprisoned within ice of a most translucent crystal, but where it is visible, what a refreshing tint of cool blue, or is it violet? greets the eye! At its verge the sparkling snow comes down to meet and perhaps mingle with the idle current eddying in the calm silence. Then there are the pines, each branch laden with its iridescent burden of snow, which fringe the rivulet, or are majestically outlined against the sky. What can gaudy summer offer of greater delight than this symphony of sweet, cool tones?

Koeniger's vision is not photographic; he works in broad strokes, never small or stilted, capturing the subtle relation of tones in large synthetic values of fresh, luminous, glowing color. His aim is to catch the spirit of nature, not to copy her slavishly. Art is something more than simply reproducing what is apparent to the eye; the objects seen must be put down in such a manner as to arouse emotions in the spectator. The artist essays to convey to the beholder the rapture he experiences before nature at her best. Koeniger seizes the delight of woodland beauties and passes it on for our enjoyment. His mission he conceives to be the interpretation of nature, neither to distort nor to photograph what he sees, but to capture and hold the most fleeting moods. Such a mission becomes important in proportion to the skill with which it is carried out, and in the present instance a significant service is being rendered to lovers both of art and nature, for the two are most consummately blended.

The life of a snow painter is not without its dangers, as will be seen by the following mishap which befell our artist. He had become enthralled





"THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW"

*Courtesy of the Milch Galleries*

BY W. KOENIGER

in the spell of that scene which we behold under the title of "When the Ice Breaks," and was lost to all things save its successful embodiment on canvas. Still completely absorbed in his work, he retired from it a few paces for a more comprehensive view of his achievement; but fate willed that he should not obtain it, for his last step precipitated him into that very stream of whose loveliness he had been such an ardent devotee; certainly most ungrateful behaviour on the part of the stream! This was "when the ice broke" with a vengeance! Not only did he taste the chill waters of the brook, but his easel with the picture upon it came tumbling after. It was only by the merest luck that he managed to rescue the sketch uninjured; had a second been lost, we would be without the finished example here reproduced. In this picture the verdant color of the evergreens finds a delicate foil in the violets and silvery greys of other trees, while both serve as

complement to the emerald sky and the glistening snow.

In "The First Fall of Snow" the trees are still in the sear and yellow leaf, and the first white blanket of the season sends the chipmunk and the rabbit burrowing for warmth. "Silvery Mood" is a beautiful lace-like rendition of the snowy woods in which we encounter one of those rippling little brooks so full of charm for the artist. In "The Last Ray" we have a restful view that gladdens the eye and refreshes the soul. It represents the continuing

"MOUNTAIN BROOK" *Courtesy of R. C. Vose* BY W. KOENIGER



sents the continuing chain of Overlook Mountain between Woodstock and Saugerties. "When Snow is King" shows us a scene, in the left foreground of which the straggling habitation of an artist bulks in nice value. In "The Mountain Brook" a stately pine stands sentinel at the right, its crown glowing in deepest orange, while the groves at middle distance hum in a complementary purple.





CARTOON FOR THE CHAPEL OF BERK

BY ALBERT BESNARD

## AN EXHIBITION OF MURALS

**M**URAL PAINTING is the most gracious of the arts because it abjures self-ambition, giving itself unreservedly in the cause of another art, architecture, in whose service it realizes its own fulfillment. Mural painting is content to be a means rather than an end; its strongest affirmation is an assertion of dependence. The first law with which it is concerned is harmony with its setting; the second is the sustaining of the characteristics of a wall surface. So close is connection between mural decoration and architecture that often the greatest mural painters, men like Michelangelo and Giotto, have also been master architects. A really good mural decoration should not seem to destroy the wall,

*The National Society of Mural Painters held this year the first independent exhibition of its work*

HELEN GOMSTOCK

like one of those very ingenious designs by Sert which was shown in New York last year, in which the walls of a ball room were done in a florid design of columns and vines interpenetrated with mirrors in a way that entirely destroyed flatness and solidity. It demanded admiration for cleverness rather than beauty, being a negation of architectural structure. The mural painter should not forget, much less deliberately set aside, the fundamentals on which his art is based. He works within limits; he must accept the restraints which those limits place upon him, and his reward is that this constraint, as is so often the case in art, results in a larger freedom.





CARTOON FOR THE DOME OF THE PANTHEON

BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Wall painting was as important as sculpture in mural decoration in ancient Egypt. Grecian painting was largely concerned with wall painting with Polygnotus as its chief exponent, although the equivalents for our easel pictures existed in the small wooden panels which Zeuxis, Apelles and Protogenes and many before them were known to have favored. Roman and Pompeian painters were primarily wall painters, in spite of the fact that portraiture was an important phase of the art of the day. Italy, however, brought mural painting into fine flower. Her architects left generous spaces for the painter; the record of Italian painting, from Giotto's handiwork in the Arena Chapel at Padua to Michelangelo's ceiling of the Sistine, and from Fra Angelico's frescoes at San Marco to Leonardo's "Last Supper," is almost entirely a record of mural art. The Florentines took up oil painting more slowly than the Venetians and perhaps that is the reason why it is still to the north that one must look, within Italy itself, for the development of the easel picture. The Venetians had Bellini to make the new medium popular, and with the increasing use of oil the separate picture became more and more prominent, for it released the painter from his dependence on the wall itself and was more easily adaptable to variety in subject matter.

A paragraph from *Concerning Painting* by

Kenyon Cox, is pertinent: "The French people," he says, "have never lost the sense that painting and sculpture are the natural allies of architecture, and that no great building can be properly completed until the painter has been called upon to make it splendid within and the sculptor to make it magnificent without. Every public building has been the occasion of commissions for decorative and monumental paintings, and every painter has been desirous of such commissions and has put forth his best efforts to obtain and to execute them. But just because mural painting was taken for granted as the highest ambition of every painter, and because every painter was a mural painter upon occasion, there has seldom been any clear distinction in the mind of the artist or of the public between mural painting and any other kind of painting. Each artist has produced his own kind of art whether he was working upon a wall or within the boundaries of a gold frame, and when a commission for a great decoration has fallen into the hands of a painter especially fitted for decorative work, it has been as often a matter of good luck as of intelligent choice. Much such a state of things worked well in the Italian Renaissance, when all art was primarily decorative. It has not worked so well in a time when art has become dominantly naturalistic. In Italy men gradually took to putting into easel-pictures what





"BUILDING OF THE ANNA B"

BY D. PUTNAM BRINDLEY

they had learned in the practice of fresco painting. In modern France they have too frequently placed upon the walls of buildings what they had learned in painting small and isolated canvases."

American mural painting is young but it has shown intelligence and an ability to profit by its mistakes. There has been a perception of the desired end and a constant swinging toward the

"APOTHEOSIS OF ST. JULIAN"

*Fresco in Villa Razzolini; owned by T. H. Spelman*

BY GARDNER HALE







DESIGN FOR GLASS—CURE D'ARS DE STE. MARGUERITE

BY MAURICE DENIS

right direction. It had its birth in John La Farge's decoration for Trinity Church in Boston in 1876. Its hold on life was further secured two years later by two lunettes by William Morris Hunt in the State Capitol at Albany, "The Discoverer" and "The Flight of Night," which changes in the building due to the precarious condition of the dome have since made invisible as they were painted directly on the wall. In 1892 there came the opportunity for extensive mural decorations in the World's Fair at Chicago. Under the direction of F. D. Millet and C. Y. Turner a large number of men and women made some interesting experiments which were received with a great deal of praise at the time. Among these artists were Weir, Melchers, Blashfield, Shirlaw, Beckwith, Simmons, Cox, McEwen, Reid, Reinhart, Earle, Maynard, Dodge, Lydia Field Emmet, Mary Cassatt and Mrs. MacMonnies. "All of this mass of decoration mercifully vanished

with that 'White City' which contained it," says Isham in his *History of American Painting*, "but it had served its purpose. It had aroused the interest of the public and had done something toward training the artists." There followed in 1896 the murals for the Library of Congress at Washington, which were done by the artists who had painted at Chicago with the addition of H. O. Walker, Frank W. Benson, Vedder, William B. Van Ingen, Barse and Charles Sprague Pearce. Sargent and Abbey did the decorations for the Boston Public Library and the new Appellate Courts building in New York was assigned to six artists (today no architect would parcel out such a commission among so many—there has been that gain among others) and there were countless commissions for hotels, such as the Waldorf and the Manhattan, private homes, and such admirable works as Blum's paintings for the Mendelssohn Glee Club, unfortunately now homeless. At





PHILOSOPHY

BY HENRI CARO DELVAILLE

the present time there is hardly a state capitol or a public library that does not take mural painting into its scheme of decoration. Our new types of architecture also give the mural painter a bigger opportunity in the way of wall space. There is a finer simplicity about our buildings today. The mural painter is allowed something more than a series of pendentives, lunettes, inconspicuous wall panels and a modest frieze which must occupy a humble part in some ornate architectural design.

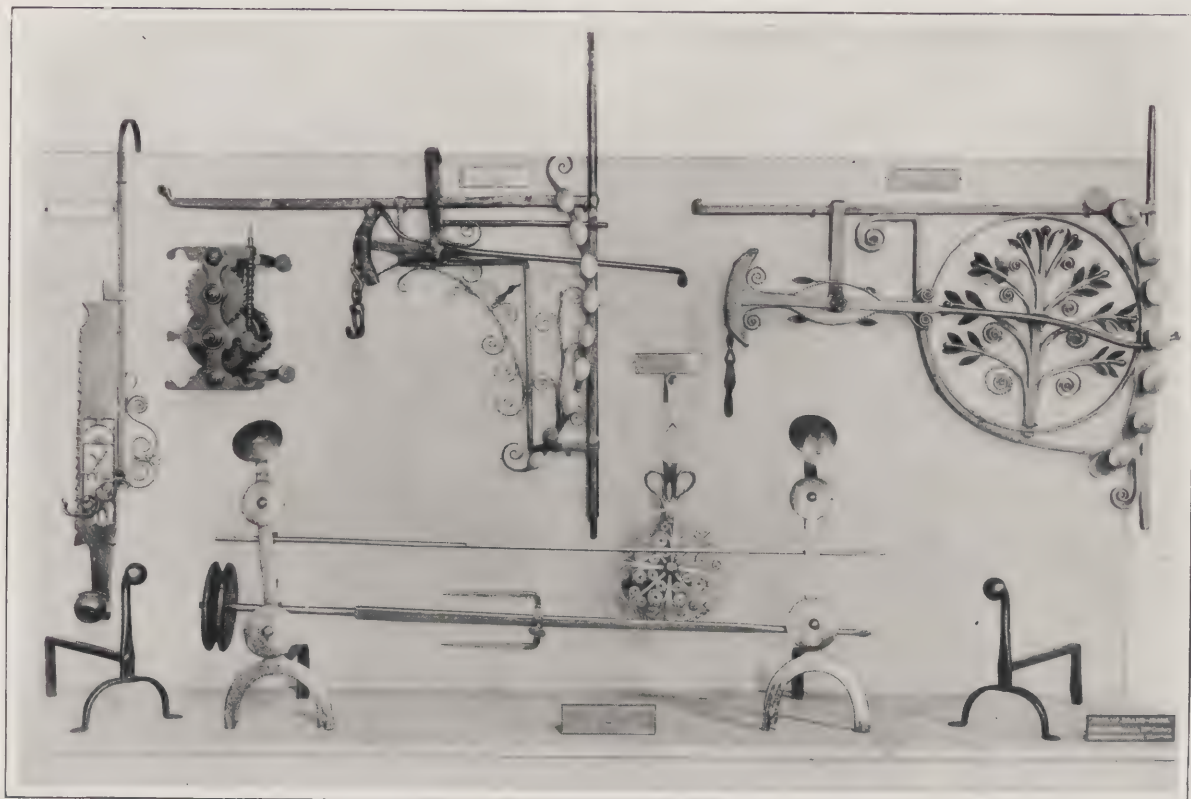
The National Society of Mural Painters has been in existence in this country for more than a quarter of a century. The custom has been to hold its yearly exhibitions in conjunction with the Architectural League of New York. This year, owing to the fact that the League was co-operating with the American Institute of Architects in an international exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, the Mural Painters held their first exhibi-

tion alone. This was at the Brooklyn Museum from February 4 to March 1, and the designs illustrated here were shown at that time. Beside including the work of seventy-six American artists there was also that of Puvis, Besnard, Jaulmes, Maurice Denis, Gorguet and a group of paintings by the Spaniard, Anglada, which, while not murals, included his "Campe-sinos de Gandia" which is eminently fitted for mural purposes. Among the exhibits were eight cartoons for the Chapel at Berk by Besnard and two of his drawings for the ceiling of the Comédie Française, four drawings for the dome of the Panthéon by Puvis de Chavannes, Blashfield's drawings for the Youngstown, Ohio, Courthouse, for the Capitol of Wisconsin and that of Minnesota and the Public Library of Detroit, designs for glass in St. Agatha's Church in Philadelphia by Charles J. Connick, Arthur Covey's decorations for the Kohler Company at Kohler, Wisconsin, an example of industry's recognition of art. Some of the other exhibits were by W. de Leftwich Dodge, Bancel La Farge, son of John La Farge, recently returned to this country from Europe, J.

Mortimer Lichtenauer, Ernest Peixotto, Taber Sears and Ezra Winter. There were more than three hundred exhibits, in many media and from many lands, included.

An exhibition of mural art is almost an anomaly. Murals can only be rightly seen in the places for which they are intended. Even if an artist has actual paintings he can send they still lack the advantage of being seen in their intended environment, while the majority of exhibits must of necessity be drawings and cartoons. The mural painter "takes the layman into his confidence," as H. Van Buren Magonigle says in his introduction to their catalogue, when he sends his work or the plans for his work to an exhibition. The layman is asked to make a certain contribution of his own to the occasion. He must realize that what he is looking at is in the nature of a fragment and that it must be judged with imagination.





EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH WROUGHT-IRON KITCHEN UTENSILS. TWO CHIMNEY CRANES; LEFT, A POT HANGER; UPPER LEFT, CLOCK-JACK; LOWER LEFT AND RIGHT, SMALL ANDIRONS; CENTRE, FIRE DOGS AND SPIT-JACK; RIGHT CENTRE, GRIDIRON

## Roasters, Toasters and Other Iron

IT WOULD BE RASH TO claim that the social life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was by any means immune from the various social snobisms that mar our own, yet in

one respect it was conspicuously free—to wit, from that particular piece of snobbery which enacts that the kitchen and its staff must be rigidly debarred from familiarity with the rest of the household and its happenings. As long as the yeoman tradition remained paramount in England, so long did the kitchen hearth continue as the centre of domestic activities and the real life of the average household to circulate around it. At the kitchen table—then a thing of good old English oak, not of imported deal—there sat down to meals served hot from the fire, not alone the servants of the house, but with them the master and mistress, children, friends, farm laborers, in short the entire household complete with relatives and dependents.

This concentration of family life in the kitchen naturally made of it something more than a mere

*The kitchen implements of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries combined beauty with use*

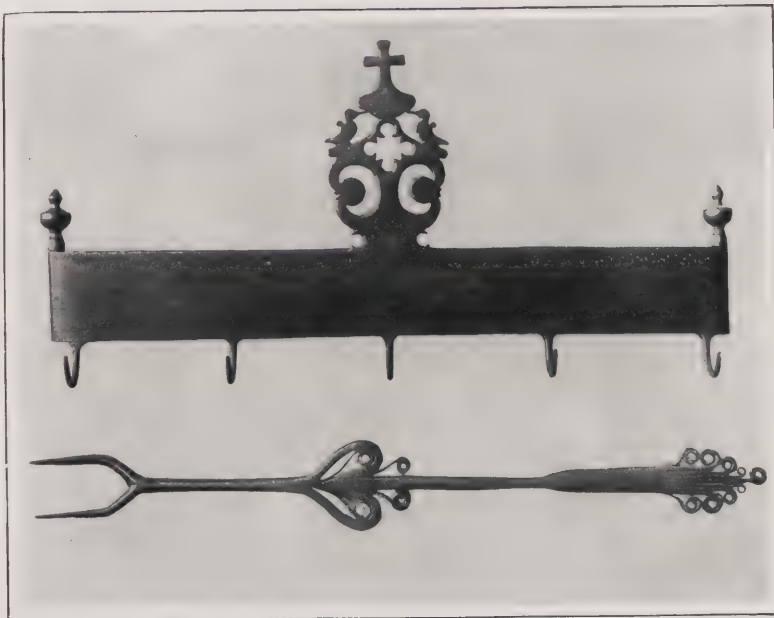
Mrs. Gordon-Stables

domain for the preparation of food and wielded in consequence its natural effect upon culinary trappings. These assumed a decorative and elaborate character which would hardly have

been accorded them had they been destined for the eyes of cook and kitchenmaid alone. Though for practical reasons the material deviated little from iron and bronze, this assumed great beauty and distinction of workmanship, as well as an eloquent and intimate quality which we may go far to equal.

As a means of providing the logs of wood used as fuel with the necessary under-draught, firedogs or andirons (a word as to the derivation of which from hand-irons or end-irons there exists considerable difference of opinion), had been in use from the days of the Roman occupation of Britain and in Sussex was to be found the centre of the iron foundries producing them. Alongside with more elaborate forms there persisted the simple dog shape with the dachshund curve to the two front supports and the single upright terminating





RACK AND FORK, WROUGHT IRON, WITH BRASS KNOBS, SPANISH, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

in a ball-head, shown in one of the two small pairs illustrated here; the other with the second and smaller vertical bar to give further assistance to the pile of logs, illustrates a slight development in the original form.

But andirons of this character were, on account of their short stature, unsuited to the purpose of supporting a bar to take a pot or carry a joint; hence their amplification into tall "dogs," fitted at the back with a series of ratchets or saw-like teeth to hold at a variety of heights the spit-jacks or cradle-spits supporting the meat or poultry. To provide at night a better light on the operations afoot, there were added in the early part of the seventeenth century cresset-tops of goblet shape to hold either a bundle of twisted rushes or a massive candle of tallow—and woe betide the careless wench that should allow the grease or ashes to pollute the foodstuffs! Other developments took the form of massive iron chains attached to the dogs and terminating in stout hooks so that the pair might be conjoined by means of an adaptable metal rope for the suspension of some mighty cauldron or clock-jack.

Labor during the sixteen- and seventeen-hundreds being cheap, plentiful and amenable, it mattered not at all to the housewife that during the several hours of its roasting a kitchenmaid or farmhand might have to be told off to tend by hand a massive joint. Thus the

prevalence during this period of roasting-spits fitted at one end with a circular wooden disc operated continually by means of a rope by which a slow steady revolution was secured. Of bronze is the seventeenth-century spit-jack, fitted with sliding prongs to spear the carcass and fastened with powerful screws to keep the meat over the most suitable portion of the fire. In the family of substance where some thirty or forty souls might sit down to the board at a time, a whole lamb might be impaled upon the fork and lest this become charred at any part, the heavy task of keeping it revolving would have to be untiringly performed. Whoever

performed the office would have earned his share of the feast at the end!

In the case of the cradle-spit, also greatly in use up to the time when the circulation of sea-borne coal entirely altered the kitchen paraphernalia even in remote parts of the country, the joint would be wedged in between the bars, often to their loss of contour, for then, as now, domestics were wont to prefer brute force to cajolery in the attainment of their purposes. This also would require constant attention, a reason why its place was later taken for the most part by clock jacks, the mechanism of which would call only for intermittent ministrations.

And since the man of wealth and position, though he might well be content to pass his leisure beside his kitchen fire, clay-pipe in hand, would be likely to consider the fitness of things flouted by neglect of appearances, it grew to be the custom in the eighteenth century for the well-to-do kitchen to fill in partially the open space of the

COOKING IMPLEMENT, WROUGHT IRON, SPANISH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY





hearth with an ornamental grate-front of pierced and engraved iron such as that illustrated. On this the local blacksmith would bring to bear all the skill of design of which he was capable. By this means the kitchen was at once stamped as belonging to one who might well afford to take his ease in his parlour (thus the original spelling of the word) did he so desire!

And since some two or three hundred years ago there existed no rigid line of demarcation between the duties of the domestics and those of the mistress and daughters of the house, it behooved, likewise, the cooking utensils themselves to assume a beauty of countenance which should render culinary operations as pleasing as possible. (And in this connection it is amusing to note how, with the present-day decline of a servant class and the consequent transference of duties to the housewife, a reaction is taking place from the use of purely utilitarian pots and pans to such as more nearly satisfy the esthetic sense.) Those who traveled abroad brought back with them fine specimens of continental cooking utensils and gave them to the smith of the district for as exact a replica as possible. With the growth of foreign travel we find a corresponding influence wielded over the designs of gridirons, toasters, forks and spits. In addition, a pretty kitchen wench would often serve to stimulate an admiring blacksmith to special effort while the house-proud wife would encourage him to deeds of prowess by inviting him at times to the hospitality of her fireside.

The majority of kitchen utensils were carefully cleaned after use and hung up for display either from hooks fixed into the kitchen mantelshelf or from a rack in the style of that illustrated. This is of Spanish origin and was probably designed for an abbey or monastery whence it was doubtless secured as a model for a home ironworker.

Until the advent of the cooking range with its ovens, meats were for the most part either roasted or toasted. Frying-pans were practically nonexistent, their place being supplied by the griddle or gridiron, which was in use over the greater part of Europe from the sixteenth century onward. From Spain emanated the idea of a particularly



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH WROUGHT-IRON KITCHEN UTENSILS. LEFT, TOASTER; CENTRE, TRIVET WITH TOASTING FORK; RIGHT, SPIT WITH TWO FORKS AND PLATE RING

decorative four-footed implement with six spikes on which a fowl or a trout, a steak or a hare might be efficiently impaled, the long handle enabling its position to be varied at need while the shortness of body would permit but a modicum of firing to be employed.

But for the cooking of her smaller dishes, whether of fish, poultry, meat or pastry, the English cook of the eighteenth century clung to her toaster. In the examples illustrated from the collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, it is easy to trace the influence of contemporary work on the Continent. Undoubtedly inspired by such Italian workmanship as that shown in the charmingly delicate gridiron of sixteenth-century iron scroll-work is the English seventeenth-century gridiron that faces it, though characteristically enough a certain floridness of style has been toned down in the process. The more solid, less lacy grid, with the heart-shaped ornament to the handle betrays on the other hand the heavier Flemish style while the handleless grid with its firm, close-set twirls and twists of iron, seems, like Lord Haldane, to speak of Germany as its spiritual home!

It will be observed that grids, toasters and forks are as a rule given carefully designed terminals to their handles, a pretty fancy usually displaying itself around the region where occurs the loop for fixture to the wall-hook. This speaks of the custom, already mentioned, of hanging up the utensils as ornaments to the kitchen. The forks were employed for the turning and the





WROUGHT-IRON KITCHEN UTENSILS. UPPER LEFT, GRIDIRON, ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; LEFT CENTRE, GRIDIRON, SPANISH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY; LOWER LEFT AND RIGHT, ANDIRONS, ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; CENTRE, TOP, GRATE FRONT, ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; CENTRE, TOASTER, SCOTTISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; CENTRE, BOTTOM, CRADLE SPIT, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND FIRE DOGS WITH CRESSET TOPS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BOTH ENGLISH; RIGHT CENTRE, GRIDIRON, ENGLISH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY; UPPER RIGHT, GRIDIRON, ENGLISH OR GERMAN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

toasting of food of every description, and were often powerful tools capable of sustaining a considerable weight.

The eighteenth-century kitchen did not boast an extensive range of cooking implements. In addition to those already referred to there were various devices for the suspension of cauldrons above the blaze. The early form was represented by a simple bar fixed from side to side of the hearth but by this period there had developed the pot-hanger capable of providing means of adapting the height to requirements. This was determined by means of a sliding hook whose elevation was controlled by a simple mechanical device. In the example illustrated the figure of a man at the base, surmounted by a hammer and pincers, would seem to suggest that the blacksmith has whimsically chosen to immortalize himself and his craft therein. In any case, each smith strove to make his own products highly individual, while each district would have its own special features of design and its own local traditions in such matters. The absence of mass-production had its distinct advantages in respect of variety and perhaps of quality as well.

In the chimney cranes with the long arms and stout hooks from which to swing the pots for the boiled meats, a similar freshness of ornament

makes itself apparent, though the essential form remains the same. In the two shown in the first illustration to this article note how the decoration either follows structural lines or else is part of the mechanism. The large knobs on the right of both cranes are stoppers for the movable arm. It is seldom that we find the character of the medium transgressed in any way, whether the decoration take a geometrical form or venture into the realm of floral designs or figure decoration.

As taste grew more fastidious, so our ancestors began to demand that not alone should their victuals be well cooked but also that they should be appetizingly served. Hence in the eighteenth century we find the introduction of trivets and rings for warming the plates and dishes in front of the fire so that the food might be presented becomingly hot. These are nearly always in tripod form and are often made in conjunction with prongs or forks for the toasting of bread. The further development of these roughish tripods into elaborately wrought "footmen" of steel and brass, such as became later in the eighteenth century the common ornaments of apartments, more ceremonial in character than the kitchen, is an interesting study in itself.

*Photographs from the Victoria and Albert Museum*



ART and OTHER THINGS *By GUY EGLINGTON*

MUSEUMS are everybody's business. Therefore, nobody cares. Nobody but a few cranks, and they don't count. Forgive me for starting with a platitude, but anger breeds platitudes and I have just returned from the Recent Accessions Room at the Met. which breeds, in me at least, anger. Anger at waste, at misuse of public funds. We are a rich country, granted. But is that any excuse for spending millions of dollars annually in the purchase and presentation—for it must be remembered that the purchase price of a work of art is only the beginning of its actual cost—of pictures and sculptures for which no body of competent judges in the country would dare to predict a future, lengths of dead canvas, lumps of dead bronze, which in ten years' time will be recognized for such by every schoolboy, and in twenty will be hidden from sight in overcrowded cellars; whilst above, if we still continue in prosperity, new lengths of painted canvas, the emasculated offspring probably of a modern master, are being hoisted into view.

But anger will solve no problems, and this is a case for thought rather than affronted righteousness. When I first decided to write on the subject—after another glimpse of recent accretions—I planned to make an analysis of new museum purchases over a period of twenty years. Restricting myself to artists of the last half-century, subdividing them into homogeneous groups, with the masterpieces in each group marked 100, I planned a percentage evaluation of museum acquisitions. The idea was attractive and the results, even in the case of universally accepted Americans, startling. If Stuart might register 75%, qualitative representation of other early masters could not average above 45%. Of the '70 group, Inness might possibly reach 60%, Homer and Blakelock 50%, Twachtman 30%, Ryder 25%. As for the living men, 5% to 10% might be generous.

But the more I thought on the subject, the more convinced I became that little could be effected by challenging an inclusion here, an omission there, raising eyebrows over the absence of a single Ryder of the first water as against the copious representation of the Snow Trust. The retort was too obvious. If personal judgment was to be the test, why mine rather than that of a committee of the best minds. Why my gang rather than Messrs. Blashfield's and French's? And in place of serious discussion nothing more valuable than an exchange of personalities would result.

Before any useful criticisms of results can be made, it is necessary to decide just what is the purpose of a museum. In the first place museums are not planned. They happen. A great collector dies, leaving several hundreds of pictures, bronzes, tapestries, brocades, old furniture and I know not what else to a museum. Of these 10% at the most will be, judged by purely esthetic standards, museum pieces; as many as 40% may, on account of their art-historical value, justify inclusion. The remaining 50%, neither of great esthetic nor historical value, studio works of mediocre quality, redundant works by lesser lights of minor schools, which never under any scheme of museum development would have been acquired, are accepted solely on account of a few masterpieces, the purchase of which would throw too great a strain on the museum's cash resources. Multiply this instance by many, diversify it, spread it over every field of painting, sculpture and decoration, and you have a picture of the way in which the foundation of the museum is laid. Though it strive to be comprehensive, its most powerful reflection is never the mind of an organizing genius, but inevitably the fashion of a collecting epoch. One school will be abundantly represented, another scamped. The opposition of emphasis laid on the Italian and Dutch schools at the National Gallery and in the Met. is a glowing instance.

Yet, despite the obvious imperfections of the system, its administrative costliness—a worthless picture costs as much to hang, per square foot, as a masterpiece—the weakening of affective power through overcrowding of wall space, the muddle of values, it is on bequests that every young museum must rely. The field of art is growing so vast that only an institution endowed with unlimited wealth could hope to build by purchase comprehensive collections in every one of its departments.

But there comes a time in the history of every museum when a change of policy becomes imperative. Acceptance of large and for the most part mediocre bequests for the sake of a few outstanding pieces is no longer practicable. The museum, no longer utterly dependent on the generosity of collectors, can and must impose its own terms. Bequests must be unconditional, stipulations requiring permanent exhibition over a number of years cannot be allowed. Above all, the museum's prestige must be established. If the museum associates a collection or a portion of its activities with the name of one of its supporters it does so



not in the nature of a *quid pro quo*, but confers thereby an honor.

It is at this moment that a directing mind is needed to take the mass of accumulated material and shape it into a coherent cohesive whole. Redundancies and mediocrities must be discarded, gaps filled. In the earlier stages, direction by committees of influential men is satisfactory. Patronage is then of prime importance. The broadest principles are the only ones susceptible of application. But with firm establishment and prestige through wealth of collections acquired, the need for something approaching a dictatorship grows more and more imperative. Broad principles must give way to clearly defined aims, which only a single directing mind can hope to apply.

As to what these aims are, or should be, Professor Valentiner wrote several years ago an admirable brochure entitled *Die Umgestaltung der Museen im Sinne der neuen Zeit*. He pointed out that the function of a present-day museum is two-fold. It appeals first to the public and secondly to the student of the history of art. To the latter it must present a picture, as comprehensive as may be, of the history of art in all its phases. Completeness is the chief aim. Works of small individual esthetic importance, which are nevertheless links in the chain, cannot be disregarded. To the former its appeal must be quite other, for the public cannot even if it would find leisure to engage in a study so vast. Its appeal, if it is to be positive, must be purely esthetic. It must aim to present the history of art in a series of masterpieces, laying emphasis, varying from generation to generation, on those periods which are nearest in spirit to its own.

Professor Valentiner realized of course that these aims are to a great extent mutually exclusive. He therefore urged the foundation of a separate national museum of masterpieces, to which all municipal and local museums should contribute. In place of an indefinite number of small museums, all striving with no hope or success to cover the same ground, he would have one central museum, divided into as many departments as need be, for the study of the history of art; one museum of masterpieces, for the esthetic education of the people. And to each of the local museums he would assign the field of art of archeology which, on account of geographical or other consideration, it should be best able to cover.

In a country as diffuse as America, the rigid application of such a plan would prove, of course, impossible. One museum of masterpieces might suffice for the East, but certainly Chicago and

San Francisco would claim, and with justice, the privilege of assembling several museums for themselves. Nor could other local museums easily be persuaded to renounce their more general activities in favor of intensive concentration on one single field.

None the less the plan is in principle right, and Professor Valentiner's statement of the dual function which a museum must fulfil hardly, I think, to be questioned. The trouble about museums as they are at present constituted—and the Met. is no exception—is that, addressing themselves impartially to the student and to the man in the street, they fail to satisfy either. The student is only inadequately served. The scheme of exhibition, which aims to show the greatest possible number of pictures on a given wall space, is ill adapted to his needs, since it means that the greater number have inevitably to be hung above the level of his eye, where he is unable to examine them. The great proportion of those hung, moreover, is of no value to him, being either redundant or by men of no importance in the history of art, retained on account of their alleged popularity. The man in the street is in even worse plight. Confronted with the hundred and odd galleries which make up a museum such as the Met., each filled to overflowing with art objects, pictures, sculpture, textiles, ceramics, of every degree of excellence, the most mediocre displayed to the same advantage and claiming no less of his attention than the greatest masterpiece, he is stunned. At best a familiar name, a familiar type, detaches itself from the mass and he renews an old acquaintance. For the rest, his mind retains only a confused image of externals, the features of a Rembrandt head, the color of a Titian, the obesity of a Rubens. Of the spirit, the creative force that makes these canvases live, he receives no inkling. It is not his fault. The field is too vast, his own leisure too small to enable him to attain to the necessary intimacy, to sort out the accidental from the essential, the masterpiece from the mass of the second-rate.

A choice then has to be made between the man in the street and the student, and it should not be long in doubt as to which has first claim. The number of serious students is so small that the creation of an enormous museum for their benefit alone would be nothing short of ridiculous. They can furthermore be better served on an infinitely smaller scale, as I shall attempt to show. The main exhibition galleries in any museum should be planned with an eye to one person only, the unprofessional who asks of art only its pleasure-giving and life-enhancing qualities.



Professor Valentiner has laid down the axiom that to such a one a museum can only make its appeal on a purely esthetic basis. If he is right, both the theory and practice of present day art education stand condemned, for this proceeds on the opposite assumption. It assumes that it is impossible to interest the public in anything so abstract as esthetics, and concludes thence that art, if it is to reach the masses at all, must be adequately sugar-coated. The public, it argues, cannot be expected to appreciate the qualities of a great work of art, but must be led on by good stories, poignant associations, subjects lovely in themselves. After a good dose of such mild medicine, it will get the habit of looking at pictures and will gradually learn to discard the second-rate, to arrive at long last at the supreme achievements.

It is not very clear just how this miracle is to be accomplished. An overdose of ice cream does not inevitably stimulate a taste for olives. It is of course true that the possession of mediocre pictures will in time breed dissatisfaction in a sensitive though untrained person, causing him to discard one by one the pictures which no longer give him pleasure in favor of others somewhat higher in scale. But picture owners are so ridiculously few and the time that the average person is willing to devote to art is so small that in 99 cases out of 100 the discarding process hardly gets into action. The man led donkeywise into a museum by the dangling of carrots before his nose will probably die happy in the belief that the eating of carrots is an end in itself. Professor Valentiner's view of the matter is somewhat more flattering to the public, and, to my mind, infinitely more just. The public's difficulty is never with the great masters in their supreme moments, but with the, to the art-historian even more absorbing because less complete, minor masters. The public, that is to say, cannot be expected to perceive at first glance the redeeming qualities in an imperfect work of art. It will rebel—and by a surer instinct than one is apt to give it credit for—against the imperfection, and in its rebellion will miss the compensating qualities, qualities often so rare and so precious that in their power to move us they outpace perfection itself. But set before it a supreme masterpiece and, however slight its knowledge, however untrained its eye, it will respond immediately.

How then, the old school will ask, explain the popularity of patent mediocrity, of works which have not even the right to claim the title of art? The answer is, I think, simple. The number of supreme masterpieces in every museum, almost

the public's only contact with art, is limited, and these are for the most part so buried beneath the mass of the imperfect and the utterly mediocre that it is nothing short of a miracle for a man, spending his couple of hours on Parnassus, to stumble across one. What he does find, and in such profusion that he cannot escape from it, is the innocuous, the canvas or the marble, which, while it does not greatly move him, nor even interest him profoundly, none the less does not offend him. When such a man professes, to take a modern instance, to liking Cazin where he loathes Cézanne, the word *like* is a synonym for tolerance. Unwilling to admit that in his commerce with art he has had no adventures, he magnifies the most pitifully platonic of relationships to the proportions of a *grande passion*.

If this relation served, as your conservative educator will claim, as the best stepping-stone to others more passionate, well and good. But it does the very opposite. It breeds boredom in a man and flatters him into the belief that he has gotten all out of art that it has to give him. The innocuous thing that he has persuaded himself into liking obeys all the rules of composition, of what he understands as good draughtsmanship, is pleasantly and most *naturally* colored. He will point to its texture, its rendering of materials, its poetic envelope. What more can one ask? It becomes almost an impossibility to persuade a man nourished on such fare that unless a work of art has life in it, unless the relation between it and himself is as direct and personal as between man and woman, its texture, poetry and what-not besides are so much lingerie.

No, the only possible way to approach the public with any hope that the relationship will be fruitful is through the masterpiece, for only there is the public's response immediate and vital. No one before a great master can possibly delude himself into mistaking the frills of art for its core. Set a man before a Masaccio, an Egyptian statue of the Ancient Empire, a T'ang Kakemono, squarely before it with nothing to distract, and he will not be able to escape the overwhelming sensation of life.

Acting on these conclusions, it will be seen that the museum would at once present an entirely different appearance. Judged by anything approaching a severe standard—and for the purposes of museum presentation no standard can be too severe—an average 75% of exhibits—in some fields, notably sculpture, the percentage would be still higher—would disappear immediately. Nineteenth-century France would retain at most 10% of its present representation, England and



America\* not more than 5%. The minor Dutch School would all but disappear, the late Italians and Spaniards suffer diminution. Even the most meagrely represented, the Flemish and Italian primitives, would feel the axe. So too with ancient art. Does not a single sixth-century Greek horse outweigh galleries crammed with restored Venuses and Roman copies? In the Egyptian section an esthetic standard replacing the anthropological would eliminate all but the finest pieces. So too with Persia, India, China.

A museum so reorganized would start with enormous advantages. Both in point of space and personnel it could at once effect very great administrative economies. At the same time its effective power would, through its compactness—in what contrast with the present wearying diffuseness of its never-ending galleries—even leaving on one side the strength gained by the adoption of a real standard, be infinitely increased. Further, the number of works on permanent exhibition would be reduced to such moderate proportions that each work could be presented to its best possible advantage, no single work distracting from the next. And such a museum—a highly practical dream surely—would be to the man in the street of incomparably more value than any now existing, for there he might move at ease.

What then of the student, whom one has, on account of his numerical unimportance, elbowed out of the way? Is he to remain in outer darkness? Hardly. At least one student finds a large gallery the worst place in the world to study and there are other ways of providing for his needs which are infinitely more satisfactory and far less costly.

The simplest would be perhaps—it is strange that one has never seen it suggested—an arrangement similar to that of the public library. When one goes to a library, one does not find miles of glass cases with books inside, but one sits down at a table, fills out a slip, and as many books as one needs are brought. Why not pictures in the same way? A comfortable, well-lighted room. Arm chairs. A small easel before one. And the pictures rolled in on screens, three to six on either side. The desired picture is unhooked from the screen and placed on the easel. *Voilà*.

Another room would be set aside for students of sculpture, another for rugs and tapestries. Half a dozen medium sized rooms with storerooms adjoining would thus replace—and infinitely more efficiently from the student's point of view—a whole immensely costly museum building. If with

\*The American School belongs in a museum of American art. To give it such representation in a museum of the history of art is to confuse values.

the study rooms the reference library of that branch could be incorporated, the student would think himself in Elysium.

*En attendant*, here, in tabloid form, are one student's thoughts about museums:

(1) Every museum must make up its mind to what end it exists. If it is to be a museum of fine arts it cannot indulge in anthropology, but must judge every work on a purely esthetic basis and must design its presentation to throw those qualities and no other into relief.

(2) Before acquiring or accepting the gift of any work of art, it must decide that it measures up to the highest museum standard. There is no possible excuse for the second-rate in a museum. One thousand second-raters do not equal one masterpiece, and cost the museum exactly one thousand times as much in maintenance charges. If the museum decides, as it reasonably may, to make an exhaustive collection of any given subject, *e. g.*, American portraiture, it should make it clear by segregation that here both aim and standard are different, and both aim and standard should be clearly stated.

(3) A self-respecting museum is in the same position as a self-respecting university. It cannot therefore accept gifts, whether of works of art or of money, subject to any condition whatever. If it accepts a collection or any smallest part of a collection, it confers thereby an honor on the donor.

(4) A museum must have the right, not only to buy, but also to sell, if it can improve the quality of its collection by so doing. That right it should be encouraged to exercise, regardless of protest.

(5) Patriotism in art is usually intimately connected with someone's pocketbook.

The recent action of the Metropolitan Museum in refusing to accept the collection of the late Senator Clark under the conditions of the bequest reflects great credit on that institution. If it had been permitted to choose there were many things in the collection which deserved place in the museum, but the stipulation that the widely diversified purchases of the Senator be housed in separate rooms and under his name would, if carried out, have necessitated space equal to a small museum where, after the installation had been completed, a man already wearied with miles of walking through overcrowded rooms would find only more rooms filled with pictures and objects repeating those with which he had already been bored. It has been suggested that the Corcoran Gallery, where the collection is to be housed, will not suffer so much.



# GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH FULTON

*Continuation of THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS*

## M (Continued)

**MOVING**—In its proper use, implies that the spectator experiences an emotional reaction from a given work of art. Since the number of works through which such an experience may be gained is small, the term as generally used implies an excess of sentimentality.

**MUD**—The cause of Impressionism. See **ACADEMY**.

**MURAL**—Literally a wall decoration. Originally a mosaic, painting or low, painted relief which formed part of the wall and partook of its architectural character. At its best it is the perfect complement to architecture; at its contemporary worst the disproportionate enlargement of an insignificant picture.

**MURDER**—A crime of such frequent occurrence in art that it either passes unnoticed or is mistaken for creative effort.

**MUST**—A word whose most dreadful significance is known only to newspaper and magazine editors.

**MUTINEER**—One whose worth is indicated by the cause of his revolt. Rarely he is one, as were Courbet and Cézanne, greater than the existing standard. More often he is one who, unable to make the academic grade, joins the "modern" movement of his time. The rabble of indifferent camp-followers which clutters the rear of the movement; the "self-expressionists" with nothing to express; the "moderns" who cannot also be artists; the "esthetic intellectuals" who have neither sense of beauty nor good sense; these, too lazy, or unable, to acquire the technical skill demanded even of academicians, seek to impose themselves upon the public as mutineers. The imposition is made easier by the fact that, unlike the obvious rules of academic painting, no technical requirements have been fixed for modern art. Because of this thousands of "moderns" have been able to use what they call their art as an excuse for letting someone else pay the bills.

## N

**NADIR**—The esthetic content of most painting and sculpture. When the critic learns this and

looks upon exhibitions as psychiatric phenomena; when, leaving considerations of "art" aside he concerns himself with "human interest," story, atmosphere or, in a modern show, with synthesis, dynamics and abstraction, he will be happier. Also, he will be able to write more fluently. Note: Most critics have learned this.

**NAIAD**—With **VENUS** (*q. v.*) the most logical reason for scant drapery. Hence, from ancient times to Mack Sennett a favorite pictorial theme.

**NAKED**—Sometimes confused with the **NUDE** (*q. v.*) in art by persons who mentally have not outgrown a desire to write naughty words or draw smutty pictures on the walls of unmentionable institutions. The confusion is not confined to the layman for, although most painters of what used to be known as "barroom pictures" do it with an understanding of the market, there are those who, striving for a nude, can only paint a naked woman. See **BOUGUEREAU**.

**NASTY**—The result of the confusion. Also a quality of perception necessary to success as the chairman of a Society for the Suppression of Vice.

**NATURE**—Goddess of the Truth and Beauty school. Loosely associated in the public mind with cows and harvest fields. A sturdy dame of questionable reputation, in spite of Ruskin. Although most painters are intimately acquainted with her wardrobe only a few, and these the greatest, have been her lovers.

—**AL**—A painting or sculpture which conforms to the current standard of misrepresentation.

**NEEDLE**—An instrument through the eye of which critics try to squeeze.

**NERVE**—The one thing necessary to an artist. He can spare a hand, foot or good digestion, but some connection between eye and brain there must be. How much is a question long argued and impossible to decide. The extremes are held by those who advocate "innocence of the eye" and the "pure abstractionists." Troyon and Macdonald Wright represent fairly well the



- two extremes. Art would seem to lie somewhere between.
- NEUTER—The naked persons in stone who assume the roles of Mercury, Virtue, Labor, etc., etc., on contemporary public monuments.
- NEW—Usually, in critical writing, implies that a painter has borrowed from the sixth to thirteenth centuries rather than from the early nineteenth.
- NEWS—Almost anything of a scandalous or unpleasant nature. That Gutzon Borglum rowed with the Stone Mountain authorities is news; that Mr. Lukeman has been appointed in his place is, paradoxically, not.
- NICE—Occasionally used correctly to mean discriminating or precise. More often, to break the awful silence when one thinks "Terrible" but does not say it.
- NOBLE—A word of little meaning in a political or artistic democracy. Hence its constant use in American political speeches and criticism. At present it seems to signify more great size in the package than quality in the contents. Is most generally applied to works of little esthetic distinction designed to commemorate public sentimentality in one form or another.
- NONSENSE—"The rhythmic symmetry of plastic space" and other similar phrases chiefly affected by writers on modern art. Also applies to most of the "quaint charm" school of criticism.
- NOSTRUM—A rule or theory for the production of works of art. It is worthy of note that those who hold most rigidly to any set of rules are seldom leaders of the school to which the rules give name. Thus, of the Impressionists, neither Monet, one of whose paintings gave rise to the name, nor Manet and Degas, followed the rules as conscientiously as Signac. Color theories, laws of composition, systems of technique of various kinds are of greater use to the critic for purposes of classification by externals than to the artist. The latter uses only as much of them as does not get in his way and his lesser followers formulate new rules from the results of his experiments.
- NUDE—An undraped figure painted or sculpted by an artist who is no longer a small boy. See NAKED.
- NURSE—A combination of dealer and publicity agent who sedulously fosters the popularity of mediocre painters, not without benefit to himself. In very large part the nurse has replaced the patron of art.
- O
- OBDURATE—A characteristic of the material in which a sculptor works. Occasionally applicable to the sculptor himself, in which case the unfortunate man, while he may very well be an artist, is unlikely to receive commissions for monumental works.
- OBJECT—Something with the trimmings removed, hence a work of art. It is doubtful if art can be appreciated until one has the ability to dissociate it from such secondary considerations as age, history, personality and subject matter.
- IVE—With SUBJECTIVE (*q. v.*) one of the most misused words in the critical vocabulary. Confusion, originally arising from Kant's inversion of the meaning as employed by Spinoza and Descartes, has been increased by modern usage. It not infrequently occurs that in the same essay the terms are used in both Cartesian and Kantian senses without a clear understanding of either. In correct modern usage OBJECTIVE refers to qualities of the thing thought about, the *dinge an sich*; SUBJECTIVE, to qualities of mind.
- OF ART—Something useless but expensive.
- OBJET D'ART—Equally useless but more expensive.
- OBSCENE—"... presenting something to the mind that delicacy, purity and decency forbid to be exposed."—*Webster*. Requires, therefore, definitions of these three qualities. From the artist's point of view purity and decency would bar the exhibition of all strictly sentimental pictures, although delicacy might restrain him from calling an academy show obscene.
- OBSCURE—Doubtful.
- MASTER—Late invention of the Primitive Exploiting Corporation.
- OBVIOUS—Base of the Whistlerian formula. A system of artistic shorthand which permits the observer of a picture to fill in the details of an otherwise completely photographic picture for himself. In modern art the grouping of a man's waistcoat buttons, favorite necktie, cigar holder and shaving mug into a "Symbolic Portrait."



**OFFICIAL**—Term of opprobrium used by the followers of Clive Bell to distinguish between art and popular painting and sculpture. Of the latter the finest flowers are to be found blooming in public squares and parks.

**OIL**—A smelly, viscuous substance often mixed with minerals and dyes and used to disfigure clean pieces of canvas. More permanent, and therefore thought to be more important, than a similar process in which water and paper is employed. **TECHNIQUE** (*q. v.*), which includes

both materials and methods is, however, the least important part of an artist's equipment.

**OLD**—Yesterday's newspaper; second-hand furniture. Not to be confused with **ANTIQUÉ** (*q. v.*), which may or may not be old.

— **MASTER**—Art grown respectable.

**OPINION**—In art, the result (a) of ignorance; (b) of historical knowledge; (c) of esthetic experience; (d) of a combination of b and c. Of increasing rarity in the order named.

### ADDENDA—By GUY EGLINGTON\*

**ATTRIBUTION**—A system under which the purchaser of an antique work of art gets not only the work itself, but, following the custom of the kennels, a pedigree into the bargain.

**CERTIFICATE**—A scrap of paper, containing the above-mentioned **ATTRIBUTION**, to which is appended a great man's signature. Its value subject, as is all paper, to fluctuations. The latest quotations on Fifty-seventh Street show an alarming slump in the Italianistic market. Not all stocks, however, are affected.

**FAÇADE**—Architectural. Front elevation of a building, in which the main structural lines are emphasized, combining with window and other recesses to form a pleasing ensemble, itself a foretaste of the glories to be found within. Applicable by extension to painting and sculpture. In both, however, school practice has been to divorce the façade from the realities of construction, making it rather in the nature of a front drop or well dressed shop window, designed to give an impression of wealth and magnificence which the interior does not possess. In architecture the deception is quite amiable, since no one is likely to buy a house without looking inside. The neighbors may be deceived thereby, the owners hardly. Strange that so few picture buyers take the same elementary precaution.

**FASHION**—Mysterious lunar influence which enaureoles with its lambent rays the head of its victim, endowing him with an irresistible power of attraction for the other sex. To this influence painters from the sunny climes are especially

subject. Alas that the shortness of their lunar month and the bitter necessity of turning adulation into a more negotiable commodity prevent their enjoying it to the full. *Esthetic*. Tacit convention by which painters agree that this or that method of painting is *passé*, this or that other *de rigueur*. Tacit convention by which critics agree that the favorites of yesterday are due for a spell in the garret. All of which, as the cynical reader will observe, is good for trade.

**MOVEMENT**—(a) Actual, (b) Potential. The desire to represent actual movement in painting or sculpture is liable to result in nothing more valuable than loss of repose or loss of inner structure. Either, that is, a conflict of forms results in which each cancels the other, or, if recourse is had to line, the relation between line and inner structure is destroyed and the whole reduced to a flat silhouette. See any version of the Winged Mercury, so dear to academic sculptors. Potential movement, on the other hand, does not preclude calm, and is dependent on the fullest realization of inner structure, since it proceeds from expansion, from the tendency of forms to project themselves upward and outward. See any Botticelli Annunciation. The Announcing Angel represents repose after movement. The Virgin preparation, as it were, for flight.

**MUSE**—One of nine ladies who, according to the romantic notions of our forefathers, visited the velvet-clad artist in his garret and dictated the lines and colors of his composition to him. To this highly irregular proceeding American morality has now happily put an end and the afore-said ladies have now apartments of their own for the purpose.

\*The compilation of the Dictionary will be continued by Mr. Eglington next month.



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

CHINESE ART. BURLINGTON MAGAZINE MONOGRAPH. By Roger Fry, Laurence Binyon, A. F. Kendrick, Bernard Rackham, W. Perceval Yetts, Osvald Sirén and W. W. Winkworth. E. Weyhe, New York. Price, \$8.50.

TO COVER the whole field of Chinese art in the space of a single volume of modest length has naturally resulted in the elimination of material that would be of interest to the seeker of exact information. But since this book aims to be comprehensive in the larger sense, rather than exhaustive in minutiae, and also since it is addressed to "intelligent readers who are not specialists" rather than those who approach the subject as experts, there cannot fairly be found any fault with its brevity.

Since no one European scholar could present the whole subject of Chinese art authoritatively, the different divisions have been assigned to various writers, all of whom are contributors to the Burlington Magazine and many of whom are already known as authors of books on oriental art.

Roger Fry has written an excellent introduction. There is so much twaddle written about Chinese art on the one hand and so many perfectly dry and uninspiring facts on the other, that the person who turns to its various forms simply for the enjoyment that it may bring may very well feel perplexed. Mr. Fry's remarks illumine the dim, misty region which is composed of the psychological differences lying back of our art and that of the Chinese. The material differences as well, involving an emphasis on linear rhythm in Chinese art where our own is more apt to seek the volume of form rather than contour, also requires a readjustment in viewpoint on the part of the occidental. "In the Chinese statue," he says, "the folds [of the drapery] scarcely have any plastic existence. They are inscribed on the surface of the figure and are used to envelop it in an exquisitely lovely system of simple linear rhythms which harmonize with and illustrate the linear scheme of the whole contour." The chief psychological difference which is to be taken into consideration is in the attitude of the Chinese toward Man. Our exaltation of the human figure has never been duplicated by the Chinese who, says Mr. Fry, "have never apparently focused their attention so narrowly on their own species. They have never lost sight of its relative position in the scheme of nature. . . . The mere absence of that special human arrogance of the European has allowed the Chinese to retain much of that peculiar intimacy with animal life which characterizes primitive man and persists in our own childhood. They understand the life of animals from within and by a sympathetic intuition, not by an external and merely curious observation. It is this which gives peculiar vitality to their animal forms. . . . It is much the same with their treatment of plant forms. These are treated with a certain grave respect, which our own flower painters have rarely possessed."

The absence of the tragic spirit, the lack of emphasis on the dramatic intensity of human feeling are also characteristic of the Chinese, while the mood of their art is contemplative, and "remote from action."

Following Mr. Fry, Laurence Binyon writes a chapter on the history of painting on which he is to be congratulated

for presenting his material so that it is easily assimilated. The paintings which are reproduced are largely from the British Museum, although there is also the Ma Yuan landscape from the Freer Collection in Washington, an example from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and a portrait of an Arhat of the Sung dynasty belonging to Mr. Charles H. Ludington of Philadelphia is the frontispiece. This painting was also reproduced in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO of July, 1923.

Bernard Rackham, keeper of the department of ceramics of the Victoria and Albert Museum, writes of ceramics, with particular emphasis on pottery, which has come in recent days to usurp the place of importance once given to porcelain.

Textiles are discussed by A. F. Kendrick, bronzes by W. Perceval Yetts, sculpture by Osvald Sirén, and W. W. Winkworth combines in a few brief pages an account of jades, enamels and lacquers. Each section is splendidly illustrated and many of the plates are in color.

## LITTLE BOOKS ON GREAT MASTERS.

REMBRANDT. CHARDIN AND VIGÉE LEBRUN. MICHELANGELO. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co., New York. Price, \$1.50 a volume.

THESE THREE little books by one of the most prodigious of authors who is also among the few interesting writers on art are part of a series which aims solely at being popular in its appeal. It must be difficult for a scholar of Mr. Lucas' attainments to present his subject so simply without seeming to "write down" to his audience, but there is no touch of condescension in the very clear-cut, direct narrative and analysis which goes into the making of the slight text of these three volumes. These books would be admirable for younger readers. They read so smoothly and keep a sufficient narrative interest to the fore to beguile the novice along without realizing that he is getting somewhere in a land that is supposed to be formidable to the stranger.

Mr. Lucas has the gift of the true biographer, of making one feel intimately the personality of his subject. And while the portraits he draws are, in this instance, slight, they have the reality about them which often distinguishes a quick sketch, and make one conscious of a completeness which they do not actually possess.

The impression which he leaves of Chardin is especially tender and fine. That gentle, retiring soul, so preoccupied with the things under his own immediate observation that he began by painting his lunch and so inaugurated a series of famous still life subjects, seems to have the especial liking of Mr. Lucas. His sympathy with children and his appreciation of the incidents of domestic life also endear him to the author, who finds in "La Bénédicité" the most delightful picture of a child ever painted. This painting is reproduced in color at the beginning of the volume and like the other color reproductions, that of the "Holy Family" by Michelangelo from the Uffizi and the painting of the same subject by Rembrandt in St. Petersburg, are excellently done and rival in quality those of far more costly volumes. There are also twelve black and white reproductions for each book.

The volume on Michelangelo begins with an analysis of the "Holy Family," the only easel picture, and the only



painting in oil which comes from that master. Very briefly and in a manner which the layman can easily grasp, he discusses the technical difficulties which the painter has mastered in this amazing picture. This is the kind of artistic criticism which one finds only too seldom. The majority of writers on art are either too fond of coining clever phrases or else feel called upon to make the subject as difficult to understand as possible. Mr. Lucas foregoes the pleasure of being mysterious.

The volume on Rembrandt is almost entirely biographical, and the half of a volume given to Madame Vigée Lebrun is also largely narrative. Other volumes in the series which are soon to appear are on Da Vinci, Van Dyck, Murillo, Hals, Andrea del Sarto and Giorgione.

**ART AND MAN; ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.** By C. Anstruther-Thomson. With an introduction by Vernon Lee. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price, \$4.

THE COLLECTED writings of C. Anstruther-Thomson appear for the first time under the friendly auspices of her long-time fellow-worker, Vernon Lee, who in his long and most interesting introduction paints a glowing and absorbing portrait of this amateur in art, this amateur whose zeal for knowing the "whys and wherefores" amounted to a sort of genius. Her passing some few years ago has made possible the bringing to light the life story of this extraordinary Englishwoman, her many-faceted career, her deep absorptions in the various phases of art that appealed to her. Throughout the course of her investigations in art she was possessed with the burning desire to plumb the depths of these matters, to discover more and more of the nature and influence of art because she wanted to initiate others into "art's beneficent and ennobling activities." She was a familiar figure in London and in the various European centres of culture, a commanding personality, an indefatigable worker in many fields. Mr. Lee's sympathetic portrait contains many revealing strokes, many intimate glimpses of Miss Anstruther-Thomson in the throes of her investigations on the course of her more or less fragmentary literary career. He makes clear how she came to discover the interplay of figure and ornament in Greek fifth-century pottery for instance, and of how she finally collaborated with him in their joint life effort, the essay "Beauty and Ugliness." Her writings include such subjects as "The Connection Between Man and Art," "More About Greek Vases," "Architecture," "Painting," "Imagination and Emotion in Art," and "Imaginative Criticism." Several portraits and sketches of the author are included, several from the hand of John Singer Sargent.

**AMERICAN HOMES OF TODAY.** By Augusta Owen Patterson. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$15.

THE ONE CLEAR SENTENCE which has emerged from the mist of over twenty centuries of discussion is to the effect that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder. If we modify that to read that those things are considered in good taste which satisfy the urge to beauty of the educated, traveled, gently nourished of one's generations and locality, we probably come as near to a definition of the aesthetic standard as may be. . . . This book is devoted to . . . showing . . . what is now considered the best by contemporaneous owners and architects." Surely this is a clear enough statement of the author's purpose, even if it

seems somewhat to contradict the statement in the preface that "This is a book rather on aesthetics than on architecture." In spite, however, of the author's confusion between fashion and art, a not uncommon mistake, due to the excellent work which has been done by American architects, the book, so long as it sticks to architecture, becomes, indirectly, concerned with esthetics.

With the possible exception of Luytens, in England, American architects are today preeminent in domestic architecture. Therefore a book of this sort, which shows excellent illustrations of a good selection from among the large houses which have been erected here since 1900, is a valuable record of an important architectural period. It is quite true that, as the author states, we have created no distinctive style; our great houses are, almost all of them, inspired in their design by European motives. But, with much of the same spirit with which the builders of American homes in the late eighteenth century adapted English styles to American conditions, our present-day architects have adapted and fused English, French, Italian and Spanish designs to fit contemporary needs. In this book the author has divided the houses into examples of seven styles which she calls *Colonial* (including all American work to 1830); *English* (Adam and Georgian); *Italian*; *French*; *Elizabethan Picturesque* (1485-1714); *Modern Picturesque* (derived from European cottage building); *Mediterranean* (chiefly Spanish). These periods, while they will, in all probability, pain the serious student of architecture, emphasize the salutary decrease of eclecticism among our architects. Evidently the period house is following the period room into the discard.

**THE ART TREASURES OF EDINBURGH.** By W. G. Blaikie Murdock. J. & J. Gray, Edinburgh.

THIS VOLUME of Scottish art will doubtless help many students to acquire a closer, more connected idea of what may be found of real worth among the art possessions of Edinburgh. The author states in his preface that his labors have been undertaken with the purely unpretentious spirit of giving a helping hand to those sojourning in the Scottish capital rather than delving, catalog-wise, into all the artistic data available. There are omissions, as is perhaps inevitable in a work of this kind and size, ones which will cause comment in many quarters, yet the individual manner of presentation and the large store of unusual facts that the author has gathered together will more than compensate for any losses along the way. He begins his investigations as far back in point of time as possible and ranges step by step the history of Scottish art with the enthusiasm to be expected of one of his race. Although this volume appears for the first time in 1924, Mr. Murdoch is able to state in his opening chapter that "no Russian painters, sculptors or architects have impressed their names on the memory of mankind" and that "France, opulent in fine writers and painters, has brought forth no musicians to rank with the outstanding of Germany." It will readily appear that the author has a distinctly individual point of view in estimating art. Three chapters are devoted to portraits illustrating Scottish history, another to portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The art of Italy, Spain and France comes under another heading, and there is a consideration of Dutch and Flemish art and of Oriental objects. Certain antiquities and architecture comprise the final chapter, and show the author's interesting viewpoint in still another direction.



# ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

THE PORTA DEL POPOLO is the north gate of Rome by which most travelers entered the Eternal City before the time of railways, and just outside, on a hill overlooking the ancient thoroughfare, is the Villa Borghese. It was built for Cardinal Scipio Borghese in the seven-



REPRODUCTION OF AN URN FROM THE VILLA  
BORGHESI, ROME  
*Courtesy of P. Sarti*

tenth century, and was a possession of the Borghese family until 1902, when it was purchased by the State, along with its art collections, and the grounds were transformed into a public park. From the railing of the terrace is to be had the very best and most entrancing view of the city, in the midst of which the dome of Saint Peter's registers an indelible impression. In the Villa Borghese is assembled much of the art and beauty of Italy. According to one's Baedeker, "to the right is this, to the left is that," but my truant memory pictures, beside the dome of Saint Peter's and a golden sunset, a winding marble stairway flanked at the foot and head by marble urns. Illustrated here is a charming reproduction of one of those urns, done in Pompeian stone, by an Italian-American, who produces many faultless replicas for our consumption. Thus does America, rising above commercialism, demand the conceptions of the old world. To find some of the best of them, go to P. Sarti.

IN 1910 there was opened in New York a branch of Baguès, Inc., of Paris and London. Representing the acme of achievement in the fashioning of metals into forms of beauty, this firm has for a very long time been recognized in Europe as the final authority on lighting fixtures, bronzes and artistic iron work. In the Baguès studios are to be found priceless antiques, original designs, and perfect reproductions from all museums and art centres of the world. Quite a few Americans of wealth and culture have profited by acquaintance with this Paris house, and some of the most sumptuous establishments of this country as well as Europe are embellished by examples of its artistic conceptions and workmanship. The first

work done here, before the branch was opened, was in the old Knickerbocker Hotel, and incidentally, speaking of notable work, Baguès had the honor of installing for the French government the crystal chandeliers in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles—the only electric lighting fixtures ever introduced into that glittering interior. Illustrated is an exact reproduction of one of the beautiful bronze torchères which stand in the Grand Salon of the famous Palazzo Farnese at Rome. This Palazzo was begun in 1534, for Alessandro Farnese, and was completed after his death under the direction of Michelangelo. Its magnificence represents the genius of several renowned architects, and the furnishings bespeak the harmonious splendor that surrounded kings and popes of the middle ages. The Torchères are eight feet eight inches high, and are produced by Baguès in original and reduced dimensions, in either bronze or iron, and with or without electric wiring. The application of the incandescent bulb to illumination has been adapted to styles of various periods with consummate skill and taste, but always, in every century and country,

Mr. E. H. Gallet has been designer and representative of Baguès in New York for fifteen years.

REPRODUCTION OF A BRONZE TORCHÈRE IN THE  
PALAZZO FARNESE, ROME  
*Courtesy of Baguès*





MODERN mechanical devices contribute greatly to comfort and utility and in many instances place beauty within the reach of all, but sophisticated taste forever calls for the painstaking labor of human hands. Perhaps nowhere in the world is artistic needlework more perfectly developed and universally appreciated than in England. Mary Symonds is undoubtedly the leading authority in England on tapestries, embroideries and needlework. She is a lecturer of note, consultant of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is advisor to the royal family on topics pertaining to these subjects, having restored ancient tapestries and works of art of this nature in the royal palaces of Windsor, Buckingham and Holyrood. Miss Symonds has won numerous medals for her own work in many countries, and not a few fortunate Americans have seen and taken lessons from her both in England and here, where she has visited under the most distinguished patronage. Her fascinating New York shop offers embroideries and tapestries of all kinds, antique and modern, and here also such things can be restored and reproduced. Especially interesting are the patterns of every period, which are traced and prepared, and the materials that are furnished, to be worked by deft-fingered art lovers. Illustrated is just a hint of the beauty to be seen in this shop. The cushion is made from an eighteenth-century panel. Age has given the heavy satin a deep ivory tone, and the flowers, done in fine silks, have faded into indescribable softness and harmony.

CUSHION COVER OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NEEDLEWORK

*Courtesy of Mary Symonds*



PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY differs from other branches of photographic practice in the motive by which it is prompted. Employing the same tools, it seeks to use the process as a means of personal artistic expression. It was about 1846 that David Octavius Hill, a successful Scottish painter, took up this method of portrayal. Guided by the knowledge and conception of an artist, and refusing to be fettered to photographic conventions of the day, he produced the first photographic portraits. His achievement ultimately threw a monkey-wrench into the Photographic Society of Great Britain (now the Royal Photographic Society), causing a group of secessionists to leave that august body and form themselves into a brotherhood called "The Linked Ring." This organization held its first Photographic Salon in 1893 at the Dudley Gallery, Picca-

dilly. It elected artists as judges, and encouraged exhibitors of portrait photography from all over the world, thus becoming international in character. Therefore in passing



"DANNY"

*Courtesy of Lena G. Towsley*

it is interesting to note that, as a distinct movement, pictorial photography is of British origin.

To catch and portray the many-sided and fleeting fascinations of childhood is difficult and is art indeed. To this end Lena G. Towsley gives her time and talent, with pronounced success. She has no studio, preferring to seek her subjects in their own environment, no matter where, and using a film camera, she employs methods of her own to achieve results that are most unusual and artistic.

THIS IS A DAY of specialists, and one saves time, money and effort by using the trained ability that is offered in every line of endeavor. In Mayfair, London, the General Trading Company, Ltd., has a shop that is filled exclusively with things selected by art connoisseurs. The screen illustrated is of painted antique leather and for many years has done its bit toward beautifying the home of a well-known collector of art treasures. The background is black, and the design and blending of color pay tribute to the inimitable art of the Chinese.

PAINTED LEATHER SCREEN

*Courtesy of the General Trading Company*





# THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

IN ALL the eighteenth-century British school of portrait painting there are probably no three figures of greater interest from the point of view of contrast than Gainsborough, Reynolds and Romney—Gainsborough, the impetuous, the emotional, the artist who thought with his heart alone, a true inspirational genius, capable of sudden and inexplicable moods and deeds which reveal the “artistic temperament” in fine flower; Reynolds the calm calculator, the intellectual, who always thought of the practical side of the question and at seventeen was able to tell his father that he would like to be a painter if he could be a good one; Romney, the man of insight, the observer of the world about him, the recorder of character, a self-taught genius who was one of the greatest of the devotees of naturalism.

The works of these three men are to be brought into comparison with each other in an article in the July number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in an article by Helen Comstock. Gainsborough and Romney are to be represented by color reproductions of their two portraits of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, which have recently been brought to this country by Sir Joseph Duveen from the collection of the late Earl Spencer. The Reynolds portrait is much earlier, having been done in 1775-76, the Gainsborough in 1783. Both had also painted portraits of her as a child. She was the eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer. After her marriage to the Duke of Devonshire, who was the most desirable match in England, she took her place as the leader of society and while she did not have great beauty Walpole said of her that she effaced all without it. She was a person of unusual intellectual attainments, wrote fairly creditable poetry and numbered among her friends Johnson, Fox and Sheridan.

Romney is to be represented in the coming article by a number of reproductions in black and white of some very fine portraits belonging to American owners which were seen in a loan exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries this spring. The famous portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which the artist painted for his own gallery, and portraits of Lady Hepburn, William Lord Robertson and the Drummond children will be included.

OF RECENT YEARS we have heard a great deal about the psychological effect of color. Red, green, yellow, each is supposed to do various things to us, to affect our thoughts and dispositions. Whether this effect is inherent in the color or whether it is a matter of association, going back for thousands of years, is a question which may never be decided. But whatever the answer, certainly the background of color is a fascinating study. Color played an important part in the ancient eastern civilizations. Red was a magic color, capable of expelling demons; things of that color were more powerful and more alive, hence the “vermillion pencil” with which the Japanese emperor signed his decrees. Yellow, the color of gold, was imperial. Green was associated with immortality. These, and many other attributes of the primary colors, are our inheritance. In the next number Stewart Culin, Curator of Ethnology at the Brooklyn Museum, will write of the “Magic of Color.”

“THERE IS no more baffling figure in all art than the custom house officer, Henri-Julien Rousseau, called the ‘Douanier.’ He is the living synthesis of an anonymous

multitude of humble artisans, from sign and house painters to village decorators of traveling shows and road taverns. He represents the vision of the common people that through him, mysteriously, without the intervention of guides from the instructed classes, has found plastic and permanent form. The craftsmen of the middle ages may have been his precursors, but he is the sole modern artist in whom there is no eclecticism, no ‘influence.’ He neither copies nor assimilates. He is primitive in the sense that he is himself—isolated and ignorant.”

In the next issue, Louise Gebhard Cann, from whose article the quotation is taken, reviews the work of Rousseau in its relation to modern painting and tells the life story of this simple, patient, persistent man.

FEW OF US know Albert Ryder as well as he deserves. He has become something of a legend, a little vague. His work is, for the most part, in private collections; the scattering representation in the museums is hardly enough to establish, generally, his reputation as one of America's true artists. His was a genius something akin to that of Blake's, and, like Blake's, slow to be fully appreciated. Horatio Walker was one of Ryder's closest friends. Walker is also a friend of F. Newlin Price. Mr. Price has written the story of Ryder and through it all runs the keen memory of Walker. So, perhaps for the first time, we have an account of Ryder's life and work as he might have liked to have it done. The very flavor of Ryder's life is in it.

“ACCORDING TO INCA belief, an egg of copper fell from heaven from which sprang the first Indians; after a time an egg of silver fell from which sprang the nobility; and after a longer period an egg of gold fell from which issued the Inca.” Nowhere more than in South and Central America has the fate of men been so entwined with gold. Inca, Aztec and Spaniard all owe their rise and fall to gold. The story, old though it is, is full of romance. But, usually, in the chronicles of ancient South America civilizations and conquests, the story has been of gold only, precious metal at so much the ounce. Less attention has been paid to the wonderful craftsmanship of the Incas and Aztecs and to the beautiful things they fashioned.

In the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania there is a priceless collection of these golden records of forgotten races. For the next number Ivan Peterman, of the museum staff, has written an account of this collection and its making.

THE FOLLOWING NOTE should have been appended to the article *A Spanish Landscape Painter* by Ballesteros de Martos, which appeared in the April number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO: *Translated from the original Spanish, with permission of the Spanish art critic to publish, by Edna Wortbley Underwood. The accompanying pictures were selected by the artist himself for use in the United States.*

“THE SKIPPER,” by Robery Henri, reproduced on the cover of this issue, is used by courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries.

Payton Brzwell









*"GEORGIANA, DUGHESS OF DEVONSHIRE"*

*by*

*Thomas Gainsborough*

*Courtesy of Duveen*



July 1925

## Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn

NOT ONLY because they differ from each other in temperament but for the additional reason that their unusual personalities set them apart from their contemporaries do

Gainsborough, Reynolds and Raeburn, considered together in spite of the Scotchman's junior years, form as interesting a conjunction of geniuses as may be brought together out of the painters of eighteenth-century Britain. They supplement each other by their dissimilarity; each has made his particular contribution to the portraiture of the "seven ages," and among their divergences of style may be found what is nearly the sum total of the achievement of their school. Few artists of any land or time have ever painted women and children with so much sympathy and understanding as Gainsborough; Reynolds has no equal in his portraits of men, such as those of Garrick, Sterne, Goldsmith, Lord Heathfield, and that much earlier but very great painting of Admiral Keppel; Raeburn left a record of Scotch society of his day, while, as a special province of his extensive *œuvre*, there are his wonderful portraits of old ladies, for which one must go back to Rembrandt's "Elizabeth Bas" to find a superior. In the quality of their art these three also maintain their individuality. Raeburn, self-taught and developing easily an unaffected naturalistic style, painted in a free, direct manner which makes him strangely modern; Reynolds, the great colorist, evolved out of his study of Rembrandt and the Venetians a definite manner of his own which kept the elements

*Of these three great painters of the eighteenth-century monde Raeburn has been the last to gain wide recognition*

HELEN GOMSTOCK

he admired in both and was yet entirely personal; Gainsborough fused many qualities into so harmonious a relation that it is impossible to say that he thought first of color, or line, or his so

amazing brushwork, but only that he was one of those rare spirits capable of seeing art from all sides and seeing it whole. In their characters too, quite apart from their art, these three again are engaging by their contrasts. Reynolds, intellectual, calm, dispassionate, who never did an impetuous thing in his life and was so controlled in all his actions that he remained an enigma to those who knew him best; Raeburn, the genial, friendly intimate of all the famous men of Scotland, who could tell a good story, was refreshingly modest, and responded generously to the fine qualities of others; and finally Gainsborough, the most lovable and perhaps the greatest of them all, a sensitive spirit, given to warm and often misdirected sympathies, ill adjusted to the world about him, but eagerly responsive to its beauty, of which he was both worshiper and interpreter.

The particular reason for bringing these three painters together at this time is that they have all recently been represented in New York by exceptionally beautiful portraits. Sir Joseph Duveen brought over from the collection of the late Earl Spencer the two portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire, one by Gainsborough and the other by Reynolds, which are reproduced in color. Raeburn was seen in a loan exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries where sixteen paintings belonging to private collectors in this country were shown, of which a number are illustrated. The Reynolds portrait of the Duchess is the earlier of the two, having been painted in 1775. Georgiana

*The two color plates of the portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire, reproduced from paintings by Gainsborough and Reynolds, are used by courtesy of Duveen; photographs of portraits by Raeburn by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries.*





"LADY HEPBURN"

BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

Cavendish, eldest daughter of the first Earl Spencer, was born in 1757 and was married in 1774. Both Reynolds and Gainsborough had painted her as a child. This portrait by Reynolds was begun a year after her marriage, when she was only eighteen years old, while the Gainsborough portrait was done in 1783. She had not a great beauty, and yet, as Walpole said of her, she effaced with her charm those who had it. It was

not alone her position as the bride of the matrimonial catch of the day that at once enthroned her as a "queen of society," for her own queenliness, her distinction of manner and of mind would have made her a social power. She was the friend of Fox, Sheridan and Selwyn, was an eager listener of that king of conversationalists, Johnson, and was herself a poet of by no means commonplace attainments.





"MISS URQUHART"

BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

The two portraits are not so much a comment on their subject as on the artists who painted them. Gainsborough is said to have been so moved by her vivacity and grace that he never felt completely at ease while painting her portrait in spite of her efforts to make him so. There is certainly far more emotion expressed in his painting of her than in Reynolds', who was much more concerned with the exquisite lighting effect over the white textures of her stately gown, and the

glow of light encircling the hand contrasted with the more subdued light on the white-shod foot that moves forward so graciously. The impression in the Reynolds portrait is of motion about to be made, in the Gainsborough, of the completion of a motion and the relaxing of the figure into repose and the mind into reverie. From the point of view of composition the Reynolds is the more interesting; then too there is that unfailing gift of his of making one feel the worldly position of his sub-





"THE DRUMMOND CHILDREN"

BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN

ject; he infuses into his portraits something of the narrative of the life of the man or woman he paints—in this case he presents the true *grande dame*, the beautiful woman of noble blood born to an exalted position which she fills by right; it is the Duchess he paints, but Gainsborough has shown us the woman. Gainsborough sees only Georgiana Cavendish, and though he may have been unusually moved in her presence it was not because she was the Duchess of Devonshire but because she was one of those rare women who combine so much of wit with charm, and depth of intellect with feminine loveliness. He has shown us her spiritual grace and tenderness. There is a lightness of touch in Gainsborough which makes the Reynolds seem

slightly rigid, in the way the folds of the dress and the twist of the sash and the scarf are painted. Comparisons of these two pictures are no doubt futile and instead of indulging in them let us turn to Raeburn, who has not for so long enjoyed the prestige of his two great seniors but, since the inclusion of some of his works in the exhibition of old masters in Burlington House in 1877, has acquired a well deserved recognition.

When Raeburn, at the height of his successful career in Edinburgh, was thinking of moving to London by way of extending his professional boundaries, he first consulted Sir Thomas Lawrence on the advisability of making the change. Lawrence was naturally the last man to ask for a





"SONS OF DAVID MUNRO BINNING"

BY SIR HENRY RAEburn

disinterested opinion, for he was the lion of the day in London so far as portraiture was concerned, and Raeburn's applying to him at all argues a remarkable ingenuousness in the Scotchman's nature. Lawrence was having things his own way in London and Raeburn had an even more complete monopoly in Edinburgh. Lawrence had a rival, by no means formidable, in Beechey, but Opie was dead, Hoppner died the year of this proposed change, which was 1810, and William Owen was rapidly dropping out of the running. Raeburn was the only artist on the horizon who could seriously threaten Lawrence's position and it was to the Englishman's manifest advantage to keep him on his own side of the border. This he

seems to have done without any great trouble for Raeburn almost immediately gave up the idea. Lawrence would undoubtedly have lost more than Raeburn by a contest at close range, for Raeburn's forceful and illuminating naturalism would have prevailed over Lawrence's grace and charm. Sir Walter Armstrong, the biographer of both, regrets that Raeburn was so easily dissuaded for he felt that a conflict on the same soil would have been good for them. Rivalry would have put them both on their mettle; competition would have acted as a spur to an achievement in which both would have more greatly enriched English art.

It is not often that conscientiousness and enthusiasm and talent are combined in one person,





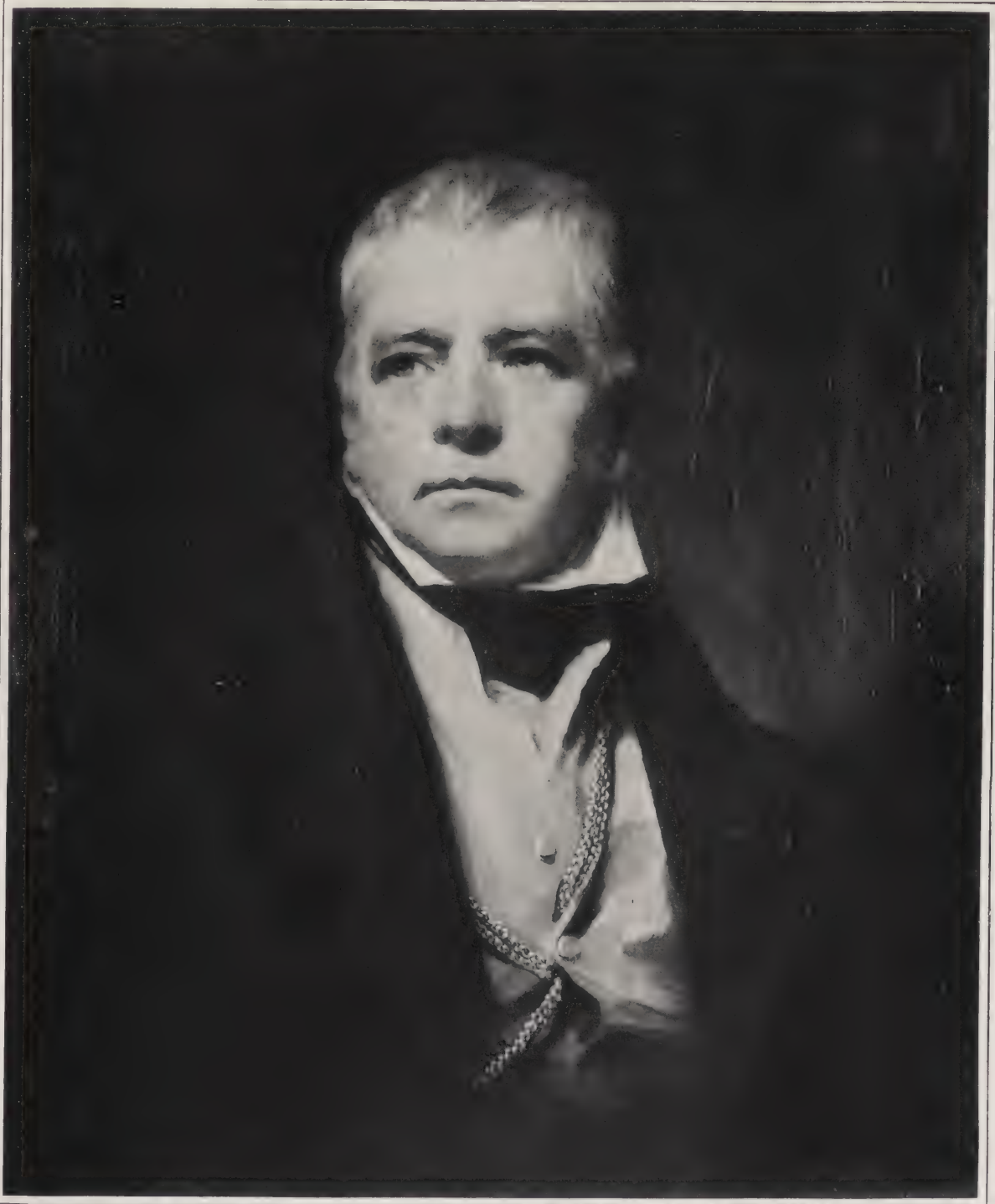
"ROBERT BROWN OF NEWHALL"

BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

but Raeburn possessed them all. He painted more than a thousand portraits in the forty years of his career, and among these were all the prominent Scotchmen—save Burns and a few others—of the day. J. L. Caws' catalogue of his works mentions more than seven hundred. It may have been that his naturalism kept him from evolving a formula, this at a time when most of his English compeers

were to a great degree stylists. There was something impersonal enough about Raeburn to keep him interested in the world outside himself. If he did not have a great imagination he at least had unusual insight, and insight and interest go together, regardless of what the cynics may say. Then there was that very simple piece of advice which was given to Raeburn by James Byres of





"SIR WALTER SCOTT"

BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN

Tonley whom he met during his two years in Rome, advice which Raeburn is said to have followed literally always, that of not painting from the imagination but only with the object directly before him. This advice would have irked an imaginative, a dreamer, but Raeburn was not this; he was an observer, a recorder, and he was not overburdened by a consciousness of his "genius."

Another reason for admiring him as a pro-

digious worker is that his wife's considerable fortune did not make a lazy man of him. Her money perhaps enabled him to make his Roman trip in 1785 but he could no doubt have supplied the funds unaided from his ten successful years of portrait commissions. His marriage to Ann, Countess Leslie, had come about because of his profession, for she came to him to have her portrait painted. A month later she became his wife





"JOHN TAIT AND HIS GRANDSON"

BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN

and in spite of the fact that she was twelve years his senior the marriage seems to have been a remarkably happy one. They went to live in Deanhaugh House, which was her property, near both the Water of Leith and Stockbridge, where the painter was born. Raeburn was entirely an Edinburgh product. In all his life he made only three visits to London and his only residence in

another place was Rome, where he went to study for two years, and he made his journey to and from that city without stopping even at Paris on the way. His early art education had been conducted solely by himself while he was apprenticed to a jeweler, a Mr. Gilliland. He was not yet twenty years old when he was doing quite fine portrait miniatures.





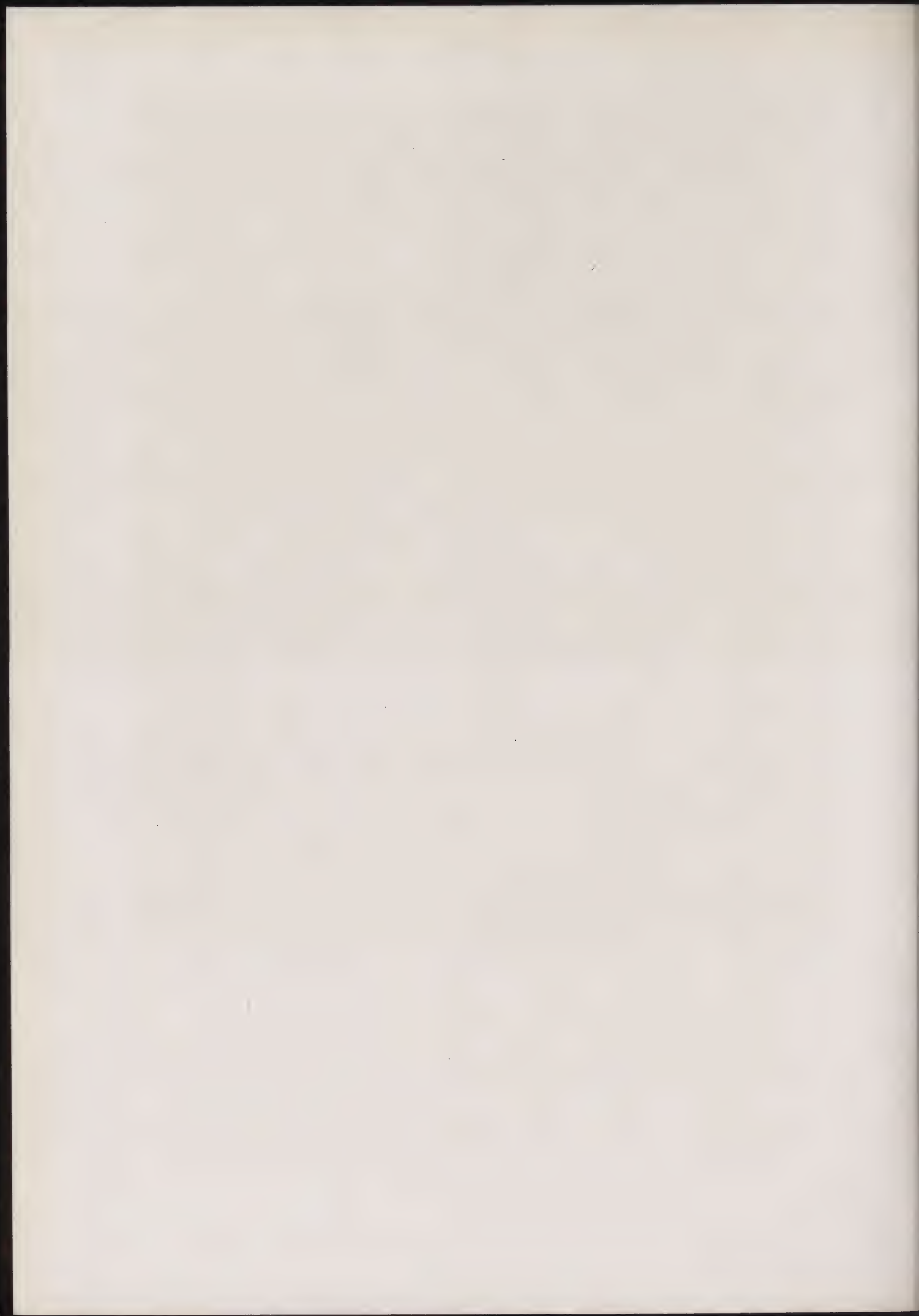
*"GEORGIANA, DUGHESS OF DEVONSHIRE"*

*by*

*Sir Joshua Reynolds*

*Courtesy of Duveen*









"MISS DAVID REID"

BY SIR HENRY RAEburn

Allan Cunningham, author of the *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, a contemporary of Raeburn, gives this interesting picture of the artist at work:

"For a head size he generally required four or five sittings; and he preferred painting the head and hands to any other part of the body, assigning as a reason that they required the least consideration. Such was the intuition with which he penetrated at once to the mind that the first sitting

rarely came to a close without his having seized strongly on the character and disposition of the individual."

Raeburn's patronage outgrew his studio in George Street, which he had established on his return from Rome in 1787, and because he had studied architecture he designed his new studio himself. This was in York Place, and besides its painting rooms and living quarters there was also a floor given to a fifty-foot gallery where he hung





"WILLIAM LORD ROBERTSON"

BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN

his own paintings, making of it in time his famous "gallery of friends" where so many distinguished Scotchmen looked down from the walls. It was for this gallery that he painted the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which is illustrated here. Raeburn never sought honors and when they came to him he received them with unusual modesty. In 1815 he was made a member of the Royal Academy of London without any solicitation or canvassing on his part. Nor was there any wire-pulling

to secure him his knighthood, which was conferred in 1822.

Raeburn's recognition, it has been said, is not old. He has always been esteemed in Scotland but the universal qualities of his genius deserved and have finally found a broader appreciation. His art is identified essentially with a locality, but it is not provincial. Although by no means in the front rank of the great artists of all time his art nevertheless earns our gratitude.





"L'HERBAGE"

BY HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

## An ARTIST of the "PEOPLE"

THERE IS no more baffling figure in all art than the custom-house officer, Henri-Julien Rousseau, called the "Douanier."

He is the living synthesis of an anonymous multitude of

humble artisans, from sign and house painters to village decorators of traveling shows and road taverns. He represents the vision of the common people that through him, mysteriously, without the intervention of guides from the instructed classes, has found plastic and permanent form. The craftsmen of the middle ages may have been his precursors; but he is the sole modern artist in whom there is no eclecticism, no "influence." He neither copies nor assimilates. He is primitive in the sense that he is *himself*—isolated and ignorant.

Born at Laval, France, in 1844, of a family of French working folk, as a child he shared in

*In the direct unsophisticated art of the "Douanier" Rousseau the French workman makes his mark*

Louise Gebhard GANN

earning the daily bread. Always his surroundings were coarse, even sordid, and except for the interval during which he was a petty employee of the custom-house, he suffered want for

the bare necessities of existence. There is not the slightest trace in his childhood and youth of encouragement toward knowledge or self-expression, not the least hint of talent or aspiration in his heredity. Workmen of those days were doomed to intolerable hours of toil, poor pay, habitations unhygienic, filthy, their only respite Sundays and holidays when they could indulge in hard drink, chiefly absinthe, accompanied by violent pleasures. Though in his simple impractical humility, Rousseau never during his entire career forsook the comrades of his own class, he did not, it seems, share their recreations. On the contrary, he let





"LAPIN AU REPAS"

BY HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

them see how he occupied his leisure with drawing and painting. They gaped with astonishment that turned to ridicule. "He was crazy!"—the butt of his friends and family as he was later the butt of Montparnasse and the *Quartier Latin*.

It is supposed by the critic, Gustave Coquiot, who knew him as early as 1885, and by others, that Rousseau drifted to Mexico before he became a collector of tolls in the *banlieue* of Paris. It reveals but superficial knowledge of his mentality to think such an excursion necessary in order to account for the series of exotic landscapes done in his last years. In 1886 he sent for the first time canvases to the *Indépendants*, then holding its second salon in a temporary building of the rue des Tuileries, near the pavillon de Flore. Odilon Redon was a member of the committee; Seurat, among other important works, showed "Un Dimanche à la Grande-Jatte;" and a certain David Fuller, an American, said to be half Negro, displayed paintings of wild Indians and prairie fires, to which, much to the entertainment of visitors, he affixed elaborate descriptive titles composing a sort of story.

From now on Rousseau was a feature of the *Indépendants*, during twenty-four years missing but two salons, those of 1899 and 1900. He was there in 1910, the year of his death, and in 1911 he was given a Retrospective. He was admitted now and again to the *Salon d'Automne*. As early as 1888 Redon noticed and admired his work.

In the *Indépendants* he exhibited historical paintings under which he wrote patriotic legends, as: "The last of the 51st. After hard fighting, the regiment was completely destroyed. There remained only a poor mutilated boy to save the flag under which his elders had conquered so much glory!" In 1893 he hung a "View of the Isle St. Louis during the night of the burning of the omnibus station, quai de l'Estrapade," excusing himself for these details with a characteristic, "I'm a grouch of an official!" Under "Le Rêve," he placed a poem, dedicated to one Yadwiga, a Polish maiden then inhabiting Montparnasse. In spite of the poetry of the picture and the sincerity of the verses, Yadwiga, like everyone else, replied with smiles more mocking than kind.

His usual contribution of six canvases was



augmented in 1897 to ten. But these paintings that immediately after his death began entering noted modern collections both in France and throughout Europe, especially in Germany, where his work found its first serious estimate, were invariably tucked away in the remotest corners of the lower regions of the salons, the floors of which were frequently inundated from leaks in the walls; yet they were not inaccessible to those cheerful spirits who sought the *Indépendants* for the flavor of comedy. And during more than a score of years, it never occurred to *père* Rousseau that these knots of hilarious people gesticulating in front of his "Centenaire de l'Indépendance," his "Liberté," and "La Guerre," were laughing at him. Indeed, noticing the noise these wits made before the works of others, he represented to the committee that artists whose extraordinary conceptions excited unseemly clamor among the visitors should be expelled, not realizing that for years the *Indépendants* had been plotting to get rid of him. This unconsciousness marked his conduct always. He had the intentness of a child, incapable of understanding the condescension of its elders and too absorbed in its play to take note.

The *douanier* was past forty when he first exhibited his work and almost everything we know of his was painted between that time and the year of his death. Loving only to paint, he resigned from the custom-house, but unable to sell the product of his brush, he gave violin lessons to the children of workingmen in the Plaisance quarter, where he lived in the rue Perrel. Though he never had had instruction on this instrument, nor on the piano, which he also played, and was too poor to own either, nevertheless his pupils increased and he earned sufficient to keep alive on. He gave recitals to which Guillaume Apollinaire and the "intellectuals," who had by this time discovered him, thought it *chic* to repair, and to whom he sent invitations decorated by his drawings. Sometimes the program relegated the small students to the stairways as listeners, for it was made up entirely of



"LE LAPIN"

BY EDOUARD MANET

his own compositions, musical and verbal. On these occasions he wore a frock coat, white gloves and cravat, and took the volleys of laughter that greeted his numbers, especially from the ladies who accompanied his distinguished guests, as applause. He was either the imbecile many thought him or had the thick skin of a peasant, for the ridicule never seemed to puncture his self-assurance. Often he appeared self-invited at the receptions the composer, William Molard, and his wife, assisted by Gauguin, held Saturdays at 6 rue Vercingétorix. The *douanier*, having borrowed an old violin, would announce an original composition and proceed to execute it with an air of beatitude. The presence of a Strindberg, a Mallarmé, a Degas, no whit deterred him. Indeed, once overhearing M. Degas make a bitter remark about the salons, Rousseau ingenuously offered his assistance, saying he had artistic connections that might be of use! The irony of that could only be fully appreciated by those who knew the two men personally.

The fixed mask of this curious old man's face is pierced by a look in the blue eyes as persistent as that of a dog's when determined to come in by





"LE PRÉSENT ET LE PASSÉ"

BY HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

the fire, though his master drives him out. The Polichinelle of these gay Bohemian gatherings, Rousseau's life has the aspect of a farce. Married twice and twice left a widower, at sixty-five he moved heaven and earth, so to speak, to persuade the father of Léonie, aged fifty-four, whom he called "*la pauvre petite*," a saleswoman in the bazaar of the Hotel-de-Ville, to bestow her hand on him in marriage. There was much running back and forth by the *bonhomme* between Mont Rouge and the Chatélet, buying of presents, writing of poems, etc., the whole affair in all its intricacies confided to everyone he met. But "*la pauvre petite*" rested her decision on the value of the paintings. There was question of having them expertized. The washerwoman, seeing bills settled with difficulty, grudgingly accepted small canvases in payment; a neighboring restaurant-keeper,

where Rousseau often ate, did likewise; but the joiner stubbornly refused to exchange a large stretcher for a landscape; and his sole students of drawing, two ambitious personages of seventy-two and eighty years respectively, had the unpleasant habit of scolding him after lessons for abandoning the respectable position of toll collector for the miserable lot of an artist. These things entertained the latin quarter but spread a scandal that reached the Hotel-de-Ville. It was decided that his paintings were rubbish. All seemed ended, when friends offered their mediations. They informed him the day for the wedding was set. At about the same time he received a letter announcing to him that a foreign millionaire would take all the pictures he could produce. Rousseau filled the quarter with his exultations, set about preparing for the marriage and for filling the order. Alas, on the day appointed Léonie failed to appear. He himself spread the news of his defeat. People thought it comical. The perpetrators of the letter held their sides.

Observing that he never fully grasped the situation but still half-believed in the "amateur," it was said that he was cunning and knew how to turn to account his reputation for simplicity. He was sometimes moody and snarling. Did he find these teasing artists and writers as enigmatic as they found him? Was he flattered by the attention given a mountebank? Did he penetrate the contemptuous opinions and resent them? He died without a hint, unless we strain to believe that the singing positive joy in his work was compensatory. He revels in fêtes

of the people—such as getting married, taking a drive, a Sunday walk in Sunday clothes along the fortifications, out hunting in a day-dream and meeting a tiger, the most ferocious in art. Growth, sunshine, youth, the full thrill of it—for that, there is nobody like him!

Apollinaire crowned him with grandiloquent phrases and charged him not to change by so much as a hair's breadth in his manner of painting. Actually Rousseau preferred the Luxembourg to the Louvre. He admired Cabanel and considered Bouguereau the greatest artist that had ever lived. Could he have done as he desired, he would have painted like him. His actual product measures the extent of his inability to attain his ideal and shows by that how greatly he was endowed.

His art springs from the popular soil, but it



can never interest any but the *élite*. To look at his canvases without the ability to read his ideas plastically is to see merely the amusing naïveté of their representative elements. The basis of his work is order, composition, a form significant in design and remarkably unified, chiefly by means of virile color. He arrived at great technical accomplishment and was able to express an intensity of human desire altogether rare. His painting is not in any sense that of a dilettante or a student. It is that of a master.

In the same exposition we saw Manet's rabbit and the rabbit of the *douanier*. In the very essence of his work, the brushing, tactile sensibility, taste for severe colors, there is no modern painter, not even the hyper-refined Whistler, more aristocratic than Manet; and though the potato-vender recently discovered making astonishing sketches on the apex of the Butte Montmartre, and as a result now launched by a gallery of the *avant-garde* in the rue La Boétie, may prove more plebeian than our humble collector of customs, we hardly expect him to affirm that raciness of the peoples' soul, deep, childlike and direct, that Rousseau affirms preeminently. Manet's theme is *nature-morte*, Rousseau's "life." The difference between the selection of cultivated talent and ignorant genius inheres in the subject and the treatment. The greys and blacks by which the author of "Olympe" leads the interest from the inverted feet tied to the wall by a cord that plays its part subtly in the composition, have the distinction of breeding. The statement is that of a precise and trained intellect gifted with esthetic vision, slightly cold and macabre in this instance, the urge to excessive virtuosity checked by taste. It is one of those gems of French art hard to define because so purely and exquisitely visual. Rousseau's blue-grey rabbit is seen against a brick-red wall. It is making its way, with an expression we recognize in the rabbit of a neighbor if we have a garden, toward an enormous cabbage leaf but has paused to nibble the tops of a carrot almost as big as



"LA NOCE"

BY HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

itself. This rabbit is evidently in paradise. Its tail and ears, as extraordinary as any in art, express the same. The intensely verdant leaves above him vibrate with sympathy. The entire canvas carries the feeling of the primitive impulse of the creature toward food. The acute and odd accentuation of the thigh, the long full contour of the body, contribute to a vitality that amounts to symbol. The volume of this exceedingly living creature reminds one of those expressed by Giotto, or Signorelli. The cabbage leaf, placed in an angle of the foreground, is one of Rousseau's naïve ways of establishing his space. In "Le Présent et le Passé" a bush is intended to hold Monsieur Rousseau and his second wife, Josephine, in the middle-ground. A vine binds it to a tree in an effort to draw the latter close to the figures but it remains twenty feet away in the background, its position on the brink of an abyss somewhat uncertain between the earthly couple and their former mates peering down on them from the clouds. In "La





"JOYEUX FARCEURS"

BY HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

Noce" the dog more successfully assigns the group its position. In "L'Herbage," a masterpiece in the handling of densities in the foliage, in contrast to the solidity and weight of the man and the cattle, an example of his powers of equilibrium, we have a skilful rhythm of the planes in which the mechanical means to it disappear. To return to the rabbit, painted two years before the artist's death. It is a typical work that by its quaint justness and amazing truth in color values has exerted an influence on contemporary art equal to that of the sunflowers of Van Gogh. One may again refer to Manet's dexterous transitions, that in lesser men degenerate into the insipid tricks of the schools.

From first to last the *douanier's* painting is genial; but it comes to its full exciting diapason in his tropical compositions that are, for the rest, balanced and methodical. His use of golden iridescent blacks, warm milky whites, pure fiery blues, vegetable orange burning in densities of greens graduated from moss-agate to deep jungle

shadow, is truly magic. In these we agree with Coquiot, the official historian of the *Indépendants*, that here is something more than "disconcerting naïveté, more than natural emotion, more than touching simplicity. Here is such a style, invention, employ of pictorial qualities, and especially such a love, surrender of self, offering of the heart laid bare, with absence of falsehood, insincerity, that one can call the contribution of Rousseau to painting a contribution generous and unique."

Appreciated chiefly by artists, we find Vlaminck and his comrades preoccupied with him. In a recent conversation he says, contrary to what others have chosen to find: "Rousseau was not a classic. He was magnificently ignorant. Scrupulously honest, he had no creditors and he left no debt. The masters of the past and his contemporaries can claim nothing from him. Not Greco, not Poussin, not Corot, not Renoir, not Cézanne. If he owes anything it is to the page of some small illustrated newspaper at a *sou*, or to some

natural history of the primary school, or to a botanical album.

"Before the inexplicable mystery of the *douanier's* art, especially when one knew the man, before his incompatibility of temper, if one may so speak, the so rare gift of his creation, which sometimes touches the grandeur of the primitives, the surprise at finding immediately in this *bon-homme* what we seek through knowledge, led Derain to say to me, bitterly, 'Then fame belongs to fools. Compared to Rousseau, Cézanne is a trickster!'"

The remark is quoted for the light it throws on the aims of our contemporaries. Men long to be themselves. They suspect education unfits them for the office. The phenomenon of Rousseau disturbs their assurance of originality, a virtue to which they aspire, willing to avoid the mechanical, the learned and the given in a return to the instinctive and the primitive, oneself considered. Thus, speaking idealistically and absolutely, even Cézanne as compared to the *douanier* is derivative.





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## The ARCHITECTS' EXHIBITION

THE ARCHITECTS' exhibition this year was on a much larger scale than has ever been attempted before. In the past it has been the custom to

show only the work of the members of the Architectural League, the American Institute of Architects and the National Society of Mural Painters. For the exhibition which was held in the Grand Central Palace in New York City during the latter part of April of this year the two architectural societies invited decorators and manufacturers as well as foreign architects to join with them in an International Exposition of Architecture and Allied Art. Whatever the result from the architects' point of view, and it is reported that several of them felt that the "Allied Art" had assumed the major part, certainly for the general public the interest was keener than ever before. To the layman, unaccustomed to reading plans, and much more apt to grasp the beauty of an architectural conception from reality than from a drawing or photograph, the rooms constructed and furnished by decorators and manufacturers gave a much clearer idea of what he might do to make his own

*Two architectural societies joined with the decorators, manufacturers and foreign architects in big display*

house beautiful. Sacred and holy though the art of architecture is, we feel that the link established by the "commercial" exhibits between architect and prospective

client was one of value to both.

The exhibition occupied four floors of the Grand Central Palace and there were more than four thousand examples shown of the work of architects, sculptors and painters. In addition to these were exhibits by over two hundred decorators and manufacturers. In reality it was an architectural world's fair with Canada, England, France, Finland, Germany, Mexico, China and Sweden participating.

On the first night of the exhibition the medals awarded annually by the architectural societies were given out. Medals were presented by the Architectural League of New York to Arthur Loomis Harmon; Miller, Meigs & Howe; Arthur Covey; James Earle Fraser; Nicola D'Ascenzo; Leon V. Solon; O. C. Simonds and Alfred Lenz; by the American Institute of Architects to Arthur Loomis Harmon; Maginnis & Walsh; Tilton & Giffens; Sprowl & Rolf, and Walker & Gillette.





STAIRWAY FROM THE COURT OF HONOR IN THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ALLIED ARTS EXHIBITION, 1925  
BALUSTRADE BY EDGAR BRANDT





BRONZE DOORS AND LAMPS EXECUTED BY THE GORHAM COMPANY





THE WILLIAM H. JACKSON COMPANY EXHIBIT

THE RAVENNA MOSAIC EXHIBIT





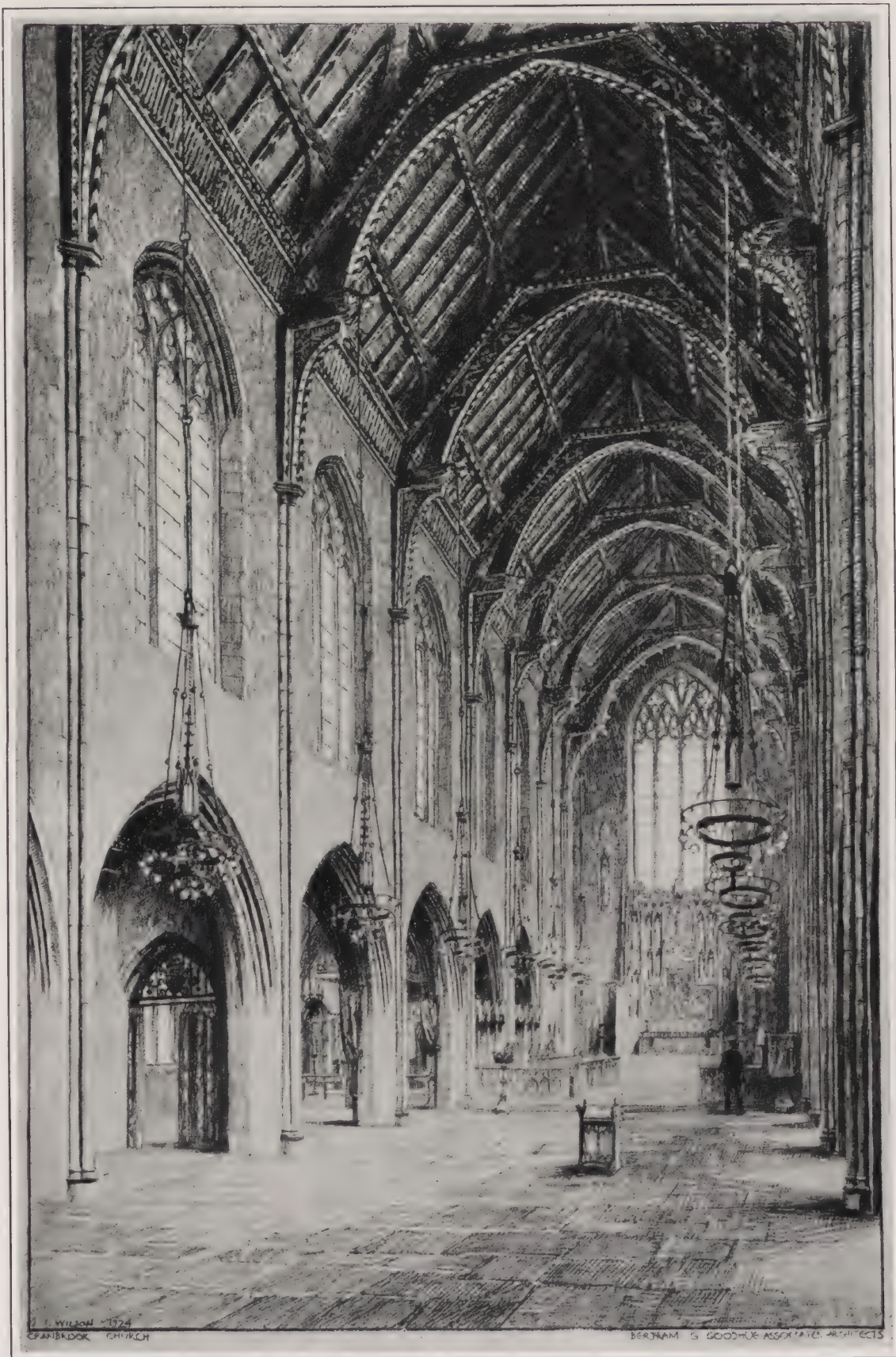


PANELED ROOM FURNISHED AND EXHIBITED BY CHARLES OF LONDON

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CHRIST CHURCH, CRANBROOK, MICHIGAN  
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PROPOSED "CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING" FOR UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH  
DAY AND KLAUDER, ARCHITECTS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA





COURT OF HONOR AT THE EXHIBITION. AT LEFT "DIANA" BY PAUL MANSHIP

"GATE OF TIME" IN THE FERROBRANDT, INC., EXHIBIT







THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO BOOTH, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY P. W. FRENCH AND COMPANY





INTERIOR OF A GOLDSMITH'S SHOP IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

## ENGLISH DOMESTIC SILVER

ONE OF THE GREAT drawbacks to the collecting of silver plate is this: it demands an intimate acquaintance with English history from the late fifteenth century on—events, names of kings and dates of their reigns. On the other hand, the study of silver is one of the pleasantest ways of learning English history. If one can remember the dates of Charles II's reign because one owns a silver posset cup of that period, one can swallow an historical pill that is most agreeably silver plated. But for those who have not yet begun such a collection and for whom this article may be the first downward step, perhaps a brief summary of English history will be forgiven because the story of silver cannot be told without it.

Little or no silver remains from ancient or medieval times, so we can begin with the Tudors and the late fifteenth century. Starting out with the year 1458, we have the Henrys—Henry VII

*History written in silver very nearly describes the relation between types of plate and political events*

JO PENNINGTON

and Henry VIII the much married; then after a more or less negligible Edward VI and a Mary of only five years' reign, we come to the hard-featured Elizabeth the

lavishness of whose silver gifts to her favorites must always be outdone by their gifts to her. In 1603 the House of Stuart begins about a century's reign. James I ascending the throne in 1603 was followed by that Charles I who precipitated the Commonwealth. With the Restoration of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II (who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one) in 1660, we enter upon the first period from which any large amount of silver plate survives. James II, following Charles II, had a brief three-year reign and was followed by that thrifty Dutch pair, William and Mary, who were all for sanity and order. Anne, in the next reign, carried on this tradition; 1714 marks the beginning of the House of Brunswick with four Georges in succession. In the reigns of the third and fourth



Georges there was that revival of classic ideals due to the excavations in Pompeii and Herculaneum with its marked and praiseworthy effect upon all arts and crafts. William IV ruled for only four years from 1830 and was followed by the illustrious Victoria whose name shall be omitted from this silver story because one speaks only good of the dead.

The earliest English silver-smiths were in the monasteries where their art was recognized and rewarded, one monk reaching the rank of abbot because of his skill. As soon as it became a secular profession as well, goldsmiths' companies were organized—as early as 1180—to protect the legitimate workers and to make sure that no frauds were perpetrated, especially as to the percentage of alloy which has always been fixed by law. In the time of Elizabeth, the latter part of the sixteenth century, the goldsmiths had their shops in Cheapside; and in the following reign, James I forbade any save goldsmiths to have their shops in this particular street. It became the show-place of London. A German traveler wrote that while all the streets of London were clean, "that which is named from the goldsmiths who inhabit it surpasses all the rest." An Italian visitor declared that in Cheapside alone there were as many goldsmiths as in all of Milan, Rome, Venice and Florence together.

The goldsmiths gave sumptuous pageants whenever opportunity offered, such as a coronation or the election of a mayor, and in them they made a most ostentatious display of their wealth. When Richard II was crowned in 1377 they built a castle, at one end of their street, that had four towers, two sides of which ran wine. Four maidens in white blew gold leaves into the king's face when he appeared, and presented him and his nobles with wine in golden cups. At the top of the castle was an angel who, when the king approached, bowed down and offered him a crown.

The patron saint of the smiths was St. Dunstan, a tenth-century silversmith-monk to whom the Devil, envious of a sacred vessel that the monk



TEA URN AND SUGAR BASIN WITH BLUE GLASS LINING

*Courtesy of Crichton*

was fashioning, came and tempted. The quick-witted saint promptly grasped the nose of his satanic majesty with his red-hot tongs and held him thus until his evil intentions were discouraged. In the goldsmiths' hall in London there was a magnificent statue of the saint set with jewels; and the goldsmiths drank his health on the day set apart to him from a gorgeous cup known as St. Dunstan's cup. The Reformation put an end to these charming festivities, and both the image of the saint and his cup were melted.

There are three principal reasons why there is so little domestic silver dating from before the latter half of the seventeenth century. The first is that the many wars, religious and otherwise, waged up to this time were usually financed by the melting down of old plate. The second reason is that kings, trading companies and even municipalities often paid their debts in this way. The third reason is the frequent changes of fashion which, according to Victor Hugo, have done more





THE ANATHEMA CUP AT PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, INSCRIBED  
"QUI ALIENAVERIT ANATHEMA SIT." LONDON, 1481

damage than revolution. But fashion in this case includes an actual change in social customs with its resulting change in the kinds of silver used. The introduction of knives and forks, and the popularity of tea, coffee and chocolate radically influenced the character of domestic plate from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. There were of course other special reasons, such as the fire of London in 1666 and the offer made by William in the late seventeenth century to purchase from his subjects their silver plate at a tempting price because he needed more silver for the mint.

There is this to be said for the collecting of silver: that it is particularly safe because the hallmarks fix the date beyond doubt; and it is wise because it is in itself a sound investment with a definite market value. But these admonitions may be unnecessary and insulting to the would-be collector because caution is naturally at the opposite pole to love and the collector, like any other lover, does not wish to be faint hearted.

For centuries it was the custom in England to express one's social standing (and one's financial status as well) in silver plate. Emerson, commenting on this, says that even if an Englishman

does not own the portraits of his ancestors, he has their punch bowls and porringers and standing cups. About the fifteenth century plate was exhibited on a set of steps or stages often reaching from floor to ceiling. The greater part of it was only for decoration or display, not for use. It is said that the amount of silver a noble might display at festivals was limited according to his rank and that only royalty might exhibit more than five stages of gold and silver plate. When Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power he employed his own silversmith, Robert Amadel, and engaged five men to keep his plate clean.

The pieces of plate made for actual use, up to the sixteenth century, were chiefly salt cellars (both the ceremonial centerpiece and individual salts or trenchers), drinking cups of various kinds and basins and ewers for washing the hands between the courses of a meal. Every family of any wealth at all had a number of silver spoons and even well-to-do farmers had as many as a dozen. The conquest of the New World by Spain had flooded the countries of Europe with silver to such an extent that many British nobles, deploring its use by

the merest nobodies, often used Venetian glass.

The chief characteristics of the Tudor period, that is sixteenth-century silver, are elaborate ornamentation and the use of German designs. There were many foreign silversmiths in England, especially German and Flemish workmen. Holbein the younger came to England in 1526 and made many designs for the goldsmiths. Later, under Elizabeth, feeling against the foreigners was so strong that their designs seldom appear. There is so little silver from the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries that it is not necessary to dwell on anything other than these characteristics.

If silver was plentiful under the Tudor monarchs, it ran riot under the Stuarts, especially after the Restoration; that is from about 1660 with the accession of Charles II. Everything that could be made of silver and much that should not have been, was fashioned of it, from dressing tables with all their fittings to fire dogs and wine coolers and overpowering epergnes. Nell Gwyn, Charles II's good natured favorite, had a silver bedstead, the work of a Dutchman. Pepys tells of receiving a silver warming pan as a New Year's gift, and boasts of being able to serve a meal wholly on silver plates as he had eighteen of them. New



vessels were designed for holding and serving the new drinks that were becoming popular—coffee, tea, chocolate and punch. All of this silver was elaborately ornamented, especially with the acanthus leaf design.

The presence of a large number of French silversmiths in England at this time is explained by the fact that Louis XIV, when France faced bankruptcy, ordered that all silver plate in the land should be melted down, and in addition, no one was to employ a silversmith to fashion new pieces. This ruling was scarcely necessary as the nobles were so heavily taxed that few could afford to replenish their supply. Added to all this, religious persecution drove many from the country; and since England was plainly silver-crazy, that was the obvious place for them to go. Under Charles II, the English and French silversmiths in England flourished as they had never done before; many he created knights and barons and others, by a kind of easy transition, became bankers.

In the reign of William and Mary silver plate became more solid and substantial. Charles I (1625) had sold much of the plate he had inherited to finance his wars; and when he dined publicly in state, used a thin silver merely to keep up appearances. Even the lavish Charles II had compromised to the extent of ordering all pieces made solely for display to be of thin silver, embossed. William and Mary (1688-1702) despised such pretences and had designed for them plainer and more honest pieces. The decoration of this plate showed traces of the Chinese influence which had penetrated Holland and had been brought over with the rulers themselves. When coin became scarce, William offered to pay five shillings fourpence per ounce for all silver brought to the mint, and so many beautiful old heirlooms were sacrificed to the needs or greeds of his subjects. William's next move was to raise the standard of silver used in the making of plate, so that the silversmiths would not melt down coins for the purpose; and he forbade the use of the coin of the realm for any purpose other than barter. This law had an important effect upon silver plate produced after the seventeenth century because the higher standard resulted in a much softer metal that was difficult to hammer; and silversmiths used more cast metal and produced more pierced and engraved pieces.

The silver made in England in the first half of the eighteenth century is probably the finest ever produced in that country. The French silver-



EARLIEST KNOWN SILVER TEAPOT, 1670

*In the Victoria and Albert Museum*

smiths who had come to England in the latter part of the seventeenth century were beginning to make their influence felt, and designs were more delicate and shapes more pleasing. Queen Anne's reign particularly (1702-14) was marked by great simplicity of design, due in part to the higher standard of silver fixed by law and in part to a natural reaction from the over-ornamentation of the preceding century. Forms became angular instead of circular. Tea became very popular in Anne's reign because she herself set the fashion by drinking large quantities of it; and the many appurtenances of the tea table—teapots and urns, strainers, sugar tongs, teaspoons, toast racks and egg frames—were produced in great profusion. Then, quite suddenly, this simple, dignified style was replaced by rococo designs with clumsy masses of ornament, heavy scrolls and meaningless shapes. Even fine artists like the silversmith Paul Lamerie were tempted by it and his later work is largely in this style.

This deluge of bad taste was fortunately stemmed in the reigns of the third and fourth





SILVER SALVER, 1545

Georges (1760 to 1830) when the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum brought about a passionate interest in classic forms. Adam expressed it in architecture; Wedgwood in pottery; and Hepplewhite and Sheraton in furniture. Everything that could be made in elliptical form was so made. The beauty of Georgian silver is unquestioned but, because of slavish following of classic designs, it is not quite so peculiarly and distinctly English as that of Queen Anne's time.

This brings us once more down to the Victorian era and after it, to modern silver. With the latter we have nothing to do at this time and with the former we refuse to have anything to do. It concludes this brief summary of styles and causes, and leads to the discussion of the different classes of plate.

In the middle ages every person of rank and wealth had his own drinking cup, usually of silver and often richly enameled. This cup he bequeathed to a favorite heir. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, the mazer was the commonest form of drinking vessel. It was first made of wood and usually had a silver rim; later it had three or four feet; still later it was placed on a stem and so eventually became the standing cup or hanap. Horns were also used for drinking and coconuts and ostrich eggs mounted as cups with silver bases held their popularity for several cen-

turies. Pepys tells of a cup presented by Henry VIII to the Barber-Surgeons Company, dated 1523, which had bells on it so that, as each drinker drained it, the bells would ring out a testimonial to his thoroughness.

In the sixteenth century not only the coconuts and ostrich eggs but Venice glass, pottery and Chinese porcelains were all silver mounted; and even stone jugs had silver bases and rims, to the amazement of foreign visitors. Tankards appeared in the sixteenth century for the first time and before long had superseded all previous drinking vessels in popularity. The bottoms were often made of crystal or horn because these substances were considered tests for poison. It was thought that the liquor became cloudy in appearance if poison was present. The covers were flat at first; later they became raised and finally dome

shaped. But nearly all tankards of any period have a billet or thumb piece at the top of the handle and many of the older ones had a whistle at the lower end of the handle which could only be blown when the tankard had been emptied. To blow it meant that the drinker was ready for a fresh draught. The whistle disappeared in time but the cavity it had occupied remained.

The tazza was another popular drinking vessel; it had a shallow bowl with a long stem and a spreading foot. In the next century, ostrich eggs and coconuts went out of style but wine cups of all kinds were popular, particularly the steeple cups which served both as ornaments and as loving cups. Caudle and posset cups were common; the former intended for a drink of thin gruel mixed with ale or wine, sweetened and spiced—a kind of medicinal drink; the latter intended for possets made of hot milk curdled with wine or liquor, and spiced. Porringers, which were two-handled cups, appeared late in the seventeenth century and remained in favor until cups for drinking tea and coffee superseded them. Their handles were originally made in the form of a female figure, but in time the head at the top degenerated into a mere lump and finally into a bead; but like the cavities in tankard handles, this bead is always found on old porringers.

Beakers were another form of first aid to the



thirsty. They originally had rounded bases and no feet so that they could only be put down on the table when empty. A pessimistic historian of silver describes the beaker with a flat base as an improvement on the earlier type; but he quickly adds that it was never a popular form. A lack of popularity over two centuries ago adds to the value of the flat-bottomed beaker for the collector today as they are quite rare.

Another very old silver cup is the poison cup which was small and flat with scroll handles. From it some devil-may-care retainer (or one who had incurred his lord's displeasure) tasted and tested the lord's wine and if he survived, the nobleman might safely drain his own cup. Blood-letting cups were used for that particular seventeenth and eighteenth-century indoor sport by the barber surgeons. Incidentally, though it has nothing to do with silver, the barber pole was originally a gory symbol of a bandaged limb. The quaigh, a Scotch drinking vessel with two handles, was so called because of the noise made in quaffing its contents at a single draft. These are rare and bring high prices. Black jacks, the wooden or leather bottles and mugs used by poorer folk, were sometimes mounted in silver. Their use by English soldiers caused the French soldiers to report that the British drank from their boots.

Next in importance to cups were salt cellars. In medieval times they had a definite ceremonial importance, being placed opposite the host and fixing the importance of a guest by his position above or below the salt. They took many shapes; dragons, lions, elephants, castles and human figures. Though these ceremonial salt cellars survived until late in the seventeenth century, they were chiefly valuable as centre pieces. In the fifteenth century the hour-glass shape was the most popular; in the sixteenth century they became cylindrical, and later were made in the shape of bells and of steeples with salt below and pepper or spice above. During all modern times, individual or trencher salts were provided for each individual or each pair. In William and Mary's time salts were either square, circular or octagonal; in George II's reign they took the form of a bowl on three or four feet; and later, when everything became elliptical, salt cellars became



ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER BOWLS FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. J. E. TERRY & CO., LONDON, 1817

*Courtesy of Crichton*

the boat-shaped pieces that are so highly valued today. In the late eighteenth century they were of pressed silver with glass linings and these were the last ones of any beauty to be made. In Victoria's time anything from a bucket to a child's go-cart was considered worthy of reproduction.

The most gorgeous productions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (Tudor period) were the ewers and basins. In the days before forks, when food was still eaten with the fingers, dishes and plates were scraped into one huge voyder dish at the end of each course and the half-cleaned plate was then ready for the next course. Between courses also attendants with basins and ewers filled with rose water poured the water over the hands of the diners and offered them a "fair white cloth" to wipe their fingers dry. These ewers and the salvers and basins that went with them were often very beautiful and are now quite valuable. They disappear of course when forks were introduced for common use about the seventeenth century.

Queen Elizabeth was the proud possessor of two forks. Thomas Coryat, an Englishman who traveled in Europe, brought back from Italy stories of the use of knives and forks and it is probable that his tales resulted in the popularity of these implements in England. The prongs of early forks were of steel and almost as long as the silver handle. The earliest known English fork is dated 1632. In the time of George III (late eighteenth century) handles of porcelain and ivory were popular, especially handles of that green ivory which was the rage—a quantity of ivory had





"POTATO RING," BY W. TOWNSEND, DUBLIN, 1760-75  
*In the National Irish Museum, Dublin*

been buried for some time and when dug up had taken on a green tone that could never be duplicated by tinting. Dessert knives had mother of pearl or carved ivory handles and silver blades. When forks were first introduced, clergymen denounced them from the pulpit saying that the Lord had provided us with fingers for eating meat and bread and it was flying in His face to resort to these sophisticated and adventitious aids.

Of spoons there is so much to say that they deserve a story to themselves. The seal top spoon was popular from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, and apostle spoons were their successors. Individually they served as christening gifts but they also appeared, though rarely, in sets of twelve with one master spoon. These sets of thirteen are very rare and valuable today. In the time of Charles II, when all ideas for novel handles had been exhausted, the shape of the bowl was changed to a perfect ellipse. The handle became flat and had two clefts in it which give this spoon the name of fishtail.

When tea drinking became popular, silver in enormous quantities was produced for serving it. At first it had been used only medicinally and beer had been the regular breakfast beverage for everyone, rich and poor, old and young. The earliest English teapots date from the time of Charles II and were copies of the tiny Chinese teapots. Queen Anne was a passionate tea drinker and the gift that pleased her best was a tea pot. In her time these were bell shaped but later, in the eighteenth century, the Georgian pots were elliptical. Teapots usually had small salvers to match, standing on four feet. In the days of its first

popularity tea was so expensive (from six to ten shillings a pound) that it was usually kept under lock and key. The earliest caddies were plain angular ones and were filled by removing a sliding bottom. The tea was taken from the top with either the lid as a measure or one of the ornamental caddy spoons that were so delightfully ornamented. Sometimes the caddy had three divisions, two for tea and one for sugar, because sugar was almost as precious as tea and caddies were also made in pairs to hold black and green tea. Tortoise shell caddies are rare and valuable; they were usually of shell combined with ivory and

mounted with silver. Cream jugs and sugar basins did not always match tea services. They were often given separately and so had individual designs and patterns.

There are other pieces of domestic plate which should be mentioned were there time and space. Candlesticks of course were always made and used and sometimes had snuffers to match. There were elaborate toilet services consisting of a silver-framed mirror and many boxes, salvers, caskets and bottles. Chimney-piece garnitures were of three or five pieces. From Ireland came that much prized piece, the potato ring, the actual use of which is in dispute. It was a silver ring from three to eight inches high, apparently designed to hold a wooden or silver bowl. They were in use for only about half a century from 1750 and this brief popularity accounts for their rarity and value today.

There were many famous silversmiths whose names multiply modern prices. Paul Lamerie (or de Lamerie as he called himself) was probably the most famous. He came to England from France in 1685 and for half a century, along with his fellow craftsmen, he revolutionized the art of gold and silver work in England. His earlier work was simple and wholly admirable but unfortunately he had to follow the fashion and so the bulk of his work is in that rococo style which has some antique value but no esthetic worth. His pieces, in spite of their over-ornamentation, bring higher prices than the work of any other smith. He married the daughter of another famous silver designer, Paul Platel. Pierre Harache (or Peter Harrack, Anglicized) is another prominent figure in the story of English domestic plate.





SYMBOLIC FIGURE CAST IN HIGH GRADE GOLD

# INGA AND AZTEC GOLD

**G**OLD, since man first recognized its value and with crude stone implement picked it from paleozoic rocks, has played an important part in his history. But through the

ages, past the glories of the Pharaohs, the Greeks and Alexander the Great, Caesar and Charlemagne and the might of Genghis Khan, no period before or after has found gold so entwined with the fate of the human race as it was during the Spanish conquest of South and Central America in the early sixteenth century. Nowhere have the results of gold seeking been so disastrous to all concerned and nowhere has it been more picturesque, romantic and yet horribly cruel.

"The possessors together with their superior culture were immediately destroyed while the dispossessors and their government were debauched and quickly began to degenerate," says an eminent authority. Never were truer words written. Gold, wagon loads of it—so common that it was used in chains to rope off the palaces—was at once the glory of the Aztec and Inca Indian civilizations and their doom.

Laid out in case after case at the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia, is an exhibit of ancient American gold. It is a remnant of the marvelous "golden civilization" of the Indian inhabitants of this continent at the time Columbus discovered it. In long rows, so many that the glass cases occupy one whole wing of the

*The "Golden Age" of American civilization belongs to the ancient Central and South American races*

IVAN PETERMAN

building, are images, ornaments, trinkets, rolled leaves, and inlaid work made from the purest gold the Inca could mine. As one looks upon each faint lusted specimen glowing

upon its background of green baize it is not hard to understand how the Spaniard's greed grew beyond control. For five years this exhibition of 600 pieces has held the interest of thousands who have seen it. Its monetary value cannot be estimated. Museum authorities declare it is insured for more than \$1,000,000. It is the first display of its kind in this museum and has the distinction of being the finest in the world.

To Dr. William Curtis Farabee, former curator of the museum, a fellow in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, goes the credit of obtaining the collection for the University Museum. While with the De Milhan-Harvard South American expedition Dr. Farabee found traces of ancient Inca treasure overlooked by the Spaniards and left hidden these 400 years since the conquest. Early in 1920 he penetrated the wilderness and, in the mountains near Ayapel, Antioquia, Colombia, found a remarkable collection of gold. It was the greatest discovery of treasure in that country since the days of Pizarro.

Often it has been said that gold is the white man's curse. Especially does this seem true with the Inca treasures. Cortez' men, weighted with gold, died of fever in the jungles of southern





PERSONAL CHARMS IN THE FORM OF ANTHROPOMORPHS

Mexico. Balboa, seeking the Inca "El Dorado," died at the hands of his own lieutenant, Pizarro, who in turn was betrayed by his aide, de Belalcázar. One after another did the Spanish conquerors come to tragic ends because of the yellow metal they sought. An ill fate seemed to hang over those who would carry it away.

At the time of the discovery of America the native peoples from Mexico to Peru had achieved remarkable results in metal work, particularly in the manufacture of objects from gold. It may be said truthfully that theirs was a golden age. No other people ever used the precious metal so lavishly as did the first Americans. The Spanish explorers give glowing accounts of the splendor of the age which they soon brought to an ignominious end.

Although the spirit of discovery was the prime object of Columbus' voyage, it cannot be denied that greed for gold inspired the ruthless warfare against the aborigines which immediately followed his finding of the New World. Cortez, arriving in Mexico with his mailed legions, told only the truth when he said to Montezuma: "My men suffer from a disease which gold alone can cure." Montezuma, simple trusting old Aztec, sent supplies of the yellow metal to alleviate their suffering only to discover that the "disease" really was incurable.

Some of the first accounts are interesting. When Columbus arrived at the Bay of Cerebaro he found the natives "wearing neck ornaments of base gold in the form of eagles, lions and other beasts and fowls." His men took from the house of a chief "gold plates, little eagles, small quills

gold objects in the form of birds, frogs, fish, alligators and numerous anthropomorphic forms with human and animal elements combined, the most common being the human body with the head of an alligator, jaguar or parrot.

When Cortez arrived on the coast of Mexico he sent greetings to the Aztec king. In replying Montezuma made one fatal blunder. He recommended Cortez to return whence he came but at the same time he gave him among other presents a "huge gold plate large as a carriage wheel, representing the images of the sun and moon and

engraved with figures of animals." Cortez accepted the presents, sent the gold plate valued at \$25,000 to Spain, destroyed his ships to prevent disaffection among his followers and set out to conquer Mexico. When, after much tribulation, he finally arrived, he found



PERSONAL CHARMS

Montezuma sitting in his royal litter glistening with polished gold. The king was seized and his treasure valued at \$7,500,000 confiscated, but not all carried away. When the Spaniards were forced to flee Cortez opened the treasure and told his men to help themselves, but to remember that gold is heavy. In the fighting and trip through the jungles many of the warriors lost their lives because their pockets were too heavy with gold.

On the day in 1513 when Balboa beheld the shining Pacific from a mountain peak in Darien, he learned of a great empire to the southward where gold was a household metal. Where "pots and pans and kitchen utensils were of gold and plate" and the people valued it not. Balboa was engaged in weighing 4,000 ounces of wrought gold



which had been given him by an old chief when the chief's son contemptuously overturned the scales, saying that if he took so much interest in such a small amount he should go south where the people had ships with sails and oars; there he would find sufficient gold to satisfy his desires. Later, on the Pacific coast, a chief told Balboa the country far to the south was rich in gold, that the people used domestic animals to carry burdens. He made a model of the animal from clay and the Spaniards thought it must be a camel.

Balboa decided to build some ships and go in search of these marvelous people who were so highly civilized. He sent to Cuba for materials which were landed at Acla and carried across the mountains to the Pacific where the ships were built. No one else could have accomplished the task and he succeeded only because the chief, whose daughter he had taken as his wife, furnished men and supplies. When, his vessels completed and three hundred men prepared for the journey, Balboa was called back to Acla for final instructions, he was met by Francisco Pizarro who put him in chains. He was carried back to the governor's quarters, false charges were made against him and he was beheaded over the trunk of a tree. Thus, to start his career, Pizarro perpetrated the first of a series of monstrosities which was to end with the subjection of the greatest of Indian civilizations.

May 16, 1532, Pizarro came to the river Chira in Peru "where he burned two chiefs and some other Indians" and founded the town of San Miguel. Reaching Caxamarca the next autumn he massacred some two thousand Indians without the loss of one of his own men and captured the Inca king. The latter, learning of Pizarro's love for gold, offered to fill the room in which he was confined with pure gold as ransom for his freedom. Soon the gold began to pour in from all directions. When the room was filled to the height of a man the cupidity of the Spaniards could withstand the strain no longer. The gold, worth ten or fifteen million dollars, was seized, divided among the leaders and men according to their rank, and the royal fifth sent to Spain under care of Pizarro's brother. But the Inca, his ransom paid, was not released; he was tied to the stake and given his option of being burned alive as a heathen or strangled to death as a Christian. Whether he



PERSONAL CHARMS CAST BY THE "CIRE PERDUE" METHOD

made a sign or not is a question; at any rate he was baptized and suddenly strangled with a bow string.

Meantime Pizarro sent a brother to Pachacamac where he stripped the temple of twenty-seven loads of gold. He failed to find four hundred loads which the chief previously sent away for safety. When news of the Inca's murder reached the pack trains bearing additional gold for his ransom the men turned aside with their treasure and hid it away from the Spaniards. The two hundred Indians, carrying the great gold chain which had encircled the plaza at Cuzco, threw it into a lake where it no doubt lies intact today. Search for this lost treasure, millions of dollars in value, has continued to the present and will continue for generations to come.

Pedro de Heredia, a fugitive from justice in Spain, had settled in San Domingo and inherited a large estate. With a force of fifty men and twenty horses he went to Cartagena early in 1533, accompanied by an Indian girl who acted as interpreter and peacemaker between the Spaniards and





DISC OF BEATEN GOLD DECORATED IN REPOUSSÉ

Indians. His first conquering expedition netted de Heredia gold to the value of \$3,000,000, including a massive gold figure from a temple. Finally, suspected of hiding some of the treasure, he was thrown into prison but exonerated.

Vadillo, who threw de Heredia into prison and took his treasure, apprehensive for his own safety, decided to do some conquering himself. Crossing the Abibe Mountains he returned with \$90,000 worth of gold from the tombs. He attacked the chief Nutibara, who, in a litter, inlaid with gold, commanded his warriors in person. He was defeated and Vadillo moved on to the Nori Valley where another chief, Nabuco, to get rid of him, presented him with gold and the information that the next valley was full of it. There followed more treachery in which Chief Buritica and his wife were burned alive because they refused to yield their gold. Leon says: "The detestation we conceived for these Indians was such that we hung them and their women by the hair to the boughs of trees; and left their bodies there whilst amid grievous moans their souls went down to hell." A little later Vadillo discovered the great valley of the Cauca which contained the richest gold mines of the whole region, but, a fugitive from justice, he could not return with his riches. His expedition broke up; he was sent to Spain, and he died in poverty.

A German, Alfinger by name, was the first

governor of a colony established by some merchants under charter of Charles V at Coro, Venezuela. Colonizing proved a failure so Alfinger went westward in search of gold. His cruelties, too horrible to chronicle here, resulted in his obtaining about \$60,000 worth of treasure.

It was Sebastian de Belalcazar who next found the valley of the Cauca. As a runaway boy he had joined a Spanish expedition to the New World and was made a lieutenant under Pizarro. With one hundred and forty men he conquered Quito and the surrounding country. But, like his predecessors, Sebastian was ambitious; he decided to conquer a territory for himself. Reaching the Cauca he founded the town of Cali. He decimated the population; brought a famine upon the land

by driving the people from their fields, and then set out to Spain in 1539 to obtain a concession as governor independent of Pizarro. He received his concession, refused further to correspond with Pizarro to whom he owed his former position, and began operations by attacking his neighboring Spanish conqueror, Robledo. Although Robledo had been his friend for years, Sebastian caused him to be hanged. For this treachery he was condemned to death and ordered to Spain but died on the way in 1550.

The territory Sebastian de Belalcazar ravaged was that occupied by the Quimbaya, the race of goldsmiths. They produced no gold themselves but obtained it from the tribes to the northward in exchange for salt and manufactured articles. The Spaniards reported them as the best goldsmiths in the New World and a Chiocha legend confirms the story of their reputation. Their smiths were in such demand by other tribes that their chief required two men in exchange for one of his smiths.

The conquest of New Granada proper took place from the north coast. Quesada, the destined destroyer of the highly developed Chibcha civilization, was a cultured, educated lawyer at the High Court of Justice at Grenada when he received an appointment as chief magistrate of the new province of Santa Marta on the Magdalena River. With Pedro Lugo, the new governor, he arrived



at his post late in 1535. Indians were hostile and food scarce. Lugo set out to find provisions. Failing, he returned with the sick and sent his son Luis along the coast. The latter was successful in obtaining large quantities of supplies and gold but instead of returning to relieve his father hailed a passing ship, went on board with all his riches and sailed to Spain.

Overcome with grief at the perfidy of his son the governor set forth to find the source of the Magdalena, hoping to locate the rich provinces he had heard of. Quesada, with six hundred soldiers and one hundred horses, started April 6, 1536. Five boats carried supplies. At the Cesari River Quesada met the vessels, learned three had been lost and found one hundred of his men had died from sickness and many more were ill. But he pushed on up the river, traveling in the remaining boats. Trails were cut through the forests, and and mosquitoes sharing honors in tormenting man and beast. A hundred more men died. Rebellion broke out but Quesada, arming himself, forced the expedition on. Quesada's officers, although ordered to treat them with courtesy, soon began killing and pillaging the Indians along the river.

The natives united in defense and sunk the boats carrying the sick. Quesada's kind treatment of the Indians turned out to be policy only. Once he had a soldier shot for robbing an Indian. He changed, however, when, after crossing the Opon Mountains, 6,500 feet in elevation, he beheld the "valley of palaces." Quesada and his men were looking upon the "Chibcha Empire" with all its wealth, culture and gold.

The story of the conquest of the Chibchas is a repetition of the foregoing accounts of Spanish treachery. The *zipa*, a name applied to the Chibcha ruler, went out to meet Quesada's army. Preceded by the mummy of the former *zipa* the king rode on the shoulders of his attendants in a gold inlaid litter, decorated with emeralds. His chiefs wore feather helmets set with gold and emeralds and with gold crescents on their foreheads, gold nose and ear ornaments, great bracelets, collars, breastplates and shields all of solid gold.

The soldiers, armed with hardwood spears and

slings, failed to make an impression on the mailed Spanish host and were quickly scattered. The *zipa* retired to a secret place. Quesada captured the palace but found no gold. Angered, the Spanish leader dashed east to surprise the chief of Tunja, an old man, before he could hide his treasure. Breaking into the palace, despite the chief's offers of presents and conciliation, the invaders seized cotton cloth matting and other decorations and \$600,000 worth of gold and silver and 1,815 emeralds. The chief, refusing to divulge the hiding place of his gold, was put in chains and died of a broken heart.

Quesada never found any other large treasure in the land of the Chibcha. The *zipa's* body, according to custom, was embalmed and buried in a tree trunk lined with gold. Opening tombs the Spaniards found \$2,500 in gold at one cemetery. An urn of gold, set with jewels weighing 437½ ounces, was discovered in one palace. At Tunja the Spaniards heard of the palace of the Iraca, the religious chief located at Suamo, the most sacred place in the Chibcha country, twenty miles away. They rushed off to despoil the temple. A single old priest guarded the place. Behind him the soldiers saw the mummies of the holy men adorned with plates of gold. While the Spaniards hesitated flames broke out and the temple, its treasures and its guardian priest were consumed before their eyes. What a glorious end! The



BREASTPLATE OF BEATEN GOLD, THIRTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER. TWO CROCODILES ARE MEETING AT TOP AND BOTTOM. FROM ANTIQGINA



Chibcha civilization thus disappeared. This was the last stronghold.

In concluding the story of Spanish conquest a fitting incident which reflects the disgust with which the Indians came to behold the Spaniard is that involving Hatney, head Cuban chief. As the invaders entered Cuba Hatney told his chiefs resistance was of no avail, that gold was the god of the Spaniard and wherever gold was they were sure to come. So he collected all the gold and cast it into the sea. But the Spaniards came, captured the chief and condemned him to be burned at the stake. A priest begged him to accept Christianity and be baptized so that his soul might go to Paradise.

"Do the Spaniards go there?" asked the Indian.

"The good ones do," the friar told him.

"Well the best of them are bad—I prefer to go elsewhere!" And, stoically, the poor heathen was burned alive.

Gold was obtained locally from the stream beds and quartz lodes by certain tribes and exchanged with neighboring tribes for other necessities. There must have been considerable traffic in gold dust and even in gold objects as accounts are given of the markets "where people sell gold and near them are they who trade in jewels mounted in gold in the form of birds and animals." The quality of the gold of which the objects are composed varies. In a few cases there is an alloy of silver but in most cases the alloy is copper. The quality varies from almost pure gold

to almost pure copper, with evidence that the workers added alloys to suit their tastes and the requirements of the object in hand.

Dr. Farabee's studies of the objects he brought back from Colombia are minute; he says: "The workmanship surpassed even the number of the objects. From Mexico an account is given of 'two birds made of thread and featherwork, having quills of their wings and tail, their feet, eyes and ends of their beaks of gold, standing upon two reeds covered with gold which were raised on balls of featherwork and gold embroidery, one white and the other yellow.' A fish is described having alternate scales of gold and silver.

"The technique is most interesting. In the simplest case a single gold nugget is hammered into the form of some desired object. Other nuggets may be hammered into plates of thin sheets and cut to suit the purpose. Many objects have the appearance of having been soldered but when they are broken they show a rough fracture with pitted granular surfaces which are characteristic of casting. It is evident that a model has been built up of some plastic substance such as wax or resin. The same process seems to have been in



GOLD IMAGE, NINE INCHES HIGH, FROM QUIMBAYA

use from Mexico to Peru. It is known as *cire perdue* and is as follows: powdered charcoal was mixed with clay and molded into the desired form. Prepared wax was then applied and the whole covered with powdered charcoal and clay. A connection with the wax model was made by





CHIBCHA BEATEN GOLD DRESS ORNAMENT FROM THE SACRED LAKE AT QUATAVITA

means of a rod of wax coated with clay. The whole thing then was fired, the melted wax allowed to escape and the gold poured into the resulting mold. It was necessary to break the mold to get the object and this accounts for the fact that no molds of any kind have ever been found in the whole region. By this method it was possible to cast the objects which have the appearance of fine wire or filigree work. Many objects which show intricate, delicate work and appear to be soldered together are in reality cast.

"After casting the objects were carefully polished on the exposed side. Men, anthropomorphs, monkeys and birds were constructed to present the frontal aspect to view while quadrupeds, reptiles, fishes and crustaceans present the dorsal view. A figure after casting was often modified by hammering as in the case of the flat feet of frogs and the wings of birds. Small objects were sometimes cast solid but all the larger ones were cast hollow with an opening at the back.

"Important surfaces are burnished carefully. A specimen which contains a large amount of alloy may present a polished film on the surface of almost pure gold. This result is supposed to have been obtained by coating the object with the acid juices of a certain plant and then firing it. The gold is thus brought to the surface in a thin film. The question of gilding is an interesting one. The film of gold is often so thin it resembles electro-plating. Another method that may have been used was to coat the model with gold before it was put into the mold. When the mold was filled the gold would adhere to the surface of the

object and after burnishing it would have the appearance of solid gold. The workers were skilful also in applying the film to wooden objects, beads and throwing sticks being notable examples of their proficiency.

"Gold was used for the most part as a useful metal, for decoration and ornament, but it was often associated with religious thought. According to the Inca belief, an egg of copper fell from heaven from which sprang the first Indians; after a time an egg of silver fell from which sprang the nobility; and after a longer period an egg of gold fell from which issued the Inca. Among the Chocos of Colombia an important idol of gold was worshipped and slaves were sacrificed to it at certain seasons of the year. The idol represented a woman, who was once human and gave birth to a child who became the creator. She was deified after death, becoming mistress of thunder and lightning. The priests performed ceremonies before her to procure sunshine and rain when desired. Gods with human attributes are common everywhere and it may be supposed that many of the Central American anthropomorphs were worshipped as gods—the alligator god, the bird god and the crab god. Here the human attributes do not always constitute one of the elements in the composite gold image. An alligator body may have a bird's head. Evidently animal forms played an important part in the native mythology and religion."

*Illustrations by courtesy of the Museum of the University  
of Pennsylvania*



# THE MAGIC OF COLOR

**I**N THE PROFUSION that characterizes our age we have lost something of the appreciation of those qualities in things which man discovered and cherished in earlier and less

avored ages. It was when belief in magic was widespread and universal the significance of color was established with those fundamental associations that have come down to our day. It was then that color was attributed to intangible things: to the five directions, to the seasons, to elements, to planets and the notes of the musical scale. Echoes of these assignments survive. I have an old Korean book with color indications of the musical notes. The Chinese flags of the Manchu banner-men, the troops of the Five Directions, green, red, white, black and yellow, corresponded with the East, South, West, North and Middle, their colors uniting to form the five-striped emblem of the existing republic.

You all know something of the use of red as the preponderating color on the garments of European peasants. This employment of red is not an expression of crude taste or childish fancy, but the outcome of a widespread belief in its magic power. Red is the color for expelling demons. Red is the color the Slavs brought from their Asian homes and use in those magic rites they still perform in many parts of eastern and central Europe.

A belief in the potency of color survived unimpaired in China and all its tributary states and determined the manner of its employment. The red placards which the Chinese paste on their shop doors at the New Year have the very practical object of excluding demons. Color was the means of coordinating clothes and their wearers in accordance with their correct assignment in the theoretically perfect state. The Empire of Japan was once such a state, and think you that in a court where the Master of Tying Knots and the Master of Folding Paper Wrappings hold hereditary place that color was neglected? The color card idea is no new idea, but goes back to the dawn of historic times. It was fortified both by popular belief and imperial decree. The colors of clothes were regulated by the state. Yellow, the color of the Middle, of the element earth, of the planet Saturn, of the metal gold, and of the grain rice was the color of the emperor himself. His officials were robed in colors prescribed in accord-

*Each of the primary colors has had a special magic and religious significance in all early civilizations*

STEWART GULIN

ance with their rank and position. Never was the use and employment of color left to chance or caprice. Red, with its magic potency of life, explains the "vermilion pencil" with which

the emperor signed his decrees. A vermilion seal gave validity to all imperial documents. Very early in prehistoric times the relative values of things, the intrinsic value of different substances, was established, and many of the values then assigned have come down to our own day. Color, as I have said, was the determinant of most of these values, even of gold itself. It set them upon certain stones, prized first for the magic properties associated with their colors. The old lapidary, the old jeweler, was a dealer in charms. Turquoise and jade were valued because their color was the color associated with life, with spring, with verdure, with regeneration and immortality. Thus may be explained all the green glazed images and amulets the Egyptians buried with their dead. Red coral beads and coral ornaments are accepted even now as charms for children against childish ills. It was its peculiar susceptibility to color that led man to prize silk preeminently as a textile, thus inciting a commerce that became one of the motive forces in the ancient world. It was color that stirred and influenced man in his appreciation and regard for animated nature, for plants and birds and animals, this selective appreciation ever being bound up with notions of color potencies; magic notions which played a very definite part in the creation of the selective instinct we esteem as taste. The canons of Christian art, an inheritance from heathendom, are not purely esthetic. It was natural with these attributions and with an unspoiled and unsated color sense there should be a craving for color, a hunger for color, not only among savages whose resources were limited, but among highly cultivated and artistic people like the Japanese whose color sense and color resources we have always considered preeminent. It was natural for the African Negroes to crave red flannel and bandanas and for our Indians to alienate their territories in return for colored beads, but I am sure you will be surprised to read that the Japanese desire for red English broadcloth, the material of which the English made clothes for their soldiers, along with Indian printed calicoes, was their chief cause for permitting the highly restricted intercourse of the Dutch traders.



The employment of color in Japan was not universal as with us. Even today it is limited. In the old days it flourished chiefly in Buddhistic ceremonial and in the imperial court. The accessories of Shinto, the state religion, are without color. The imperial court retained a Chinese tradition dating from the Tang Dynasty and red predominated. The traditions of color were perpetuated even in the paper on which on notable occasions the emperor wrote to the gods, very special, fine paper, different colors being used for the letters which the emperor sent to the imperial shrines. There exists in the library of the Vatican in Rome a letter addressed to His Holiness by a Japanese empress written upon purple paper in characters of gold.

China is colorful with that vigorous color that is ever indicative of a physically and mentally vigorous people. The Japanese of today dislike Chinese color and those who affect it are considered abnormal. Cultivated Japanese dislike roses and foreign flowers such as are grown in Japan by the less refined country people. Apart from young girls and children their present-day costume is extremely somber. At the same time while their somber robes have frequently a colored lining and while a vivid red undergarment is worn by women, color has been long out of fashion in Japan and Japanese art, in spite of the wares made in Japan for foreign markets, has exerted a deterrent influence upon the color sense of the world. As I have pointed out Japanese taste for color was derived from China, but China itself, I am assured, was not always colorful. Many references to color magic exist in the Chinese sacred books, yet China, in the time of Confucius, was not as colorful as it is today. Its vivid color was imported, I am sure, with many of its arts from the West.

Open-air life provokes brilliancy of color. Color blossomed, not in the cold North, but in the warm countries. It bloomed in India and in Persia which have been ever the source and reservoir of the world's color sense and inspiration. As Japan received its color from China, and China in turn was strengthened and enriched by India, so too, Europe and European art was glorified by its contact with the East. Most northern countries got their color from the South—Russia from Persia and Byzantium; Hungary largely from Turkey.

I have dwelt upon magic of color. I would not have you think that all colors were esteemed magical. I have before me a list of the color names of the Zuni Indians of New Mexico, given me many years ago by my friend Nick, himself a

necromancer of no small fame and power. The sacred magic colors of the Zuni are yellow, blue, red, white, spotted (all colors) and black. Nick knew native names for all the other colors for which I had English names, but none of these colors had religious significance or magic power, the pure colors alone being sacred.

Precisely the same conditions existed in China where purity of color was an imperial charge. There was a very zealous and very jealous appreciation in ancient China of the importance of preserving color standards, a very keen realization of the danger of their degradation. Such degradation, which has occurred notably in America, accrues quickly, is a matter of a relatively few years. A distinguished oculist informs me that while color blindness, which is a confused sense of color, is common among men, his only cases in women exist among Quakers. Portrait painters who have to subordinate their attention to the countenance lose their color sense. We understand why the Venetians placed their sitters out of doors where their color is played up to the brilliancy of the sky. Daylight, sunlight, harmonize the brilliancy of color. What a change has occurred in the appearance of our shop windows since people have gone more generally to Palm Beach and summer resorts. The rouge which is in such general use is an adjunct to the brilliant colors imported from the South.

My earliest childhood memory, one I have recalled with pleasure, is associated with a box of colored cards with which on rare occasions the gentlewoman who directed my school permitted me to play. The play or game consisted in arranging those cards in accordance with their color gradations. Whatever keenness and appreciation I may have for color I date from that childhood pastime. Even now I can recall the many shades of yellow.

I had the child's eagerness and color desire. I sympathize with this craving in children and I regard its satisfaction as one of the contributions we should make to their education. Look at the school rooms. Such as are adorned contain white plaster casts and photographs in grey and brown. Even the gay colors of the maps in the old school geographies have been displaced. Yet color understanding, which is not taught, is vastly more important than drawing. Fear of color, even hatred of color, bound up with weakness, is not infrequently characteristic of the academic mind. A vigorous color sense is a no mean index of the quality of a people.

*From an address delivered by Mr. Culin before the annual meeting of the Textile Color Card Association.*



# ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

**C**ENTURIES APART are great personalities. A piece of brown wrapping paper and the brief, stumbling notes of Abraham Lincoln, on his way to the Gettysburg battlefield, became the greatest literature of our nation, delivered to a people who listened intensely, silent, gazing at the ungainly, homely, humane hulk of a man, their captain of the ship of state. So in the art-history of America rises the giant figure of Albert Pinkham Ryder, looming uncertain, ungainly, unkempt, but enveloped by a vision of beauty he despaired of realizing. Ryder loved life, and art was his metier.

Money, food, comfort were unconscious, entirely alienated perquisites. The world and the flesh and the devil were unknown to Ryder, nonexistent. He thought everybody square and honest; money just part of the world. He never borrowed, although he enjoyed no creature comforts. If you asked, "Ryder, anything I can do?" Well needed, but you were answered, "No, no, no." He just painted, had some coffee, part of a loaf of bread, a little salt, ate when he was hungry, drank when he was dry, and when tired rolled himself up in his buffalo robe and slept.

Sometimes Horatio Walker would ask, "How are you getting on with that picture?"

"Everything in it but what I want."

"Well, what do you want?" Walker knew what he wanted: a halo in every picture.

Pure innocence in the search for beauty, he dreamed, he lived, a recluse, a hermit glorified. His *milieu*, out of the soil of which arose the spiritual beauty of his canvases, was extraordinarily

*An American master whose work, product of a life of sacrifice to art, forms one of our great treasures*

F. NEWLIN PRICE

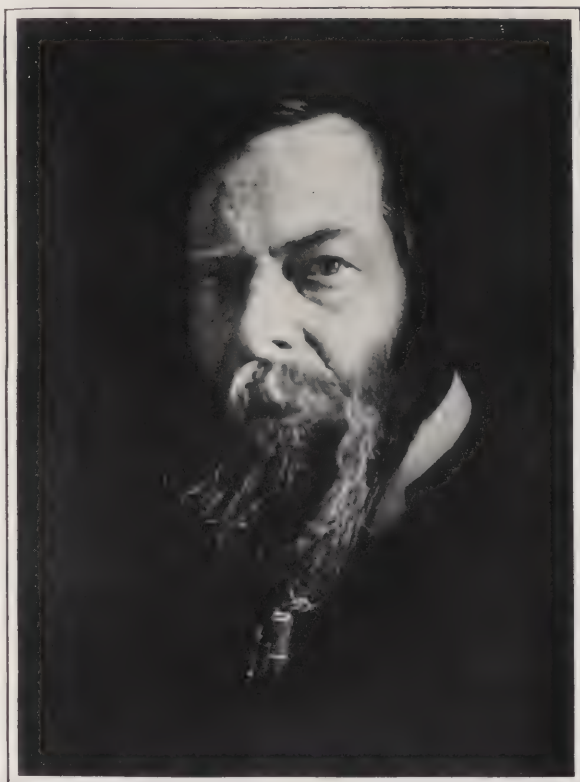
simple, fundamental, archaic. He rose among our arts a white, pure, free flame, uninfluenced except by the sacred fires of his most devoted soul. His home was a room ten feet

by twelve; you entered on the short side, striking a path. On the left-hand side boxes and odds and ends of broken furniture merely left there in a pile. Beside the path was a couch on which stood a keg of coal with one side out, the beauty thereby being he need not shovel the coal, just yank the keg. On the middle of one side a chimney place

and a grate, the only heat he had. Here rose a high, hard pile of ashes, with matches and egg-shells and one bronzed coffee pot, patined brown in years. He had two low south windows, but the sun seldom penetrated the gloom and cobwebs of their opaqueness. Between them a chest of drawers and books, two candlesticks, and under the window-sills more boxes effectively guarding the windows from approach. There was, between the windows, a three-legged easel, substantially stuck to the floor from varnish drippings, filled with burned matches, paint tubes, etc., and his

palette all gummed up. He never washed his brushes. In front of this easel one chair, big, heavy, leather-covered, minus one leg which had been replaced by a box.

When anyone called, he was placed in the chair and Ryder stood up towering over him. Behind the easel a useless coal-scuttle, newspapers, two cans all overlaid with a deep patine of age. The room had once been papered and the paper fell in great waving flags; plaster fell out; stains dominated the surface. Under the leather of his chair



ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Photo by Alice Boughton





"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

he kept his valuables, money, checks, receipts, poetry. It was very handy. He had but to reach in and it was all there. Only one path from the door to his easel, from the easel to his bath, the tub quite full of discarded clothes. Here Walker found the black trousers on that memorable occasion of the funeral of a mutual friend.

"What do you think about the funeral, Walker?"

Walker wanted to go, so he said, "I'll be 'round tomorrow."

"I've got to go?"

"Yes, you've got to go."

"Well, you have to have the clothes."

"You have them here," and taking a cane he hooked out the clothes from the bath tub, a vest, a Prince Albert coat, the boots and the pantaloons. Sponged, pulled, stretched, pressed, all got in fine shape. The plush hat, however, was a sweet, mossy grey, like the color you see on the inside of a well.

"Well, Ryder, I can fix that. Get some black and Siccative of Harlem," and taking a wide brush he swung it around the whole edge and worked up.

It dried beautifully black and of good shape. Ryder borrowed a comb and combed out his beard. He looked fine, but there was no shirt. A grey flannel, but that would not do. The concierge obtained one for two dollars. He had paper collars, so it was magnificent. Taking his cane (the overcoat was good when pressed a bit), he became Ryder the magnificent at the funeral.

Often he would rise in his bare feet and, undressed, strive to express an idea that struck him in the night hours. So might he be found by the casual caller late in the day, still working. And yet he had pride, would suffer colossal physical discomfort, never asking help, and only in the near seventies did he draw from one friend a small stipend for mere existence. This thing called art, the science of beauty, was too much a part of all of him to make the importance of comfort appealing.

Genuine, sweet, lovable, considerate, God put everything into the essence of art, and the world had never claimed his habits. The adorable romance of his dreams shines through his masterpieces. The elusive fragrance of life he felt in the





"UNDERNEATH THE CLOUD"

*Van Orden Collection*

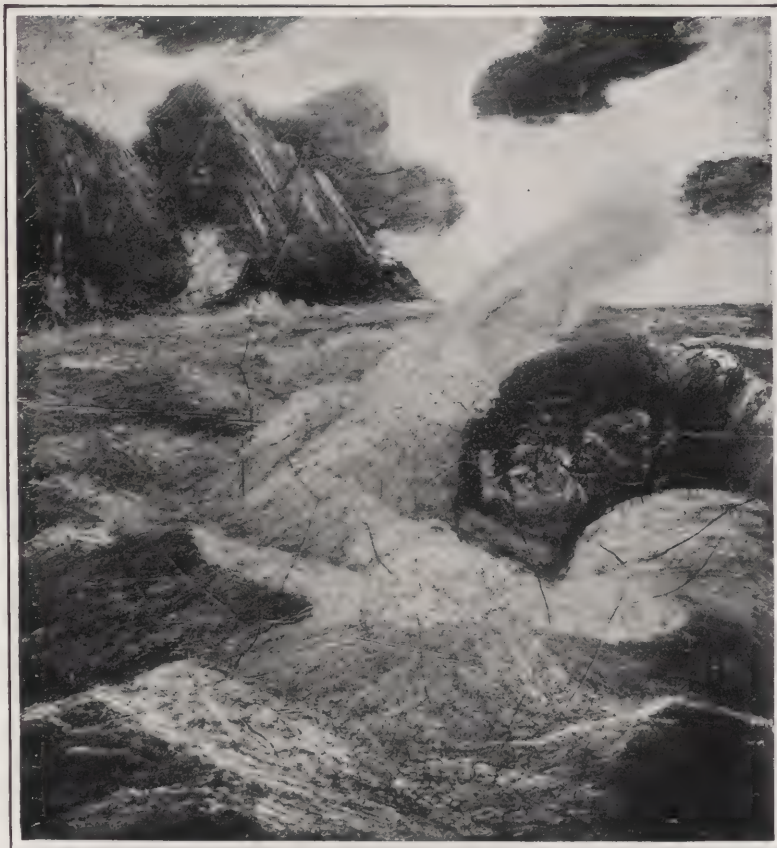
BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

sanctuary of a spiritual adventure, apart from and yet in the centre of a sordid, mechanical, swash-buckling world. He lived on Olympus, slept in New York, still an Olympian.

To Spain and Italy and Morocco, where he

"MARINE"

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER



of deep, strong waters.

Far west of Fifth Avenue on Fifteenth Street he lived. A dwelling, like the burned gown of a roasted ear of corn, black with ashes, under whose clothes you find rich flavor. Here in a forgotten

made drawings and sketches, then went to France, to England and Glasgow; then back with a fine Welsh captain who became his lifelong friend. The Scotch people were the first to like his work. Cottier and Inglis, great Scotchmen both, took him over there.

Ryder with all his self-ad-juration always liked the things students showed him. "Very nice, very nice." Once when painting on "Macbeth and the Witches" he paused to comment, "It is a nice sky." Cottier related that on their trip to Europe he could not get Ryder to bed. He just couldn't leave the night-jeweled ocean. Having gone to the third-class deck, nearer the water line, he gazed enraptured at the wide expanse

shell, neglected, called his studio, he dwelt. Here came his worshippers, and all who met him loved him. He lived the spirit of artist incarnate, in his soul one ability, much doubted, to paint the beauty, lovely and friendly, radiant, that stands alluring.

Remote, humble in the white light of his desire, in whose shadow rose the vision of great paintings, the face of beauty haunting him, he lived a bare existence. Little Mary Fitz Patrick led him out in play over oceans of precious time. He loved her, called her little angel. The newsboy on the street-corner from whom he bought a magazine in which his photograph and pictures were reproduced, asked astonished, "Youse the guy what's mug's in the papers? I tot youse was a bum." Ryder lingered with the boy, told him stories.

Then there was a cure for





"LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE"

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

indigestion. A painter called on Ryder, and the philosopher extended his hospitality, a cup of coffee from the one cup, stoked the fire, and heard that his caller had a pain in his stomach. "What, indigestion? I have the cure." Then the story of one night when Ryder was in agony and started down the street. A red light attracted him. He joined its glow and found a sympathetic bartender, told his story. The sympathetic one ordered "Beer and clam-chowder for one." Fancy! "Get it aboard." Ryder felt no better. "Beer and clam-chowder for one. Get aboard." Ryder is quite sick. The sympathetic one again, "Beer and clam-chowder for one. Get aboard." Oh, then, alas, *mal de mer*, but Ryder's indigestion was cured. Heroic remedy!

Such was the Ryder who visited Weir for a few days, and stayed weeks to paint the orchard. Concentrating for months, he produced a little canvas that Weir said looked not like the orchard, but far more beautiful.

Purely human he lived, above convention, in adoration of beauty and life.

"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER







"THE PASTURE"

John Gellatly Collection

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Butcher, ashman, princess, charwoman, all socially the same, life on the wings of a golden dream. He trusted all of the people, shared the essence of life. Once the butcher's daughter married, and Ryder was asked to be the best man. He knew he must dress up, so he journeyed forth, far away down on the east side of New York, purchased a brand new suit, gorgeous, magnificent, all for five dollars. Ryder was a big man, but the suit was tremendous. When he was clothed it fell fold on fold, but he was delighted. When he had put on his shoes he was satisfied. Then he went forth, to find the wedding over, so he mingled with the guests and talked to the bride, gave them his rich stories, then he walked up-town to East Seventieth Street to show the Sandens his brilliant new suit.

Futile, perhaps, yet when Ryder saw the holidays, Christmas, approaching, he worked for a hundred days building Cologne, perfume; a gallon of alcohol with extract of roses. Many fine bottles gathered far and near, and he journeyed forth with his Christmas present to the maid and the butler, the mistress, the master, and tender of

furnace. His soul stood out naked for all to bow down to, impressing his high love on all, great spirit untrammelled. Attar of Roses, useless; months all awaste, while every art patron waited for paintings, patrons giving him money each beggar won promptly; or perhaps little Mary wanted a doll, so Ryder went hungry.

Insensible of love, it was as if he had wedded the world and all people, as if he had plighted his troth to the spirit of beauty, which in all its wildness has seldom been kept captive, and, true to form, kept eluding him, to be caught and then lost almost as the feeling of spring rises into your blood and makes you strangely happy, to disappear before a surging wave of longing prayer for the haunting jewel of content. So with the love of Ryder, it was universal, all-absorbing.

There was the girl next door who played the piano so delightfully that, in a transport, the very first afternoon Ryder called on her, introduced himself, and thought they should get married. Inglis persuaded him, "How will you support her?" he asked, for he had grown from the beauty





"DEATH ON A PALE HORSE"

*Metropolitan Museum of Art*

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

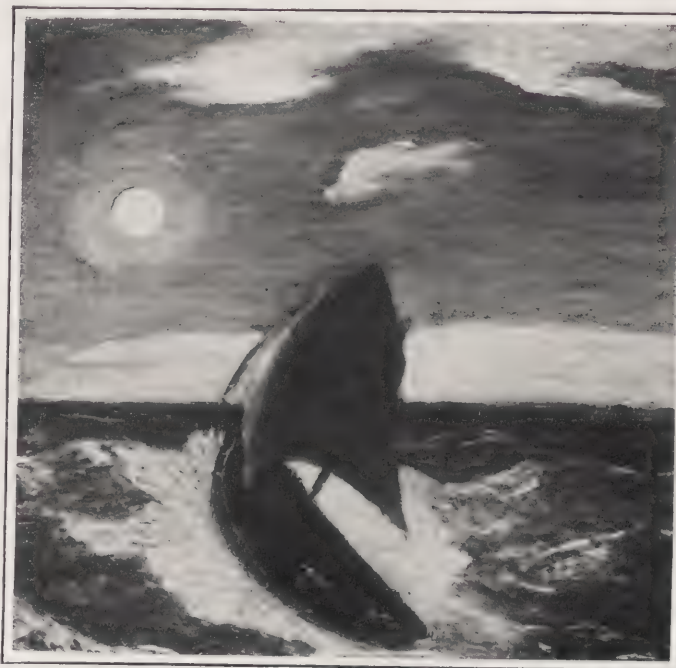
of a dreaming boy to a gloriously improvident, personally careless, outwardly unclean man, whose inward light made up to the world a heritage of art. Certainly, art is a jealous mistress, demanding all sacrifice; friendly to Ryder who gave his all.

There is no use in arguing of technique. He had tried everything. He knew academic procedure, but cast it aside. His pathway was not in the dry roots of a burnt-up forest, it led to the sun. He achieved in "The Forest of Arden" an art as distinctive as El Greco. "The Temple of the Mind" breathes as deep as Monticelli. In the "Death on a Pale Horse" he rivals Walt Whitman in an uncanny apostrophe to the limit of the physical. In "Night" with a silver shred of a cloud and lonely star there is alchemy. As Dr. John van Dyke said of it, "There is romance from the Arabian Nights down to the New Testament." So with "Jonah and the Whale," Constable with the imagery of Blake, deeper in quality, until you feel the weight of fable and hear the power of the

sea. And "Resurrection," a primitive American, in whose glistening folds you find the tonic blessing of two thousand years. So with the "Smug-

"TOILERS OF THE SEA"

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER







"PEGASUS"

John Gellatly Collection

BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

glers' Cave," and "Song," "Under a Cloud," you find the magic of a rhapsody so thrillingly dominant, all pervading, that you are like a lover richly blessed, and have met up with Ryder in communion.

A giant with great broad shoulders, a leonine head with great shaggy locks and deep beard, eyes that look clearly straight, a gentle small voice like

the Quakers' conscience. Such a man as Carlyle describes living in a garret, prophet of esthetic emotions seeking expression, hunting the truth, through whose garret window the millionaire tosses a crust. Yet Ryder met all the passersby with full fellowship and a lifting up in emotion that answered the puzzles of human existence. Eyes on the dawn drink in life's beauty.



## Note on the Cover of this Number

CARDINAL DOMENICO RIVAROLA was a personage of great influence, who lived in Rome for many years.

Born in Genoa of noble parentage, this priest had begun his career as canon at the church of S. Lorenzo in his native town. Disagreements between him and the archbishop there brought him to Rome, where Cardinal Scipio Borghese took him into his service, on the ground of a recommendation by the French ambassador. Thereby his fortune was made; he became bishop of Alessio in Corsica, then archbishop of Nazareth (1608), yet remained in Rome in spite of these distinctions. He was sent to France as legate on an important

mission; finally at an early age he received the cardinal's hat with the title of S. Martino ai monti (1611). He took an active part in the papal election of Gregory XV and Urban VIII.

Van Dyck undoubtedly painted the cardinal's portrait in Rome, as proved by the address on the letter in his hand. "All Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Cardinal Riverola Roma" This portrait is the work of a master in his prime and probably dates from the first period of Van Dyck's second sojourn in Italy, probably from the year 1624, two years before the premature death of the cardinal, who must have scarcely attained the age of fifty.



# THE THEORY OF SEURAT

ENGLAND—Somewhere in the Midlands. April.—

STRANGE. Awhile back—barely three weeks, to be sure—and I was cursing the spring fever that began to run riot down a

New York side street. Baseball bats and youths yelling as though nothing less than a shriek that burst the lungs and split the eardrums would possibly satisfy their need for expression. Strange, for a week of the English countryside has all but wiped out the memory, banished it to another world. Here silence. An occasional—how occasional, by American standards—car on the main road. The bark of old Jock as he greets it. The cold wind sweeping round from the Chase. The birds—starlings, sparrows, blackbirds—all in full rehearsal, trying to persuade themselves and me that spring is up to schedule. And down the garden, in a bush apart, one inexperienced and stage-struck thrush, reading up his Browning before he dares to begin.

Art? Hardly. An 1880 house, with 1890 furniture. Comfort. Architecture?

Gothic, Tudor, Stuart, Victorian. We can be Roman too, and in the next breath crushingly *dixhuitième*. Can we not boast the Watling Street, and a Roman town coming piece by piece to light like an archeological jig-saw puzzle? And in Lichfield itself is not the perilous Gothicity of the renovated spires amply balanced and held in check by the massive proportions of that same Dr. Saml. Johnson, who first saw the light, in a pocket edition, so to speak, in a square house on the market place?

From the centre of this architectural museum I consider—and reconsider—the one problem toward the elucidation of which it can give no assistance—the problem of Seurat.\*

First then—and by way of bridging a month of memory—what is the problem? One can state it simply thus: *To reconcile the achievement of Seurat with his theories.*

And this general problem resolves itself into questions more particular, to wit:

(1) To what extent is the present rank accorded to Seurat (with Renoir and Cézanne in the modern triumvirate) justified?

(2) Granted that his position as an artist of

*Continuation of the author's discussion of the theory and practice of one of the great figures in modern art*

GUY EGLINGTON

the first order rests on a foundation of permanent achievement, how comes it that great achievement should spring from such a theoretical basis?

(3) In point of fact, how

far does the actuality of work accomplished bear out the deductions drawn from his theories; in other words, how closely does the image of what we saw was likely to result from a logical application of the theories tally with the actuality?

(4) Granted that Seurat's achievement does in point of fact transcend his theory, what elements entered into its making for which theory made no allowance?

(5) To what extent does the ultimate value of the achievement transcend the value of the theory (as potentiality), having in mind the limitations imposed by the latter?

The first and second of these questions can best be answered by reference to the third and fourth, and if the first four can be satisfactorily cleared out of the way, the fifth should offer little difficulty. Let us then begin with the third, and, since we have already been treated to an overdose of theory, change it to read: *What did Seurat do?*

Roughly then, the work which Seurat left—inconsiderable in quantity, be it remembered, by reason both of his manner of working and his early death—can be divided for practical purposes to fall under several headings. His early drawings, of which a group was shown this season at Brummer's; his sketches and studies, both in pencil and oil, of which the greater part belong, I believe, to M. Fénéon; his landscapes, of which several are in the Quinn collection; his harbor scenes; and his figure compositions, "La Baignade," "La Grande Jatte," "La Poudreuse," "Le Chahut," "La Parade" and "Le Cirque."

Now the drawings are important. In the first place they are the first authentic works of Seurat that we have. And by authentic I mean *authentic Seurat*. At a time (the years '79-'83. He was born, remember, in '59) when he was still copying Delacroix and flirting with the Barbizons, he was already making drawings which, however vastly they might differ—not in achievement, being within their medium near perfection, but in intention—from his later works, are yet recognizably, nay unmistakably, himself. In the second place, they give clear indications as to the problems on which his mind was at that time engaged.

\*Stated at some length in the May issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.



For one finds in these drawings, in contrast with almost every other work of Seurat—I exclude of course the copies and immature painting of his student days, but not, be it noted, the drawings which he made as studies for his later figure compositions—a preoccupation with light, to the exclusion of any formal element whatever. It is almost as though he had been at that time under the influence of Signac—or, more probably, both Signac and himself under the influence of some third person—and had taken to heart Delacroix's exhortation: *Plus de contraste, plus d'éclat*. For it is *contraste* and *éclat* which he seeks in these black and white studies, the values of white surrounded by areas of dense black, the enhancing of velvet blackness by juxtaposition of white no less positive, and all the intermediate values, greys leaning on black and other greys that are but a dimming of the brilliance of white. Or perhaps, in this period of greatest proximity to the esthetic of Signac he is already trying to find an escape from its conclusions, mistrusts the latter's dependance on color and is striving in the soberer medium of the *conté* crayon to gain command over light without subjection to the spectrum and the law of complementaries. And supporting that view there are the paintings of the same date, in which the part that color plays—in the Signac sense—is insignificant.

Whichever view one accept, this preoccupation with light as distinguished from color continued up to and found its logical conclusion in the "Baignade" ('83-'84), the first of the important canvases by which Seurat is known. Now the "Baignade," fine as it is, is not what his admirers would call pure Seurat, but is the outcome of two preoccupations which he was later to subordinate, the preoccupation with light, of which we have just spoken and which grew out of his crayon drawings, and a preoccupation with mass, which he had been developing simultaneously in the drawings and in his early essays in paint. If he relies here as later on the horizontal, it is by instinct and not in response to any compositional theory, and the too logical corollary of the horizontal, the perpendicular, is conspicuously missing. For the moment he is not in the least concerned with subtle distortions in the direction of compositional angles, but is content to let figures and trees keep their own shapes, only simplifying, rounding, rendering more and more palpable, dissolving in one breath in the brilliance of his *éclairage*, in the next throwing into relief by the sharpness of his contrasts. So might a Renoir, shorn of his opulence and a cold douche thrown over his humanity, have approached the subject.

From the "Baignade" to the "Dimanche d'Été à la Grande Jatte" ('84-'86), to give the famous picture its full title, is an astonishing leap. At first blush it is as though twenty years of growth had accomplished themselves in two. What he has been content to accept as the conclusion in the "Baignade" is now barely the starting-point. He had been content to simplify before, now he set out to *intensify*. He had achieved luminosity by contrast, he would achieve it—and in greater degree—by suffusion. At one and the same moment that is, he set out on a voyage of exploration and expansion—in two opposite directions. On the one hand intensification, on the other suffusion—two seeming contraries, and each raised to the highest power he was capable of imagining. A suffusion that should be comparable with Monet's—the Monet of the cathedral set. An intensity—but for that he had no modern instance, but must have gone back, if he sought outside himself at all, to a Piero della Francesca, back further, as I am often tempted to think he afterwards went, to the Byzantines! How were the two incompatibles to be reconciled?

The answer is to be found in the landscapes and pencil studies which date from the same three years. In the direction of suffusion there was little difficulty. A technique lay ready to hand—Monet's, as Signac had developed it. So in the landscapes one finds him adapting Signac's technique to his own ends, changing it from a technique of what he calls "*L'Analogie des Contraires*" (which I have translated by the bold phrase "conciliation of contraries") to one of "*L'Analogie des Semblables*" (conciliation of similars). This process of conciliation having to be carried out on the minutest scale (owing to the size of the individual touch), he divided his canvas into an indefinite number of small areas, each perfectly in value within itself and exactly related to its nearest neighbors and so, piece by piece, to the whole. The landscapes which date from this period are in reality no more than studies, whatever their size or seeming completeness, for one smallest part of the larger composition.

It was in the process of what I have ventured to call "intensification" (though Seurat never uses that word) that he developed his practical use, if not his theory (that, I imagine, came later), of the perpendicular. And to make thoroughly clear just what I mean by intensification I will ask the reader to compare the most sharply realized figure in the "Baignade" (the boy in the foreground) with any one of the quite minor figures in the "Grande Jatte" (the little girl by the edge of the river, for example, or the youth



with the enigmatical gesture—is he kite-flying or playing on a flute?—to the other side of the tree). He will not fail to be aware of a quality in the latter which I can only describe as intensity. Whereas the figures in the “Baignade,” despite the fact that the *éclairage*, the whole machinery of contrast, is so calculated to throw them into relief and accentuate their mass, remain masses, the figures in the “Grande Jatte,” where the same machinery is employed in the opposite direction, toward their suffusion and subordination, bear the impress of having been vividly and intensely seen. So with every slightest portion of the composition. It has been raised on to a heightened plane of reality.\*

Now this sense of heightened reality, combined with its diametrical opposite in the sphere of light could only be achieved with the aid of some such convention as the perpendicular. Given Seurat's genius for stylization, which he alone of the moderns combined with the intensest possible observation, it was easy to endow the tight-fitting bodice and bustle skirt of the '80s with an architectural form, and from thence to treating both as though they were pure elements in an architectural structure was but a step. The top hat became a capital, the umbrella a dome. A dog sniffing the ground takes naturally the form of a buttress. Trees range themselves happily into colonnades. In this process, consciously or unconsciously, the perpendicular comes naturally to be emphasized—how could an architect build without it?—and a new and all-important element is introduced. Its value is at once apparent. Having realized the forms of the first plan in all their sharpness of detail—albeit simplified—the forms of succeeding plans offer little difficulty. A minimum of suggestion—a perpendicular repeated here, there a curve, elsewhere an angle—results in a maximum of realization. It is not that the minor figures repeat slavishly the forms of the major; on the contrary each least figure—as the innumerable drawings and studies attest—is perfectly realized in all its individuality; but the convention is stated with such authority in the first plan that though it dies away in succeeding plans to the merest whisper the conviction which it carries is in no least wise diminished.

It is characteristic of Seurat that so soon as one thing is done, one problem solved, he sets to

work to attack another, and not—as do the more timid of us, or even the bolder for that matter—one which is an outgrowth or variation of the last, but he chooses a whole new ox to flesh his teeth on. So, as he turned from the “Baignade” to attack in the “Grande Jatte” a new and infinitely complex problem, that is no sooner solved than he is dissatisfied with the limitations of the medium he has mastered and seeks a further and still greater extension of his powers. The “Grande Jatte,” he sees—I am quoting what I imagine to have been *his* thoughts, not my own—is all very well so far as it goes but it does not go far enough. It depends on the ranging, one behind the other, of a series of horizontal plans, for all the world like an old-fashioned stage-set. How to break down the monotonous succession of plans and the resulting dispersion of interest and weld the whole a single three-dimensional unity, at the same time sacrificing nothing of what I have gained—either in point of intensity or suffusion—in the “Grande Jatte?”

The answer is of course to be found (partially stated) in “Le Chahut” ('89-'90) and (in its final form) in “Le Cirque” ('90-'91), that masterpiece on which he was still working when he died ('91, at the age of 32). The years between are filled with experimentation to that triumphant end.

The difficulty was namely this: The compositional theory on which the “Grande Jatte” was built was based, as we have seen, on the use of succeeding plans,\* horizontal and perpendicular being repeated on each plan, so leading the eye back by successive stages into the depths of the composition. The business of composition was furthermore slow and demanded the utmost deliberation, each area being first made complete in itself then joined up to other areas to form a whole. Now this method, irksome as the majority of painters would find it, was in complete harmony with Seurat's nature, nor did its slowness and deliberateness quench his ardor, but rather enabled him to raise every smallest part to the highest level of intensity. There could therefore be no question of his adopting what we may term a more simultaneous method. He must endeavor to adapt his own.

His first attempts were not happy. They are to be found in the series of harbor pictures, a number of which are reproduced in Lucie Cousturier's book. He attempted namely a compromise. Retaining the planal system, he attempted

\*The five or six masterpieces of Seurat have been so often reproduced that they can hardly be new to our readers. To such however as do not know them we recommend either Walter Pach's monograph (Duffield) or Lucie Cousturier's (Cres), the latter of course in French. Both are cheap and well illustrated.—Editor.

\*I use the word *plan*, instead of *plane*, to distinguish the Seurat convention from the Cézannesque. Cézanne operated with receding planes, Seurat with succeeding plans. cf. 1er plan, 2me plan, etc., in French stage directions.



to link up the succeeding plans by the use of angles built on the horizontal. The result was a species of inexact geometry. The entire stress of the composition was thrown on line, and line with Seurat, as with all the divisionists, was the element least fitted to stand any stress whatever, was in fact, by the first article of their faith, banished from their cosmos.

What Seurat called line was for the purposes for which he intended it, not line at all, but a series of separate and distinct dots, placed one after the other, which at a certain distance gave the impression of line, as the screen dots of a half-tone also lose their identity unless examined at close range. But the eye, although it may cease to be conscious of the individual dots, is under no illusion that the one is an adequate substitute for the other. For in line, as in other things, extremes have a way of meeting, and just as in a ruled line one is unpleasantly conscious of an unnatural rigidity, standing in marked dis-harmony with the drawn parts of the picture, so in a dotted line, which might be thought to sin in the opposite direction of overlooseness, one is often conscious, especially in cases where it has to carry a great stress, of a rigidity very similar. The one is as inexpansive and inflexible as the other.

I have called the result inexact geometry. For if the "Grande Jatte" can only be called three-dimensional in the sense of being a succession of two-dimensional plans, the harbor pictures are neither one nor the other, but a hybrid, in which the qualities of both are lost. The stability of the two-dimensional scheme is sacrificed in a strained attempt at geometrical transition and nothing is gained in the direction of simultaneity. The rigid architectural lines betray their own hollowness and the outcome of an attempt at greater depth is only emptiness and unreality. An architectural elevation thrown out of true.

But the harbor scenes are, I repeat, only in the nature of experimentation and no one can have been more conscious of their weakness than Seurat. For when he came to attack his final composition, the works which occupy—I use the word in its most drastic sense—his final years, he has thrown overboard his entire bag of tricks and started afresh. The planal system has gone. Gone too its corollary of transitional angles. And in its place he has reverted, whether consciously or unconsciously one has no means of knowing, to the mural concept which the early Italians inherited from Byzantium.\* A single

\*It was in the air in the '90s. Renoir, Degas, Gauguin, Seurat, all bitten by the same notion and each responding to it in his separate way. To say nothing of Puvis. . . .

plane and the composition built not piece behind piece but piece above piece in ascending scale.

For result one has the two final masterpieces, "Le Chahut" and "Le Cirque." And in considering the incompletion of the latter, one has, to estimate Seurat's intention, to hold in mind the superb completion of the former. Consider this—and then add one important rider. "Le Chahut" is the triumphal climax of Seurat's formalistic experimentation. "Le Cirque" is the beginning of its denial. In the former a stern perpendicular holds in check the exuberance of the ladies and gentlemen who kicked their way into the unsophisticated hearts of the nineties. In the latter its authority is infinitely less tyrannical. Starting, it is true, with a rigid framework of perpendicular and horizontal, he was breaking it down in all directions. If the "Circus" is more perennially exciting than any other of Seurat's works, it is because the centre of action is in process of transference from the mind of the artist to the bodies of his protagonists.

One should now be in a position to answer the questions which we put at the beginning of the article.

First then, Seurat's theory (dated, by the way, '89) was not the stable thing that he and those who claimed to speak for him imagined it to be. It was rather fluid, changing from picture to picture. Secondly, Seurat's nature was essentially dual, and of a conflicting duality rarely found. He was at once an intellectual and not a little of a visionary, a recluse and an enthusiast. The strains of hot and cold ran apparently through separate compartments of his being, without ever crossing. But the fight was there, a fight that, one is forced to believe, killed him. He was forever seeking to reconcile incompatibles.

There is a passage in Lucie Cousturier's book in which in one breath she describes him as *peu expansif*, both with his friends and with his mother, hiding from both the facts of his life; and in the next as standing at a street corner, gazing wide-eyed at a gas-lamp and expounding his philosophy. And a few lines further on she throws in a significant remark (to which, with rare insight, she gives the dignity of a paragraph):

"Seurat peignait jour et nuit."

Seurat was a reconciler of incompatibles. On the one hand he laid down a theory. On the other, by the sheer force and intensity of his genius, he rose above it. In his five or six masterpieces—for these, I repeat, are his *Works* and all the rest no more than studies toward these, the cold tap of his dual nature—he will live.



# An OLD CHURCH and GLEBE

COLONIZED by intelligent, well educated people, Narragansett County reflects in its church the cultivated taste of those responsible for its erection. Built in 1707, during the

reign of Queen Anne, it gives evidence of benefit from a great calamity, namely, the revival of interest in architecture that occurred when it became necessary to rebuild London after the great fire of 1666. The fire, bringing out as it did the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, was also the cause of the many books written at the time on architectural subjects. These books, brought over to the New World, formed the basis for the work of the Master Carpenter. He was his own architect and therefore free to exercise his fancy. He builded to please the eye, rather than to follow any rule of thumb, to which fact is attributed the charm of much early Colonial work.

Of more interest, both historically and architecturally, than the average country church, quaint old St. Paul's has a doorway of incorrect proportion but exceedingly attractive effect. The necking so far below the cap breaks all precedents and yet is pleasing. It was evidently put there to pick up the lines of the door and inside frame. The door has unusu-

*St. Paul's, Wickford, erected in 1707, and its glebe-house, bear witness to the skill of our early builders*

J. H. GUMMINGS

ally wide railings especially where the brass knob, shaped like a ball, serves as a handle with which to open it.

The broken pediment terminating with carved rosettes is interesting as is also the keystone in the lintel. The doors at the back are a type of that concession to superstition, the "witch door," devised to keep evil spirits out by the shape of its paneling which formed either a Roman cross or had criss-cross stiles and mullions on the lower panel.

The fenestration indicates free play of the imagination; the treatment of two windows on either side of the doorway and five on the second floor being a New England innovation. The rear fenestration, while original, is logical enough—a window near each end to light the gallery and two windows back of the pulpit—and reminds one that this church was built in a day when insufficient means of lighting the interiors made it necessary to admit as much of Nature's light as possible. When each frame was made by hand a slight variation of proportion was a very simple matter. The muntins are unusually heavy on the second floor. They divide the space into five panes up, five panes across, the lower



ST. PAUL'S (1707), WICKFORD, CONNECTICUT  
DETAIL OF DOORWAY, ST. PAUL'S







REAR WALL, ST. PAUL'S, SHOWING WINDOWS BEHIND THE ALTAR

sash having three panes, the upper only two, and keep the scale of the first floor windows. Those of the first floor are five panes wide having a fan with a keystone in the frame above, while the windows back of the pulpit, though of the same shape, contain only four panes in a row and have a less ambitious fan, the centre muntins carrying right through, splitting the circular head in the centre. The small panes, about  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 8''$ , are always a point of interest and judging from the wavy reflections much of the glass is quite old.

Opening the door by means of a huge brass key one enters a mellowed atmosphere. The structural elements have been boxed in. Galleries were built on two sides. Old-fashioned pews divide the floor space. One goes up a step from the wide floor-boards to enter a pew and may then close the door with its old iron latch. Both the pews and the gallery have walnut balustrades. Unfortunately the very interesting communion railing is not visible in the illustrations. It has turned posts and on the enclosed table is a brass altar set evidently the same as the one mentioned by the Reverend Dr. McSparron as a part of the fixtures he brought from England. One may, however, discern the candelabrum and the wall brackets, which are well worthy of reproduction.

Facing the door is the pulpit. The centre panel seems right but the side posts have evi-

dently been patched by someone not in sympathy with the early workmanship. The lectern is of dubious origin and the caps of the supporting columns leave much to be desired. Perchance they all bear some relation to the modern gutters and leaders which though useful are disfiguring. Their presence may date from 1807 when the church was removed from its original site to the town of Wickford.

Amusing enough is the legend. In the middle of a winter's night, so runs the tale, the church was put bodily on sleds and in a most undignified manner, careening to right and left, the structure, then nearly a hundred years old, wended its way down Narragansett's steep roads, taking every advantage of the snowfall that covered even the stone fences with which every New England landscape is lined. It would be almost impossible to move it back up the hill, so there it has stayed in an obscure corner and is now hidden behind a row of houses just off the main street. But the story, alas, lacks verity. The church was, as a matter of fact, taken apart in a most workmanlike manner, moved in pieces and assembled on land given for the purpose of a church site by Captain Lodowick Updike, owner of Cocumscussuc, in a will dated August 16th, 1734.

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, WICKFORD







BACK OF THE "GLEBE-HOUSE," RESIDENCE OF THE MINISTERS OF ST. PAUL'S

The ancient spire is missing, but taking into consideration the fact that back in 1771 a meeting was called to determine whether or no the then old structure was worthy of repair, the loss of a spire may be discounted—and the workmanship which has survived so many vicissitudes given full mead of admiration.

Among the interesting documents that tie the history of the region together is *The Church Record*. Long kept by Dr. James McSparron, it gives an account of many well-known families of the region. Among those baptised there was, in 1756, one Gilbert Stuart. No doubt he has been overpraised but none the less he adds his modicum of tradition to the neighborhood and forms a link with the past. Three of the daughters of a man who was his pupil are

still living. His father's old snuff mill at the head of the Narra River, a most delightful spot, is sadly in need of sympathetic restoration. His portrait shows not a weak face, but an arrogant one. Stuart's early work held great promise but some-

"SELF PORTRAIT"

BY GILBERT STUART



where between the early period and its exquisite little miniatures and his seventy-five pictures of Washington he quite lost himself. Whatever the cause that led him to descend to pot-boilers, it is most regrettable. Mayhap impatience, loss of faith, a surrendering to conditions that he considered beyond his control, or perhaps his early success, spoiling that talent which, had it been worked out to its full power, would surely have amounted to genius.

The pastors of St. Paul's must have been a hardy race. A minister of the present day





DOORWAY OF THE "GLEBE-HOUSE," ST. PAUL'S, WICKFORD

would consider himself very much put upon if he had to make the journey by means of horsepower of the several miles between glebe-house and church, which even now takes nearly half an hour by motor. The trip, however, was broken by stops at homes along the way, some of which are still standing. Dr. McSparron, the third pastor, delighted in having his parishioners at the glebe-house, presided over so competently by his wife, the former Hannah Gardiner, who made of his home a rendezvous for all that was best in the life of the colony. Not in any sense an elaborate house, it was of considerable size and well built. The back and sides still have in many places the old hand-riven shingles. The front has been resingled and lacks interest except for the door, which has most interesting paneling. The broad beams and posts of the structural elements are probably of oak. The gambrel roof has great breadth and dates the house as later than the church—it may have been built after Dr. McSparron came from England in 1721. It would take a deal of ferreting to discover the reason of the

fenestration in the back. There was little outlook from that side, the hill rising abruptly a few feet back of the house, which is situated on a small plateau. One approaches the home through a gate embowered in lilacs, forming a terraced enclosure with an old flag-stone walk. There are two of these terraces, the lilacs growing to within a few feet of the house. On the right the land drops abruptly to another plateau on which is an orchard. On the left a small terrace leads to a side door. Nearby is the old stone well-head, a path leads to the spring house and then again abruptly down a declivity at the bottom of which gurgles a stream that might be of story book origin.

Altogether a delightful setting, the whole invites the restorer's hand, for it is seldom, nowadays, that one finds a house rich in historic association which is at the same time well placed and architecturally interesting. Very little imagination is needed to picture the old glebe house restored; the grounds made beautiful again. And there is no doubt that a restoration, intelligently carried out, would amply repay the not very great effort which it would require.

GAMBREL ROOF OF THE "GLEBE-HOUSE," ST. PAUL'S, WICKFORD





# TAPESTRIES *Made in* AMERICA

SIGNIFICANT among American industries which owe their existence to strange beginnings and unusual circumstances is tapestry weaving. An art, rather than an industry, the compound noun, art-industry, is perhaps more applicable. Although comparatively new to America, it is a field in which we have gained the recognition of connoisseurs and craftsmen abroad as well as in our own country. But it is to a Frenchman, rather to a French family, that we owe our advent into tapestry weaving.

Early in 1893, M. Jean Foussadier of Aubusson, arrived in America with his family. Most important among the belongings they brought with them was a small hand loom on which the first piece of American tapestry was woven. The Foussadiers' emigration to this country was brought about by a Fifth Avenue interior decorator and art connoisseur. Recognizing M. Jean as a master weaver of note and his sons, Antoine and Louis, as weavers of similar potentialities, the dealer possessed the perspicacity to realize the advantages of weaving tapestries of the Gobelin

type in America. Choosing a most opportune moment, just after the close of the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works of England where the Foussadiers had been employed, the American's inducements of good wages and steady employment for the family won favor. And in transplanting them, the dealer, too, assumed the role of the pioneer, sowing the seeds for the foundation of an art-industry which had hitherto belonged solely to Europe and principally to France.

On the Continent where occupation is often a matter of family tradition rather than choice, and where opportunities are circumscribed by local conditions, whole families are wont to follow in

*Foussadier family, weavers of tapestries in France for generations, manned first American tapestry looms*

ANNE LEE

the footsteps of their forefathers, generation after generation. Often the young people marry fellow-workers in the craft, and it is the accepted thing that the children should be apprenticed as soon as they reach the proper age. Thus it was with the Foussadiers. In the case of M. Jean the proper age was nine. Born in 1843, M. Foussadier began his apprenticeship in the tapestry works of Aubusson in 1852. From that time until March, 1922, when he died in his little home in the northernmost part of New York City, he devoting himself to the loom, weaving into the web tales of history, of conquest, of romance

and of great achievements. For several generations, ever since the founding of the famous Gobelin factory in Paris early in the seventeenth century and the establishment of the Aubusson works shortly after, the Foussadiers have been tapestry weavers. They are to this day. Like their father, the two sons are devoting their lives to the looms.

Perhaps the old cartoons depicting early conquests of the Bourbon reign no longer hold the same interest for the weav-

ers. Mayhap the process of transplantation has dulled the feeling of nationalism which surged through the veins of the patriotic old Frenchman as he retold, in fabric, the historic prowess of his fatherland. Again, perhaps, the modern cartoons may have more of the decorative and less of the historic, but, be that as it may, the brothers Foussadier are still weaving fine tapestries in the old French way taught them by their father, with the seat of action the Bronx, New York, instead of Aubusson, France. But to go back to the story of M. Jean—

Heralded far and wide as a master weaver of exceptional skill, M. Foussadier received the



CHAIR SEAT; REPLICA OF FIRST PIECE OF TAPESTRY WOVEN IN AMERICA; M. JEAN FOUSSADIER, WEAVER

*Courtesy of the Field Museum, Chicago*





TAPESTRY WOVEN FROM A BOUCHER CARTOON BY THE FOUSSADIERS AT THE WILLIAMSBRIDGE MILL. Courtesy of Wm. Baumgarten & Company

appointment of head-weaver when the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works were established at Windsor, England, in 1876 under the patronage of Queen Victoria. There he entered his eldest son, Antoine, as apprentice. There, too, his wife, Marie, dead these twenty years, worked alongside of him as sewer and repairer. M. Antoine, now upward of sixty, had a merry twinkle in his eyes as he told me of the days of Windsor. Deftly manipulating the flutes of colored wool and silk

in and out as he talked, the Frenchman told of visits of the royalty. A boy of tender years, the apprentice was deeply impressed by these state occasions. And they were not infrequent, for tapestry weaving was an innovation to Victoria.

Noted for her patronage of the arts, the queen showed a keen interest in the skill of the workers and in the wondrous fabrics they wrought. Often the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) accompanied the queen and her favorites. Following the example of Her Majesty, the royal family, the ladies and gentlemen of the court and members of the nobility also evinced an interest in the Royal Windsor Works, but none were more frequent visitors than Queen Victoria and the Duke of Connaught. Another instance which M. Antoine recalled was the visit of the deposed German Emperor when he was Crown Prince Wilhelm, although he was only one of several royal visitors from other lands. It was the custom of Her Majesty to plan trips through the tapestry works to entertain her royal guests.

When the Windsor Works were closed, due to mismanagement, M. Antoine had finished his apprenticeship and earned the title of weaver. By that time his young brother, M. Louis, was nearing the age when he, in turn, might take up the threads of a career. It might be ascribed to the amenities of fate that M. Louis should have

chosen to begin his career simultaneously with the New World's advent into the Old World's art.

Unaccustomed to leisure, M. Jean was anxious to begin weaving as soon as he had established his family in their American home. Setting up his small loom in the Fifth Avenue dealer's establishment, he went to work at the first piece of American tapestry. The loom, considered no longer useful, served as firewood some years ago, but the première American effort is carefully





(1) JEAN FOUSSADIER, (2) ANTOINE FOUSSADIER, (3) LOUIS FOUSSADIER, SHOWN WITH GROUP OF WEAVERS IN WILLIAMS-BRIDGE MILL (ABOUT 1898). Photograph by courtesy of M. Antoine Foussadier

preserved in the private collection of the dealer whose efforts made possible the creation of an American tapestry. The second effort, a replica of the first, came into the possession of the Field Museum of Chicago.

After some experiments, the venture promised success. Accordingly, a mill site was sought, and the old Hotel Gorbets situated on the Bronx River in the Williamsbridge section of New York City was taken over by the art dealer for this purpose. Large horizontal looms were installed, apprentices were taken in and other master-weavers and their families were brought over from France. M. Foussadier became superintendent of the works, with his son, Antoine, as first assistant and Louis, his younger son, as apprentice. Mme. Foussadier and her young daughter, Mlle. Adrienne, became the chief sewers and repairers. Thus did tapestry weaving in America lay aside its fledgeling's wings and become in earnest an art-industry which grew and prospered under the management of M. Jean.

Inasmuch as dyeing is quite as essential as weaving to the creator of tapestries, M. Jean's mastery of both arts contributed to his success. Great was the French weaver's delight when he found the waters of the Bronx as well suited to his

purpose as were the waters of his native Aubusson. Both are rich in vegetable constituents which lend a depth and mellowness of tone to the vegetable dyes, and M. Jean found his American work the equal of his earlier French masterpieces.

A small exhibition of the first year's work of the Williamsbridge mill, held in the spring of 1894, convinced American art collectors that Gobelin tapestries could be woven in New York City without losing any of the qualities or charm for which they were famed. Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia was the first American to express his confidence in the form of an order for native tapestries, his initial indenture having amounted to \$20,000. Andrew Carnegie, Charles M. Schwab, Jacob H. Schiff and J. Pierpont Morgan were among the many buyers of tapestries who had designs executed at this first American plant.

The old procedure is still followed. The wool is obtained in the natural color and dyed in copper vats to exactly match the colors in the cartoon-designs. The preparation of the vegetable dyes (aniline dyes have no part in tapestry making) is still the task of the superintendent, with the only difference that, instead of its being done by M. Jean, it is now done by M. Louis, who, with his wife, succeeded the elder Foussadier as manager





TAPESTRY OF THE LOUIS XVI TYPE WOVEN BY THE FOUSSADIERS

*Courtesy of Wm. Baumgarten & Company*

of the tapestry works which he entered as apprentice thirty-two years ago. In this art-industry where modern inventions and industrial advancements have made little inroad, the old spinning-wheel still serves to wind the wool and silk from the bobbins onto the small flutes.

Condemnation of the property necessitated the move to another building in the same vicinity a decade ago. The site of the former Hotel Gorbets, along with other landmarks of the little French settlement which came into being on the riverbank with the opening of the mill, has been converted into a motor highway paralleling the Bronx River. In the present factory, under the management of M. Louis Foussadier and his wife, the atmosphere of France blends happily with the American. The young Foussadiers have found in the aggressiveness of their adopted country a stimulus and incentive to the temperament of their native land.

No account of tapestry weaving, however cursory, can be complete without an account of cartoon designing. Their importance is analogous. Tapestry making is, in fact, a three-fold art, combining the skill of artist, dyer and weaver. Although the weaver executes the design into cloth, it is the artist who conceives and creates the cartoons and his work which becomes the foundation of the finished fabric. For generations the Fous-

sadier weavers have executed tapestries from Boucher cartoons, first in Aubusson and now in America. The French romantic artist found favor with the first buyers of American tapestries, and he is the preference of many collectors of today. So steadfast has his popularity been, in fact, that some of our modern cartoon artists are painting designs after Boucher, often combining figures from several old cartoons in a new setting. This does not apply alone to Bouchers, but to other early cartoons as well.

To watch M. Louis and his brother M. Antoine seated at their looms, operating the treadles with both feet and, guided by the designs in the cartoons under the webs, work, first with one and then another of the varicolored wool or silk-wound flutes at hand, is to marvel at their skill and patience. Working wrong side uppermost, the weaver must experience a moment of breathless anticipation as he takes his cloth off the loom and looks, for the first time, on his finished product, the result of months, perhaps years, of effort. For tapestry weaving is not the work for one who would make haste. Much depends upon the skill and diligence of the weaver, but three square inches of cloth is considered a good day's work in fine weaves. In some of the coarser weaves, the worker may produce a square foot of tapestry in a working day.



Each order specifies the weight of thread to be used. Inasmuch as the time required for execution depends on the fineness or coarseness of the weave, it is largely the weight of the thread which governs the cost of the tapestry. All wool, all silk or a combination of silk and wool go into the weaving. In the better grades the web, too, is of pure wool, although cotton web is sometimes used as a basis. Furniture coverings are very often woven entirely of silk, whereas some wall panels are worked altogether in wools. In most instances, however, wall panels of the choicest variety combine silk and wool, the luminosity of the silken threads adding to the beauty of the sky or the clouds, the highlights and high colors. For faces and the skin a special wool extra fine in texture is used.

Wherever the weaver changes from one color to another, a slit or opening is left in the tapestry. Hence the need of the sewer. Sometimes there are hundreds of tiny slits to be sewed up when the tapestry is taken off the loom. And by these hand-sewn slits may the genuine hand-woven tapestry be detected from the spurious.

At first American only geographically, and French by reason of the fact that the weavers, the wools, the dyes and the cartoons were all brought from France, the infusion of native material has gradually made the Foussadier tapestries a truly American product. American apprentices have become master-weavers; native wools, spun and twisted in our own mills, have taken the place of the imported wools; the vegetable dyes are now procured in America, and American artists now design and paint cartoons. To complete the transition, American tradition and American history sometimes inspire the designs. The transplantation of this art-industry has been achieved, and tapestry weaving has been added to America's national activities by reason of the several mills



TAPESTRY PANEL DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY WM. BAUMGARTEN & CO. (AT WILLIAMSBRIDGE LOOMS) FOR THE NEW YORK CITY MANSION OF CHAS. M. SCHWAB  
*Courtesy of Charles M. Schwab*

which have come into existence following the success of the experimental venture of 1893. But the tradition of the Foussadier family will merge into history with the death of the two brothers, M. Antoine and M. Louis, for the only grandson of M. Jean has succumbed to the infectious commercialism of the Western Hemisphere, forsaking the art of his forbears by choosing business instead of weaving as a means of livelihood. Then, for the first time in three centuries, there will be no Foussadier at work at his loom.





THE PARTHENON AS RE-CREATED IN CENTENNIAL PARK, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

## The PARTHENON in AMERICA

**N**ESTLED in the center of a modern city stands a replica in form, size and artistic embellishments of that masterpiece of Grecian art, the Parthenon, which stood, completed, on the Acropolis of Athens about the year 430 B. C.

To Nashville, Tennessee, goes the credit for the idea and after four years of constant work in which thousands of dollars were expended, the best architects, sculptors and artisans retained, the building is completed on the exterior and is an artistic, beautiful copy, in all but the material employed, of the original.

The ancient building, or better the ruin of it, has been a matter of study by artists and sculptors for centuries. Models of it have been constructed in various museums of the world and it has been conceded by artists of all ages to be the supreme

*Reproduction of the temple in Nashville, Tennessee, is complete in the architectural and sculptural elements*

R. A. PARODI

architectural achievement of the Greek civilization. The temple was built of marble throughout and measured 228 feet by 101 feet, the body of the building being divided into

smaller chambers containing sacred vessels, vestments, etc. The largest, 100 feet in length, contained the great statue of Pallas Athena, by Pheidias, which faced the eastern and main entrance of the temple. The outer columns numbered eight at the ends and seventeen at the sides, there being also an inner row of six columns at each portico of the temple. Two longitudinal rows of columns supported a gallery in the Hekatompedos, or largest room; in the western part of the interior four great columns rose to the roof. There were no windows in the temple, light being admitted through the doors.

The great statue of Athena, which was,





VIEW OF THE EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON

according to descriptions left by ancient Greek writers, about 40 feet high, was removed from the temple when Rome had absorbed Greece, and when in later days Byzantium became the capital of the Roman Empire, it was taken to adorn that new centre of civilization. The statue was completely destroyed in the conflagration of that city in the tenth century. The design and erection of the Parthenon were confided to the architects Ictinos and Callicrates, and the sculpture decorations of the building were under the supervision of Pheidias.

A study in detail of the numerous beauties of the building, in line, proportion and design, would take too much space in an article of this nature, but suffice it to say that at some structures we may glance and pass on, but here is one to be studied, and the more we study its beautifully balanced lines, simplicity of its design, both delicate and strong, the more fully we can understand and acknowledge the rank accorded the Parthenon among the great buildings of the world. It is not only a wonderful structure, but it is more; it is an expression of the Greek mind at the height of its powers, arriving through ages of evolution in art to final perfection.

We can assume that up to the year 1687, that is about twenty centuries from its completion, the Parthenon suffered relatively little damage, but in that year a Turkish garrison occupied the Acropolis, and with characteristic disregard for infidel property they stored powder in the Parthenon. The Venetians shortly after laid siege to Athens. One of their shells struck the building and the explosion blew out the sides of the temple. Later, further damage was done by the Venetians who tried to secure trophies of their victory by removing the central figures of the western pediment. Such fragments of the pediments and the frieze as remained were saved from further destruction by Lord Elgin in 1801, who carried them to England where, under the name of the Elgin marbles, they constitute one of the chief treasures of the British Museum.

As the building proper represented the culmination of the architectural skill of the Greeks, so the sculptures with which its pediments and walls were adorned, under the supervision of Pheidias, represented the perfection of Greek plastic art. The frieze, more probably than any other sculptural work, has been the subject of study and the inspiration of artists and students.





VIEW OF THE WESTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON

Each portion of it is perfectly composed and many of the most modern theories of art are based on the design of these reliefs.

Before beginning their gigantic task, Leopold F. Scholz and Belle Kinney, entrusted with the re-creation of these sculptures, spent many months examining all existing data on the subject and comparing notes with artists and archeologists all over the country. Besides this, the drawings made in 1674 by the French artist, Carrey, were extensively used, while innumerable treatises on the Parthenon and its sculptures and Greek art in general were studied. Also casts from the Elgin marbles ordered expressly from the British Museum for this work were used in this re-creation of the Parthenon. Owing to the destruction wrought by decay during many centuries and by the devastating hand of man, the exact design of the eastern and western pediments has become the subject of endless conjecture, but the painstaking research and the plastic skill of the sculptors of this reproduction make it reasonably sure that there is but little difference between the original and the modern replica.

Both pediments tell stories of ancient Greek mythology; the theme of the eastern pediment relating to the story of Jupiter, who being seized with a pain in the head had his son Vulcan relieve him by cleaving his head with an axe, whereupon Athena sprang forth full-armed. The western pediment tells the Attic legend of the dispute between Athena and her uncle, Neptune, both deities claiming the land of Attica.

The metopes of the Parthenon numbered ninety-two, fourteen at each end and thirty-two along each side, and in the designs of these bas-reliefs there was no repetition. A few of these metopes were brought away by Lord Elgin and are now in the British Museum and they suffice to give an idea of the entire series, the subjects used being all favorites of Greek legend and mythology. The metopes on the eastern side pictured the struggles between gods and giants; on the south side combats between Centaurs and Lapiths; on the western side Greeks fought against Amazons. In the Nashville reproduction of the Parthenon these metopes were done by the sculptor George Julian Zolnay.





GROUP OF CASTS FROM ELGIN MARBLES USED IN RECONSTRUCTING THE PARTHENON

Around the top of the outer wall of the temple there was a frieze of bas relief sculpture about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and about 500 feet long, of which some 420 feet are included in the Elgin marbles. In the present Nashville reproduction this frieze remains to be added. The frieze represents the Panathenaic procession which took place in connection with the games celebrated every four years in honor of Athena.

The first attempt to reproduce the Parthenon was in 1897, when Major E. C. Lewis, a citizen of Nashville, had the idea of reproducing the temple as one of the chief attractions of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, held in that year, and the faithfulness and fidelity with which the first copy was erected in Centennial Park of Nashville was evidenced by the praise accorded the structure at the time of the exposition. But this structure was made of lath, plaster and similar perishable material, and after lasting about two decades it threatened to become as complete a ruin as the original on the Acropolis, and it was at this juncture that the Board of Park Commissioners of Nashville determined to reconstruct the build-

ing of lasting material as an inspiration and work of art for posterity. The present reproduction of the ancient Greek temple was begun in 1921. The work has been carried on with as great rapidity as the extreme care which has been given to every detail would permit.

At first it was thought that marble would be used as in the original, but the cost of such material was so great that it would have been prohibitive, so after careful investigation by the architects and builders, a mixture of cement, gravel and sand was decided upon, and this composition, which has the durability of stone, gives the surface a rich tone and an even texture. With the exception of the frieze and the bronze doors the building is completed and it is hoped that the public spirit that has so far prosecuted the work of which the city, state and country are justly proud, will see fit to make these additions and also to reconstruct the interior as it was in the original with the great statue of Pallas Athena, and on the lines of the ancient temple, and so make Nashville, which has already been named "The Athens of the South," a veritable Athens of the United States.



# ART and OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

Continuation of THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS

N (Continued)

**NAIVE**—*Rara avis* of the *Sancta Simplicitas* family. Still found among the "Heathen in its blindness" and—more rarely—among policemen, customs officials and quite small children. Until recently the qualities born of its disarming ignorances were at a discount, but with the surprising success of M. Henri Rousseau's improbable Jungles, the Paris dealers made an intensive drive among muffin men, lavatory attendants and scavengers. One would like to point out to these gentlemen a fallacy in their reasoning. The professions which they chose to explore are, M. Rousseau notwithstanding, more likely to breed sophistication than naïveté, which latter is a quality encountered more frequently in what pass for the higher walks of life, in the august Senate, to take a native instance, of these United States.

**NATURE**—Poetic fiction invented by that earlier Rousseau—Jean Jacques, the Father of Romanticism. Imagines a world from which artifice is banished and spontaneity—or what the scientists would call obedience to nervous reflex—is set up as the highest ideal. See also under **ROMANTIC**, **SOUL**. *Estb.* The word is employed by obscurantist estheticians to signify an existing Absolute by reference to which all *soi-disant* of art may be measured. Since, however, the nature of that Absolute varies with each individual (man being, as Protagoras and my learned sister remark, the measure of all things) one may doubt the exactitude of the foot-rule. One may go further. Transferring allegiance from Protagoras to the not less observant Oscar Wilde, one may affirm that the formation of any vital concept of Nature is itself a function of art and the artist in consequence the measure of the Nature which he recreates. The critic is therefore warned against invoking this shadowy concept either in praise or condemnation. A more hopeful use of the word—if he cannot do without it—is to be found in the contrast between the functions of Nature—conceived as the driving force—and Law—the controlling.

—**AL**—That which is in accord with what the Academicians are pleased to term Nature; *i. e.*, with a concept shop-soiled and reduced by generations of hard usage to an impotent formula.

—**ALISM**—Used vulgarly as synonym for Realism, in spite of the fact that the stern *reality* which the one school envisages as the norm is vastly different from the *nature* of the other. Both, however, are at one in leaning heavily on an imagined standard outside of their own perceptions.

**NEUROSIS**—The fashionable complaint of the artist *manque*. Polite euphemism for less interesting condition caused by failure of digestive organs. Last (Freudian) stand of Romanticism.

**NICE**—Term of mild approbation, implying that the work in question is calculated to spare the most tender susceptibilities. Most suitable for use in conversation with Academicians, since it modestly disclaims any assumption of critical judgment on the part of the visitor. Contrast **INTERESTING** (*q. v.*) for use with Moderns.

**NOCTURNE**—Invention of Monsieur Whistler (it must be regarded as his misfortune that he failed to be born under the tricolor) which enabled him to employ a genius eminently suited to the design of Liberty Silks in the decoration of small canvases which are often—and quite pardonably—mistaken for works of art. Still, how charming, if only the dye had been fast.

**NUANCE**—Literally, the infinitesimal degrees through which a color passes as it approaches the color nearest to it on the spectrum. Thence, by extension, a distinction so subtle as to be perceptible only to an imagination long exercised in the pursuit of critical chimæra. See, of course, **APPENDIX A. French for the Critic and Man about Town.**

**NUDE**—Any depiction of the human form in the state—to put the matter bluntly—of nature. Mightily frowned upon by American moralists who are willing, however, so long as the vital organs are left out, or, as in the figures of Mr. Fr— (censored—Editor), suitably sterilized, to suffer the affront upon their modesty in silence. *N. B.* This process is known as **IDEALIZATION** (*q. v.*).

O

**OBJECTIVE**—An approach to life in which the



personal element is, so far as is humanly possible, suppressed.

—ITY—The faculty of projecting the imagination into some being or object outside of itself, to that end clothing itself in the nature of that being or object. See also under IMPERSONAL and, as contrary, SUBJECTIVE.

OBSCENE—Offensive to modesty and delicacy (100% American variety). Defensive adjective anathemising the kind of picture I am sure you would not like your young daughter to see. See also under VIRILITY.

OBSCURE—The significance of which is open to a multiplicity of interpretation. May be applied to any work, whose message to the world has been tapped, as it were, at the Main.

—ITY—A sable cloak beneath whose kindly folds neglected genius is wont to hide.

OIL PAINTING—Obsolete article of household furniture, stocked by dealers in second-hand goods and junk shops. Considering the small effective demand, the prices affixed to these relics of a past barbaric age (before the emergence, that is, of the INTERIOR DECORATOR, *q. v.*), often appear disproportionate, but this, we were informed the other day by the head of a prominent Second Avenue house, is somewhat paradoxically explained by the fact they were painted by hand.

OPPOSITION—One of the cornerstones of modern MECHANISTIC (*q. v.*) theory. System of composition (deduced from study of the so-called Old Masters, Giotto—Michelangelo) calculated, say its proponents, to give a maximum of velocity with a minimum consumption of gas. Study of pre-Giottesque and non-European art would seem to suggest that economy in that line was not formerly so stringent.

OPTICS—Crutch with the aid of which art has been hobbling painfully down the path of illusion.

ORIENT—Fabulous continent where the sciences of perspective, chiaroscuro and *plein-air* are unknown and even tactile values are without honor.

—AL—Generic term applied indiscriminately to, among others, the arts of China, India, Indo-China, Japan, Turkey, Arabia and Mongolia, their comparative remoteness offering a superb field for comprehensive and highly inac-

curate generalizations. It cannot be said that the astute nationals of these remote and by the same token romantic countries have been at any pains to remove these misapprehensions, but finding that the fervid puritan imagination associated them with \$5 Buddhas "drowned in a mist of" incense, have hastened to supply the effete Westerners with both commodities.

ORIGINAL—Work, sometimes of art, certified by an acknowledged Expert to be the child, well and truly born, of an obscure foreign master, now deceased. Such works, despite their evident competition with the products of home industry, have been earmarked by the Secretary of the Treasury as Cultural Assets and, as such, may be imported into the country duty-free.

—ITY—Polite euphemism for what the City Editor would call "News." But then, the C. E. is notoriously an optimist.

## P

PALETTE—The traditional trade-mark of the painter in oils, emphasizing the superiority of his masculine wares over the pretty-pretty dabbings of his effeminate confrère, the aquarellist. Used both in respect of the elegant shield which he wears on his arm and the pigments which he displays thereon.

—, PATENT—Scientific arrangement of colors on the palette, guaranteed fool-proof by the inventor. See the writings of Mr. Maratta, the famous adaptor of the Henry Ford system to painting.

— KNIFE—Formidable implement which (in response to a purely sculpturesque theory of surface) threatened during the nineteenth century to supersede the brush.

PALPABILITA—The honorable beginning of a noble attempt to redeem modern criticism from the language of the laboratory. Destined to replace Mr. Bernard Berenson's sadly pedestrian TACTILE VALUES. See Note to Courbet article, September, 1924, issue.

PARIS—*Phil.* The modern Jordan in which Germans, Austrians, Spaniards, Russians, Czechoslovakians and Senegalese receive the baptismal sacrament, to emerge "*tout ce qu'il y a de plus français.*" *Pop.* A City of Pleasure, the modern counterpart of Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon, Babylon and Ninevah, in which the virtuous American learns to resist temptation. (Publisher's Note: The Editor of this Compilation, who is at present engaged in



research there for his APPENDIX A, reports that the trial is not what it used to be. "Good pre-war temptation," he writes, "is hard to obtain.")

—IAN—A cultural hash, the ingredients of which, supplied by every nation in Europe, the Americas, Asia and especially Africa (the art of the Australian Maoris is still somewhat underestimated), are properly seasoned with French pepper, baked in the casseroles of French theory, hallmarked *Exclusive French Model* and placed on the foreign market, where they support at one and the same time the indomitable national arrogance and the perilous franc.

PASTEL—The nuance-hunter's paradise. For PASTEL-PORTRAIT see *A History of the Cultural Development of the South*, by James Branch Cabell, Richmond, 1935.

PATTERN—The lines and colors of a composition, considered as two-dimensional design. See also under INFLUENCE, GAUGUIN.

PERSONAL—May be applied to peculiarities, usually technical (as choice of color, quality of touch, etc.), which mark, however involuntarily, the individual.

—APPROACH—The stamp of the individual, shown in choice of subject, choice of aspect and details emphasized. Contrast SUBJECTIVE.

—EXPRESSION—A phrase often heard on the lips of painters blessed with barely enough intelligence for home consumption, who yet hold, a paradox of immodest self-denial, that the chief function of art is to provide an outlet for their superfluity.

—ITY—The aura of the artist presumptive, nursed precariously to full bloom in the hot-houses of injudicious flattery. *N. B.* It is vulgarly imagined that a highly developed individuality, a sharp differentiation, that is, from one's fellows, is the hallmark of the artist.

PERSPECTIVE—Science invented in the sixteenth century for the proper rendering of distance, and promptly, as is the fate of esthetic "sciences," discarded in the seventeenth. By virtue of the fact that it is one of the few things about "art" which can be taught, it still drags out a precarious existence in the schools. Its theory would be impeccable, did it not proceed, in this resembling the sciences of our own times, from the assumption that the artist approaches his subject from the outside—is in fact a spectator of life instead of a participant. To the spectator

all things tend to diminish and contract. To the participant, and so to the artist, they tend to expand.

PHENOMENON—Implies in esthetics the qualifying adjective "natural." An event, that is, or, more accurately, a becoming, in nature (e. g., birth, spring, growth) of potential significance to the artist.

PICTURESQUE—Subject suitable (in the opinion of lady-painters of both sexes) for immediate transcription to canvas. Requirements are as follows: (1) subject must be in a state of extreme dis-repair, not to say decay, accompanied by all the symptoms of textual decomposition. (2) Mind of beholder must be so anæsthetized by romantic literature that subject is regarded objectively, without relation that is to personal comfort or discomfort; e. g., a moss-grown cottage with thatch roof falling in is picturesque, whereas a disused pit-head is not. Not yet, that is. In fifty years, who knows? If by then our modern romantics have composed their Rhapsody of Rust, the ruins of the splendor that was Pittsburgh will be dotted with picnic-pilgrims and the once sulphurous and smoke-laden air will be redolent of Hot Dogs.

PLANE—One of the blessed words of the twentieth century, in equal favor with the followers of Zarathustra and Paul Cézanne, though they attach thereto widely different meanings. If on the balance the former group may be said to have the advantage in the matter of *élévation de l'esprit*, the latter score in comprehensibility. Broadly, they proceed on the assumption that the complex physical geography of a head, a figure, an interior, a landscape, can be reduced to a few simple, inter-locking surfaces. Juggling with these surfaces or planes—an accurate description of much that has passed for MODERN ART—has been developed on the rue de la Baume into a delightful parlor game.

PLASTIC—Literally, a substance suitable for modeling. A substance, that is, which is at once malleable, cohesive and consistent. *Etb.* A work of art characterized by the same qualities extended from their literal to an intellectualized sense. A work in which the surface is conceived in relation to the volume, the focal point lying in the centre of that volume; the surface is unified in relation to the focal point, to itself, and to the eye of the spectator (devoid of



holes); the material is neither mushy nor brittle, but is treated with respect to its own nature; the whole is informed by a force acting from within, in the same manner that the form of a tree is conditioned by the life which flows upward from its roots. This definition is of necessity theoretical, but the following story may serve to make it clearer: One day an amateur visited Maillol at Marly and found him hard at work in his atelier, modeling an earthen pot. Seeing the nature of the work he imagined the Master would soon be finished, and obtaining his permission, he settled himself to watch. But the hours went by and still Maillol was not satisfied. The simple pot seemed no nearer completion. At last, in impatience, he ventured to protest. "*Mais, mon cher maitre,*" said he, "why do you waste your time on such trivialities (*ces menues choses*)?" "What," said Maillol, and the words detonated through his beard with the sound of muffled thunder, "*vous appelez ça une menue chose, vous? Mais la forme d'un pot a la cuisse d'une femme, c'est bien la même chose, quoi? And if you say that the form of a beetroot is any different or any less, you understand nothing of art. I tell you the man who can model a beetroot can model anything in the world.*"

**POINTILLIST**—Nickname given to those followers of Seurat who adopted his technique of small spots of pure color, applied in mosaic fashion (*la peinture en petit-point*, as Renoir called it), without perceiving that the case of Seurat was destined to become the classic example of mature genius surmounting immature theory.

**PORTRAIT**—*Phil.* An arrogant defi hurled at Mortality. *Estb.* A portrayal (lit. "drawing forth") of the essential qualities, physical and metaphysical, which go to make up a man. *Vulg.* A confection composed of an ounce of truth and a pound of flattery, endowing wealth with the illusion of beauty, beauty with the illusion of wealth, with design upon the current coin of each.

— **PAINTER**—The Artist-Gentleman, with figure and furnishings to match. See also under **ROMANTIC**.

**POST-IMPRESSIONIST** — Name invented by Mr. Roger Fry, designating those artists who came after the Impressionists, with fatal results to the former's esthetic. Must not be confused with the Cézannesques, Gauguinesques and van Goghites who are all too abundantly about us.

**POTENTIAL**—Possessing latent powers in a specified direction. An auto-compliment to the critic as prophet.

**PRECIOUS**—Applicable to works in which the artist has been so in love with his materials, words, colors, sounds, that he has spent all his powers caressing them, forgetting that they are but means to a larger end of more human significance.

**PRIMITIVE** — Term of condescending patronage with which the Stars of the Renaissance Revue were wont to refer to the crude performers who preceded them. By the mutations of fashion the word has acquired an almost complimentary connotation, *vide* introduction to Mestrovic catalogue (Brooklyn Museum, 1924).

**PRIZE** — Theoretically a distinction — certificate, medal or sum of money—held by academic bodies for bestowal in recognition of outstanding achievement. More accurately, a bonus by the impartial, not to say rotatory, distribution of which the academic Trades Unions maintain their hold on their members.

**PROBLEM**—Nut, hard and nicely dried, all ready for the scientific crackers. Alas! that the kernel should be so often in a like state of dessication.

**PROVENANCE**—An important element in the manufacture of satisfactory pedigrees. With the aid of the *whence?*, the *by whom?* should offer little difficulty to the imaginative scholar. But as the ribald song has it, it is a clever boy who knows his own father. See also under **CERTIFICATE**.

**PURE**—Only the non-moral sense here applicable. Without adulteration or alloy. An effective weapon employed by the immaculate school of Aquarellists to defend their craft against the encroachments of painters in oil, by the Purity League of Art-Artists to warn off the Litterateur.

## Q

**QUALITY**—The Master's signature—the only signature worth having. *of* Renoir's famous exclamation before a work of Cézanne: "*Comment fait-il? Il ne peut pas mettre deux touches de couleur sans que ça soit déjà tres bien!*"

**QUANTITY**—Academic and lower productions designed to satisfy the Fordian taste in art of those who demand quality in their cars.



# GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH FULTON

HERE IS, indeed, a "Daniel come to judgment," but with an important difference.

Unlike Portia, who applied existing law, E. Wake Cook, in his most recent book, *Retrogression in Art*,\* discards old forms and formulates a new law for heaven and earth. At least that is what he promises to do. Looking upon the world as it exists he finds in it all but one bright spot, and that, strangely enough, is the bit of radiance emanating from the nebulous theories he has evolved.

Insofar as the book has a plan it follows the not unusual one of clearing the ground by the demolition of all ideas contrary to his own and it is saved from being completely negligible only as it is the *reducto ad absurdum* of the case against modern art. Liberal and conservative alike will find in this master work their pet theories made ridiculous by overstatement; the radical may take comfort from the exposition of the character of the attack against him.

This is a serious volume of many pages gotten out on good paper by a reputable London publisher and illustrated with color plates. And, lest one should be tempted to discount the verity of his revelations, Mr. Cook is at some pains to make clear his position in the world. In an introductory chapter called *The Personal Note* he tells us of his early training in art. His first magnificent gesture in the field of creative and esthetic endeavor was the coloring of photographs. From the close study of Nature which this work necessitated he learned, by natural stages, to paint landscapes "with horses and cows" entirely by hand with almost photographic accuracy, later, as his skill increased, "adding architecture and figures." Although never a member of the Royal Academy he was at one time, he says, a regular contributor to the annual exhibition, although of late years his work, becoming too artistic, has been refused; and, although he sees clearly certain academic faults which may not have been apparent to other eyes, his criticism of that body has nothing to do with its rejection of his work. In proof of the fact that his position is established beyond question he has appended several mildly laudatory *Opinions of the Press*, of which the most recent date is 1903. It was shortly after that time, Mr. Cook says, that criticism ceased to be of any value in England. These credit him with "searching draughtsmanship" and "refined fancy." His own opinion of

his work scarcely falls behind that of his critics, for Mr. Cook says that his pictures "show as much originality as any man of all-round culture, and not a freak, can be expected to show in sincere self-expression." And with these pictures his success has been so great, he tells us, that he is "wasting time, financially," in writing this book.

Toward the end of the volume he writes: "Personally, I have always envied Bacon, who claimed that he had taken All Knowledge as his province." Why a man who, as Mr. Cook does, compares himself in all seriousness to Michelangelo and Leonardo; who says that his studies have "enabled me to deal, in lectures or articles, with nearly all the greatest subjects of human thought, from higher and more illuminating standpoints" should envy a man of such comparatively modest attainments as Sir Francis is not clear. Here is, in effect, a contemporary philosophical colossus,\* one who has "come to regard his ideas as prophetic," condescending, at great personal sacrifice, to set the world right as to the responsibility for the war, science, religion, politics and government, taxation (he devotes many pages in a book on art to a plea for the Single Tax), literature, music and art. Let us reverently give ear.

The chapter called *Judging Modern Art* begins: "One of the saddest chapters of human history is the reception given to new truth. Our light bringers have always been crucified, stoned or vilified." Next paragraph: "The new movements in France were met with furiously hostile criticism; and for the first time in history the critics were right." As to why the critics were right Mr. Cook does not seem very clear. True, he says that the one quality necessary to a work of art is photographic drawing—he cannot forget his early training—and that this is wanting in modern art, but he discounts that by calling Turner great and John Martin greatest, and whatever other faults these two may have had mechanical draughtsmanship was not always one. He tells us that the crime of the moderns is the inversion of all standards but he does not tell us just what those standards are. And it is not at all safe to assume, as one might otherwise do, that the academic standard is known, or that, if it were, it would be the right one. It is no longer, Mr. Cook says, an artistic honor to exhibit in the Royal Academy; the National Gallery, through the pernicious influence of the New English Art Club, is becoming debauched.

\**Retrogression in Art*, by E. Wake Cook. Hutchinson & Co., London.

\**Another Opinion of the Press for Mr. Cook.*—Editor.



Art, Mr. Cook says, should be the expression of life on a higher plane than ours. This higher plane about which he has a great deal to say,\* is "built of similar (i. e., to this world) spirit matter too fine to be perceived by our senses." Nevertheless, he would have the artist express himself in something he cannot perceive. Perhaps the colored illustrations to the book are full of such matter. They are reproduced from several of Mr. Cook's own works and to the observer uninitiated in these finer things seem to belong to that great school which was responsible for the decoration of the asbestos curtains in our theatres of twenty years ago. Here are lakes with impossible boats filled with ladies in scanty drapery, floating on their glassy waters; green, blue and pink mountains, covered with palaces combining the worst features of Gothic, Byzantine and Romanesque architecture, rise from the shores; peacocks strut on marble terraces; marble lovers fondle stony maidens on pedestals; and all drawn with a banality of which even the camera would be ashamed. One thing is sure; whether the plane is higher or not it is certainly not our own; they are, one gathers, illustrative of that heaven toward which Mr. Cook aspires.

Of the purpose which art should serve there can no longer be any doubt. "Beauty of some sort" is commendable though not, Mr. Cook suggests, essential; the principal thing is the dissemination of knowledge. For the purpose of life is revealed as "gaining knowledge in time for eternity" and art is one of the pedagogues. And the value of its teaching is not esthetic, as one might suppose, but factual. For Mr. Cook has discovered that we can see things more quickly than we can read about them; therefore history should be presented as a series of pictures, photographically accurate. This would be art at its best. Wherein such pictures would be of greater value than a reel of motion pictures it is difficult to see; in fact, if Mr. Cook's rule is to be rigidly applied, the man who turns the camera's crank is the true artist for no one, not even Mr. Cook himself, can hope to equal the camera as a recorder of events as they actually appeared. Our author capitulates by saying that it is the artist's privilege to omit and that therein lies his superiority to the camera; but if truth to appearance is the standard the man who, as does Mr. Cook in his "Enchanted Lake," indicates whole hillsides with a few washes of water color has constructed a lying tale in which

there can be no good. If, in this picture, we cannot be sure of the number of trees, if he misleads us even in little things, how can we be sure of the actuality of the boat and the lovely ladies, of the castles on the hills, of the lake itself? Perhaps the whole thing is a hoax; one has the horrid suspicion that he may have made it up!

He explains that it is our one duty on earth to acquire factual experience of all kinds. Obviously, he says, no one can hope to see and do everything; but through art, whether of the writer or painter, a person leading an otherwise sheltered life can see the world. Since the highest function of art is as a means to vicarious factual experience and since the measure of value of factual experience is truth, therefore the anatomical drawings in a medical journal are greater art than Michelangelo's ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, for many of the figures in that composition are anatomically incorrect.

Also, and in spite of Mr. Cook himself, all forms of idealization in art are equally reprehensible. We are children to be fed with facts. Why, simply because it makes the pill taste better, should a fact be given a deceptive sugar coating? It is easy, Mr. Cook tells us, to distinguish truth; a thing is true or it is not. And if truth is the standard no deviation therefrom can be permitted. Nor can idealization be condoned as a "greater truth," for if truth is absolute there can be no higher power of it. Therefore it becomes the painter's business to paint the world as the camera sees it. He can hardly hope to compete with color photography, but, because his picture will have been done by hand a certain value will attach to it in spite of its inaccuracies.

Having proved, although perhaps unconsciously, that art is impossible in terms of this world, Mr. Cook naturally spreads his wings and soars aloft into a dense fog of mysticism. Here, in a heaven of his own creation, he finds that appreciation which this blind world has failed to accord him. Yet even from the heights he is not without his message for those in darkness. "In *Our Unrealised Divine Sonship* I pointed out that as children of 'Our Father' we are potentially partakers of all His attributes." Whether one be devout or not it is surprising, even in a book as distinguished for its bumptious conceit as for its ignorance, to find the author plagiarizing Christ. He has "pointed out" to Shaw his errors; "pointed out" to everyone with an esthetic sense the error of his ways; is it any wonder that he "points out" to God His error in having failed to choose E. Wake Cook as His prophet?

It would hardly be fair to other and sincere

\*"The lessons of Nature are yet unlearned. . . . If the great planet Jupiter is so much less dense than our earth, it only means that its inhabitants will be more spiritually constituted, and with intelligence less dense."—E. Wake Cook.



critics of modern art to group them with the author of *Retrogression*. Nor does Mr. Cook himself do them that honor. But, as might be expected, he has a most unusual theory as to why otherwise reputable critics have praised the works which he condemns. "Critics were fed-up with, and nauseated by, good art, and screamed for change, the more violent the better. As a boy I sickened myself with strawberries and cream, and for years after the very thought of cream caused nausea. People who have, under doctor's orders, lived for a time on milk hate it ever after. So if we had acted as did the new critics we should have denounced milk and cream as detestable things! There is a likeness between all forms of 'taste'—they are soon satisfied, and excess produces disgust."

Pictures comparable to "strawberries and cream" we have always with us in abundance but what, in the name of whatever mystical deity Mr. Cook worships, have they to do with art? Although there are few persons so completely lacking in esthetic feeling as to draw such parallels, some form of that comparison is, I believe, at the bottom of most of the adverse criticism of modern painting. Too often art is thought of as a sort of dessert and a conversational knowledge thereof as the frosting on a polite education.

And it is exactly this "strawberries and cream" school of art, the art which has always been most popular with those persons, vastly in the majority, whose primitive instincts civilization has dulled and who have not yet learned to appreciate a more sophisticated statement of reality, against which the moderns revolted. Not, as Mr. Cook says, against "everything essential to fine art." The modern movement has, in fact, been a renaissance rather than a revolt; in the work of its masters are to be found the qualities which have characterized the great art of the past. The difference between a modern and an old master is one of externals only, little greater than that between a Rembrandt and a Botticelli.

The differences between the art of successive periods have been chiefly those of emphasis. In the great mosaics of the sixth and seventh centuries as well as in pre-Renaissance Italian painting other qualities were sacrificed to design; during the Renaissance in Italy and its Flemish counterpart greater attention was given to the subject matter and literary content of pictures and the design, or organization, though present, was less obvious; the painters of that and later periods who sacrificed everything to their "story" produced nothing which can be called great.

A study of any of the great schools of art, from

the Chinese and the Egyptian to Rembrandt, indicates that whatever else they may contain, works of art have the one constant element of design. No one believes that a Chinese landscape is the photographic portrait of a mountain or waterfall; it is obviously an arrangement of natural forms to suit the esthetic needs of the artist. No one believes that the architecturally massed sculptures of the Egyptians represent the men and women of their time exactly as they appeared; again they are arrangements of form, this time human, into something esthetically satisfying. A motion picture of the Panathenaic procession would have borne faint resemblance to the rendering of the procession in the frieze of the Parthenon; here, perhaps more than in any other work of art, certainly more than in any other of similar size, is the adaptation of form to esthetic design evident. And yet the most conservative critics and historians have called the Parthenon frieze the greatest sculptural work in the world. As we have seen, the Byzantines sacrificed natural appearance to design, and yet the mosaics in Ravenna are generally regarded as art of the highest order. Giotto and his followers, the masters of the pre-Renaissance, built their Madonnas and saints into designs almost architectural in their structure. Leonardo and Michelangelo, the two greatest figures of the Renaissance, in spite of the fact that they followed natural appearance more closely than their predecessors, nevertheless forced nature into the unnatural arrangements which their esthetic sense demanded. Compare the works of del Sarto or Murillo with those of these other masters. It will be found that both the Italian and Spaniard have painted figures anatomically more perfect in settings photographically more correct; their drawing conforms to Mr. Cook's standard as that of the others does not; the element of design is almost completely sacrificed to make way for a closer approach to naturalness; yet no one questions a ranking which puts Michelangelo and Leonardo before the others. It is not his subject matter which makes Rembrandt great. It is the fact that in his paintings is so strongly present the element of esthetic design which has characterized the work of every master.

Does it seem reasonable to suppose that esthetics have completely changed in modern times; that the thing by which we differentiate between art and prettiness in the work of the ancients is no longer applicable? To me it seems more probable that those works of the present day in which natural form has been constrained to meet esthetic need will, in the future, be regarded as the masterpieces of this age.



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART. By Walter Pach. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. Price, \$3.50.

"THUS THE WORK of the artist goes on 'according to the days, according to the season,' as Redon said. 'Nothing comes from nothing,' [*le ni nil nibilo fit*] another of his sayings ran; each painting or sculpture is both effect and cause. We divide off a certain period and call it modern so that we may, for the moment, study it for itself; but these men whom we have been observing can not really be detached from the past, and they—with it—have in their hands the making of the future."

This concluding paragraph from Walter Pach's book is the close and synthesis of a most remarkable study of art since the beginning of the nineteenth century. The only work comparable to it is Meier-Graefe's *History of Art* and this present work has the advantage over the former of both brevity and the concentration on the epoch which is most interesting today. *Modern Art*, also by Meier-Graefe, is too involved a work for general consumption. With a clarity which can only have come from exhaustive study, Mr. Pach has traced the development of varying art forms from Barye and David to Matisse. Through all these forms runs the continuous and unchanging thread of art; only the externals change, and these not as rapidly as one might think.

Mr. Pach has written a close analysis of each of the painters of importance who worked within the time covered by this book, relating them to both their precursors and successors. From these studies one gains a new appreciation of the several theories of modern art and their application; and one comes finally to conclude that, no matter how vehement artists may have been in their support, it is the artist and not his theories who matters. Consciously or not Mr. Pach demonstrates that it is of prime importance that a painter be an artist; being an artist he will be sensitive to the spirit of his time; being sensitive he will create in that spirit. From his creation a theory may be evolved, but the theory is always the result and not the cause of works of art.

The illustrations present a brief pictorial summary of the art of the last century and a quarter and, with the aid of Mr. Pach's notes serve, as illustrations often fail to do, as confirmation to his argument. The combination forms a book which no student of the history of art can afford to be without.

A HISTORY OF SCULPTURE. By George Henry Chase and Chandler Rathfon Post. Harper & Brothers, New York.

TO THE STUDENT of art in general or of sculpture in particular who is sufficiently interested in these subjects to keep abreast of the discoveries made by archeological expeditions and of the literatures of art and sculpture such a "history" as this work will be an irritating disappointment. And this must be particularly so if such student knows, as he should, the first work of reference mentioned in the text of the Messrs. Chase and Post, Reinach's *History of Art Throughout the Ages*, the greatest art book in one volume extant. The weakness of this text

begins with its summary and uninteresting introductory chapter devoted to prehistoric art and the materials and processes of sculpture. The chapters on Egyptian and Mesopotamian sculpture show no traces of knowledge of the many recent archeological discoveries in those lands and no reference work is mentioned of a later date than 1915. This perfectly conventional viewpoint and treatment is followed through to the end of the baroque and rococo periods of the eighteenth century. Only with the chapter on Neoclassicism does something modernly adequate appear, this having a fair summary of sculpture in the United States prior to the great revival of art interest here following the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. The next chapter, on Modern Sculpture, is quite the best in the work and if its scope is somewhat limited this is primarily due to the limitations imposed on the size of the volume and not, it is clear, on the authors' sympathy with or understanding of it. In common with the text the illustrations are wholly conventional.

THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By Roger Thynne. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price, \$5.

OWING TO the great ceremonies of the Catholic Church in Rome as a part of the Holy Year and the many thousands of pilgrims who have journeyed thither to take part in them as witnesses, the churches of the Eternal City have acquired a prominence in world interests in 1925 far above their usual appeal. This combination of circumstances makes Roger Thynne's admirable guide to the Roman churches of special importance and those who seek its pages for information about them will take complete satisfaction out of the text and the illustrations as far as they go. The writer's introduction as to the origins of the architectural forms of these churches is particularly good as are his brief descriptions of their most noteworthy parts. Following this come individual chapters for thirty-five churches including St. Peter's, telling the colorful history of each and describing their architecture with a simple clarity easily understood by the layman student. In view of this stress laid on the architecture of these churches and the high price asked for a manual of this nature it is to be regretted that the publishers did not confine the illustrations to at least good photographs of the exterior and interior of each edifice.

THE ART OF ARTHUR B. DAVIES. By Alan Burroughs. E. Weybe, 794 Lexington Avenue, New York. Price 50 cents.

MR. BURROUGHS' pamphlet first appeared in the *Print Connoisseur* and is naturally concerned only with Davies' etchings, dry-points, aquatints, lithographs and color prints. These Mr. Burroughs sees as a "tremendously absorbing by-product," not the basis of Davies' reputation, and yet wonderfully illuminating as to both man and artist. The author writes in a defensive vein, not entirely flattering to Davies but certainly meant for the best. As a whole this is an interesting piece of analytical writing, augmented with ten well-chosen illustrations.



# ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

**I**N THE HEART of Berlin, facing the Leipziger Platz, is a very beautiful Gothic structure, the work of Messel, who was for fifty years the Stanford White of Germany. This building was erected for the three brothers Wertheim, who about the middle of the last century established the firm of A. Wertheim, art dealers. This imposing edifice is



REPRODUCTION OF A SPANISH LANTERN  
*Courtesy of A. Wertheim*

the home of many and varied branches of art industry and the art galleries are well known to collectors familiar with Europe. Antiques from all over the world are assembled here, and under the same roof they are perfectly reproduced by expert craftsmen who fashion everything by hand. Also in this building is the most important pewter manufacturing interest on the Continent, producing for moderns the best conceptions of past ages. A. Wertheim has recently opened a branch studio at 534 Madison Avenue, which is a distinct acquisition to the art interests of New York. In it one finds a carefully selected assortment of rare and fascinating objects of art, both ancient and modern. From such an abundance of excellence it is difficult to choose an example, but the illustration given here is especially interesting on account of the demand for lanterns in every type of decorative treatment. This one is a product of Nuerenberg, and is done entirely by hand. The design is taken from fifteenth-century Spanish models, and the quaint figures etched on the glass represent skill that is the result of long training for the difficult task. The frame is of lead, a material which lends itself readily to the semblance of age. These lanterns may be had in various sizes and designs, each one an exact copy of some ancient bit of beauty.

“**A**LL IS VANITY,” saith the prophet, and certain it is that vanity in women began with Eve, and has never diminished. In all ages it has played a constructive part in history, gaily tinting a drab world, giving much cause for masculine activity, and furnishing much food for

masculine conversation. Who can deny its stimulating power, commercially, socially and otherwise? Recent excavations in Mesopotamia have unearthed the palace of the kings of Kish, who reigned supreme about three thousand years B. C., amidst splendors undreamed of in modern life. The ladies of Kish were evidently models of fashion and elegance, for they left behind numerous relics that sustain the conclusion. In their boudoirs were found rouge, eyebrow pencils, lip sticks, jeweled vanity cases, and many, many mirrors. These mirrors were of various designs—some had handles, some were on pedestals, and others hung on the wall. And it seems that mirrors were plentiful all over the ancient world. Illustrated is a very beautiful Greek mirror base of bronze mounted on marble, nine



BRONZE MIRROR BASE  
*Courtesy of Osterkamp-Mead Corporation*

inches in height. It is archaic, about the sixth century B. C., and the original is in the *Museum fur Antike Klein-kunst* in Munich. It is one of the replicas of small antique Greek bronzes imported to this country from Munich by the Osterkamp-Mead Corporation of New York and may be seen in their studios. The simple lines of the figure truly interpret the Greek spirit, and its decorative value as a mirror base has perhaps never been excelled. The broken mirror frame can be replaced, and if one chooses, a glass mirror substituted for the bit of highly polished silver, gold, or copper that originally served in that capacity.

**E**NCASED in all the trappings of fashion and formality, and representing one of the oldest and most honored families of England, this fair lady did her bit toward proving the whispered assertion that all women are “sisters



under the skin." She was Lady Elizabeth Throgmorton, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, which name is still prominent in London—Throgmorton Street, one recalls, is the financial centre of the English metropolis. Even so, in the course of events she fell in love, and in a time, 1592, when such things were not considered quite nice, she braved the ire of her queen and her parents and was secretly married to the fascinating Sir Walter Raleigh. For this shocking breach of decorum, they were forced to spend their honeymoon in the Tower of London and, incidentally, probably enjoyed the brief isolation. The three-quarter-length portrait (forty-three by thirty-one inches) of Lady Elizabeth illustrated here is attributed to Zuccherro, and is now among the beautiful possessions of Charles of London. It was exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition in London in 1890, and is well known as a charming and excellent example of the art of its period. The colors blend softly, yet the minute detail is clearly defined. The dress of white satin is elaborately embroidered in gold thread



"LADY ELIZABETH THROGMORTON"  
Courtesy of Charles of London

and seed pearls, and the black velvet head-dress shows similar treatment. The Elizabethan ruff of delicate lace gently touches the blonde curls and guards the rounded contours of the youthful face. A very lovely lady indeed—one readily forgives her indiscretions.

PAINTED TRAYS originated in England in the late eighteenth century and are so prized by collectors of that country that very few of the really fine examples ever find their way across the ocean. Tin, wood and also *papier-maché* were used as mediums for artistic interpretation and bear upon their humble surfaces the imprint of master workmen. These trays are particularly decorative and useful, and are eagerly sought by those who wish to acquire objects of rare and antique beauty. The one illustrated, recently imported by W. F. Cooper, may be seen in his New York shop of English antiques. It is from the original painting by George Moreland, faithfully executed in the soft mellow colorings typical of that famous artist. The subject is one of Moreland's best examples, "The Woodcutter," which was engraved in mezzotint by William Ward, about 1805. It is two feet eight inches in length,



PAINTED TRAY  
Courtesy of W. F. Cooper

by two feet in width, and careful scrutiny enhances its charm and value. It offers the fortunate purchaser a completely satisfying bit of Old England.

ASSUMING that all art is akin, the illustration given here offers a pleasing and interesting combination. America has reason to be proud of Duncan Phyfe, who correctly and beautifully interpreted the artistic spirit of his time. The number and variety of Phyfe tables renders classification difficult, but the one portrayed here probably represents his later period. It is of mahogany, finely carved, with brass caps finishing the legs. The history of the Lowestoft porcelain is a bit complicated, as it involves the tangled threads of Anglo-Chinese porcelain development. The Lowestoft factory has suffered severely from want of adequate records of its work and history. It was founded about 1750 and continued manufacturing until 1802. The production varied greatly in quality and design, and the decorations used were frequently copied from Chinese porcelains—hence porcelain made in China was often attributed to the Lowestoft factory and vice versa. The process of making "hard paste" porcelain was, and still is, a secret of the inscrutable Chinaman. English factories of the Lowestoft period acknowledged this fact by forwarding many of their orders to China to be executed. This set has the Lowestoft slightly uneven surface, and oyster white color, and bears the crest of an American family. Both the table and the porcelain are displayed by Messrs. Ginsburg and Levy, of the Colony Shops, who have an unusual collection of rare antiques.

PHYFE TABLE AND LOWESTOFT SET  
Courtesy of Ginsburg and Levy



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# THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

ONE OF THE GREAT American collections is that of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay. All of the paintings of this group belong to the Early Renaissance, "that wonderful epoch," writes W. R. Valentiner in an article on this collection to be published in the next issue, "when mankind, in a reaction against the spiritual limitations of the Middle Ages, gradually strove toward the modern attitude of personal spiritual freedom, without, however, sacrificing a deep-rooted medieval piety."

"The artists of this period, consequently, combine in delightful fashion a naïve joy in individual and realistic representations, with religious feeling, and it is characteristic that among their favorite themes we find, on the one hand, powerfully delineated portraits of highly individual type, and on the other hand devout portrayals of the Madonna where the realistic spirit of the period only creeps out in minor traits or in details of the landscape background. . . .

"It is a long step from Pisanello to Raffael, but all the works of that period known as the Early Renaissance share certain generic qualities—a penetrating observation of nature, conformity of composition and decorative charm combined with an inward vision and an outwardly agreeable aspect. The individual stages of development during the century—from a flat presentation to a greater plasticity and depth; from a medieval piety to a worldliness, enshrined, however, in a high ideal of human worth, may be clearly followed in the series of masterpieces of the Mackay collection."

Dr. Valentiner's article will be illustrated by nine full-page reproductions of works in the Mackay collection.

"WITH A FERVOR equaling that of the monks of medieval Christendom and with an alphabet surpassing theirs in its artistic possibilities, the Moslem scribes worked at copying the Divine Word, pouring into the one channel of penmanship all the talent which the west dispersed among several arts. And thus they have continued to work through the centuries, for the printing press which long ago supplanted the manuscript in Europe has only in recent years begun to attack the tradition in Islam which holds it sacrilegious to print the Koran."

In an article on Moslem calligraphy which will be published in the next issue, Clarence K. Street tells the fascinating story of the history of that art and of the romance which clings to the names of the master calligraphers. Much of it reads like a new Arabian Nights tale and, coupled with the illustrations which show the beauty of line and form which the ancient penmen achieved, presents an art which we are apt to overlook in a way to awaken both interest and esthetic appreciation.

THE DEAN of mural painters in England, Frank Brangwyn, is almost as well known in America and Japan as he is in his own country. In America he has recently completed a splendid series of murals for the Missouri State Capitol which show the life of pioneer and frontier days. In these is displayed the two qualities for which Mr. Brangwyn is famous: honesty of purpose and great decorative skill. His characters and their surroundings are as true to type as if they had been drawn by a contemporary and in design and color the murals are the perfect complement of their architectural settings. In Japan Mr. Brang-

wyn is known not only for his painting but as the designer of the great museum of Occidental art given to that nation by Mr. Matsukata. This museum, though designed by an Englishman, "looks right" in the Orient although no rigid style of either East or West has been followed. In addition to his fame as a mural painter and architect, Mr. Brangwyn enjoys an enviable reputation as a painter of easel pictures, of which his still lifes and Moroccan scenes are probably the most generally familiar.

In March of this year there was held the first one-man exhibition of Mr. Brangwyn's work in America. The Vose Galleries in Boston obtained several of his paintings, including a series illustrative of the Rubaiyat. These were shown only in Boston, and have been returned to England. In the next issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO there will be a review of Mr. Brangwyn's most recent work illustrated by numerous photographs and a color plate of one of his paintings shown in Boston.

AS A COMPLEMENT to the article by Jo Pennington on English domestic silver published this month, the next issue will contain one by the same author on the silverware made before 1830 in this country. Fortunately for our reputations as silversmiths, English design during that period, from which ours was largely developed, was at its best. It is, however, only within recent years that much attention has been paid to the collection of American silver, and even yet authoritative information about it is widely scattered. The author has endeavored to present, in condensed form, what is known of the early silversmiths and their products and has added an extensive bibliography for the use of those who wish to pursue the subject further. The article is one which should interest both collectors and students of Americana.

IN THE APRIL, 1924, number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO Frank E. Washburn-Freund gave an account of the reproduction by the Ravenna Mosaic Company of several of the most famous of the Byzantine mosaics as well as their adventures into modern fields with an ancient medium. Since that article was published the Metropolitan Museum of Art has purchased one of their reproductions. In the forthcoming issue Mr. Freund will write of another product of this firm, one quite as remarkable as their revival of the ancient technique of glass mosaic. In *Metalglass Paintings at Night* he tells how they have been able to produce glass which is in every way equal to the usual stained glass and, at the same time, is capable of reflecting light. The effect is best illustrated by comparison. Suppose that two windows, one of the old glass and one of the new, are placed side by side; during the daytime the effect of light through the windows will be the same in each, but at night, when the interior is illuminated, the window of the old glass will appear almost black, whereas that of the new will glow as brightly, and in the same colors, as though sunlight were streaming through it. The importance to architects and decorators of this new glass will be seen immediately.

THE PORTRAIT by Van Dyck, reproduced on the cover of this issue, is used by courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries.

Payton Brangwyn



# INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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## BRANGWYN'S American SHOW

THE ART OF FRANK BRANGWYN is of a kind that refuses to be ignored; it has been as violently criticized as praised, but it has never been consigned to that limbo of silence which is the destination of harmless mediocrity. No one will deny his arresting power and few can resist pronouncing positive judgment. The vitality of an artist's work may sometimes be measured by the amount of contumely it draws upon itself, and while the day has long since

*The first American exhibition of easel pictures by this English artist was recently held in Boston*

HELEN GOMSTOCK

passed when Brangwyn found the vitriolic pen of the critic pointing at him, it was once said of him that his vigor was simply violence and his color was laid on without attention to

value. He was very young when these criticisms were made, but it is all the more to his credit that the critics took him so seriously. His talent was great for his years and those who attacked him treated him as though he had come to the top of his powers. It was a high compliment they paid

"BURMESE RIVER FÊTE"

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.







"THE GLORY OF VENICE"

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

him, although it was not by intention. Things have changed, and there is almost a Brangwyn cult whose worshipers are convinced that he can do no wrong; he is more widely known than any other British painter; he has been written about so often that one almost has the feeling, in taking up the subject of his art, of approaching some old master rather than a contemporary. This position, so far as a painter is concerned, is a dangerous one; human nature does not keep its balance upon an eminence and the artist who is too accustomed to the tributes and offerings of the crowd is in danger of losing all vision save of his own greatness. That Brangwyn has kept his head, gone on

his way regardless of the homage that has come to him so abundantly, is sufficient proof of his sincerity. He has kept true to the self-imposed standards of his youth, even though his ear must have grown a little weary of adulation. The qualities that first distinguished him have only ripened, they have not deteriorated. The recent paintings are as full of exuberant life, as rich in power, as filled with enthusiasm for humanity as anything he has done in the past. Proof of this was offered a small audience in this country during the past spring when a special group of his works was brought over for exhibition at the Vose Galleries in Boston, and there alone. This exhi-





"IN THE DOCKS" (WATER-COLOR)

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

biton, which was also the first to be held in this country, lasted only a few weeks and the paintings were returned to London. While his water colors, etchings and drawings are to be met with easily, a truly representative exhibition of his oils is more difficult to manage for most of his paintings are murals and are in place in public buildings, while his more important easel pictures are in permanent collections in museums all over the globe. Last year the painter was encouraged to assemble enough examples of his work for public showing and an exhibition was held for three months at the house of Mrs. Coutts-Michie at Queen's Gate. Many of the paintings then shown were included in the Boston group. All of the paintings reproduced here were exhibited in Boylston Street. The one that is reproduced in color, "King John Signing the Magna Charta," is the original study for the big decoration at the Cleveland Court-House. This painting, even in the reproduction, gives some idea of the fact that Brangwyn is not alone a manipulator of brilliant color; he fills his pictures with light, which is another matter entirely. Rich color is not necessarily identical with luminous color, but Brangwyn's ability to make it so is more than half the secret of his unfailing vitality. A Brangwyn picture, in whatever group it may hang, is sure to attract the eye. His chief biographer, Walter Shaw-Sparrow, speaks of one of his contributions to the Royal Academy which

was so vigorous compared to its neighbors that it was as though a whale had swum into a stream filled with trout and perch. The phrase is hardly exaggerated. A Brangwyn is informed with life; its content is invariably rich, abundant, fecund; the individual counts for little; humanity is of prime importance. He is a lover of crowds, not as a Toulouse-Lautrec would love them, for their individual types, like little glittering facets in the great sparkling whole of society, but he sees them almost impersonally, universally, as one who looks on from a sufficient perspective at the great pageant of life and perceives only its color, its movement, its big significances; the individual is not so much belittled as seen simply as a part of things. But if the individual is robbed of some of his accustomed importance, he makes up for this seeming indignity by making landscape an adjunct to humanity; a Brangwyn landscape is always eloquent of human associations, of human endeavor; it is the stage setting for the drama of life. Not only do his streets take on the character of those who have made them but even his windmills set in great windswept spaces speak of the lives that have passed their span within their shadow. Human activity is really his theme always—commerce, industry, pageantry, play—all that joins humanity together in common relationship.

Frank Brangwyn was born in 1867 at Bruges





"AH, MY BELOVED, FILL THE CUP"

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

where his father had a workshop for the reproduction of old Gothic embroideries for altar cloths and vestments. When the boy was eight years old the family returned to England. He was not too young to feel the influence of the esthetic 'seventies, the age of the pre-Raphaelites. By the time he was thirteen he was visiting the South Kensington Museum to make sketches of whatever took his fancy. Among those who stopped out of curiosity to see what the boy was doing was an artist, Mr. Harold Rathbone, who gave him some helpful criticism. The event was typical of Brangwyn's whole career. He was never the product of any one school or master, but he assimilated what he got from chance acquaintances, or took what appealed to him from the past, and, above all, learned much from that greatest of all schools, travel. Mr. Rathbone set him to work copying the earlier Florentine sculptures. Another South Kensington acquaintance, Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, architect and connoisseur, directed his attention to a painting of a Roman triumph by Mantegna, and it was in the "sternly noble art" of the Italian that, according to Mr. Sparrow, the art of Brangwyn was founded. He never knew what it was to be finicky or meticulous; fundamentals were all that, from the first, concerned him. William Morris was the next to discover him at South Kensington and the great designer transplanted

the boy to his workrooms at Oxford Street where he made working cartoons from Morris' sketches. This practical experience in decorative art no doubt put a certain seal on the artist's work, but it came as a culmination rather than as a foundation. He was not changed, but his predilections were intensified. He was thoroughly in harmony with the demands of the decorative and his inherent desires were given a firmer basis of assurance.

Although Morris wished the young artist to continue with him, chance sent Brangwyn into another workshop, one which has no equal so far as the artist is concerned. He was to journey into far countries and among strange peoples in the next few years. Beginning with cruises along the coast in the schooner *Laura Ann*, doing any kind of odd job, from washing dishes to painting the name of the boat on the hull, for which he received, he says, his first money for painting of any kind. Then he stopped following the sea for a while, but it was as the result of his experiences that he painted his first small oil, "A Bit of the Esk," which he sent to the Royal Academy in 1885 when he was just eighteen. It was accepted. In the following year he sent a picture of a shipwreck. This was purchased by a shipowner who became a patron worth having for he allowed Brangwyn a passage to Asia Minor in return for some of his





"AND WE, THAT NOW MAKE MERRY

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

sketches. He went a second time to the East in 1890, visiting Tunis, Tripolis, Smyrna, Constantinople, and saw Roumania and the Danube. The color of the East seemed glorious to him, and he gave up the muted grays and sonorous color of his marines for a clearer, more sunny palette. The paintings which are reproduced here illustrating the Rubaiyat seem to be a flowering of some long-treasured impression of the Orient.

When he returned from his voyage he exhibited his sketches at the Royal Arcade Gallery in Bond Street, calling them "From the Scheldt to the Danube." He had visited Spain between his two Eastern trips and later went to Russia, and then to Spain again, with Arthur Melville, with whom he had a fascinating trip in an old canal boat from Saragossa to Catanillo, Huesca and Jacca. He was next sent to South Africa by a dealer, Mr. Larkin, to make sketches. When he returned to England he joined the Institute of British Artists and came under the persuasive influence of Whistler, and as a result made some experiments in the low-toned effects which had become the order of the day. Mr. Sparrow has some interesting remarks on this phase of Brangwyn's career: "The thing that counted then as the saving grace of style was tone, which may be described as a unifying mystery of color that permeates a picture, and binds all its parts together, giving a sort of

inner depth and richness. Brangwyn followed in the vogue and made studies in low tone. But he kept away from all the vicious tricks and pigments which at various times have been employed by devotees of the Goddess Tone. Bitumen, asphaltum, *lac Robert*, and glazing over unhardened paint, have ruined many thousands of pictures, including a good many by first-rate men. Reynolds, in his quest for rich and luminous tone, often forgot the chemical interaction between pigments, and prepared the way for deep cracks and perished color. Whistler was far and away more scientific, and Brangwyn also tried to understand the value of tone in its relation both to nature and to good, simple non-fugitive pigments. Nature is a vast unity with scattered parts, while art is a limited harmony; and it is tone that helps us to resolve profusion into a definite whole, true to the same key in every plot of color. Tone arrives at a semblance of nature's infinity, not by searching for details, as amateurs believe, but by a subtle orchestration of each man's technical methods in their relation to what must be left out, which is the main problem in art.

"Brangwyn understood this early in his career. Tone gave him but little trouble; and in a good many of his early pictures there was kinship between his methods and those of George Morland. You will notice the same facile play with





"AND IF THE WINE YOU DRINK, THE LIP YOU PRESS"

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

the brush, and a similar choice of tints, arising from a just belief that a simple palette is the best. Morland preached that lesson all his life, and his work has not changed without help from bungling restorers. Between Brangwyn's palette and Morland's I find a striking resemblance, for Brangwyn, even now, in his most Eastern effects of sun-color, works with a few pigments that seem quite ascetic. Here they are: flake white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium, Venetian red, vermilion and French blue. It is a little peal of bells upon which many carillon changes are rung all in tune."

In 1887 Brangwyn faced a serious but by no means unusual dilemma for a young artist. His pictures did not sell; he was poor; he was tempted to give up painting entirely and go to sea. Luckily, a Mr. Mills, who was a friend to many artists in his plight, helped him by supplying a small capital and some painters' supplies, and Brangwyn went to Cornwall where he settled down to do the most serious work, up to that time, of his career. The sea pictures he painted then were seen in the Royal Academy and the Society of British Artists from 1889 to 1902. With the Cornish period Brangwyn's apprenticeship may be said to have come to an end. The formative influences which had played upon him had produced a personal art of his own. He "won his way at last to sunny

daylight," as Mr. Sparrow says, and yet he was never beguiled by the Impressionists into considering that atmospheric effect was the end-all and be-all of the painter's art. "Brangwyn, then," says his biographer in this connection, "has never looked upon his work as light and color only, but as color and light in their relation to other problems of art; and he believes, quite justly, that a painting should always look well and be attractive as a black and white. Not only ought it to be distinctive in its form, in its design, but its presentation of life and character needs dramatic sensibility. In other words, a painter should be emotional in many ways outside his passion for subtleties of atmosphere."

Although the recent Boston exhibition was made up of easel pictures in oil and a large number of water colors and etchings, one always thinks of Brangwyn as a mural painter primarily. He is one who has solved the problem of mural decoration in his own way. In spite of his color, in spite of his love of opulent, curving surfaces, he places first of all the importance of maintaining a flat wall surface. Not for him is the ethereal color of a Puvis de Chavannes; he has gone by an entirely different route to secure an effect which fulfills the requirements of mural decoration as adequately.

*Illustrations by courtesy of Robert C. Vose Galleries, Boston*





FIRST PART OF THE "FRIEZE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES" PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES DIDIER, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

# THE PRINTS FROM EPINAL

BY THE DESTRUCTION of ancient legends this credulous age has earned a reputation for scepticism. An old story has but to rear its head to be pounced upon by an army of scholars, and a deal of heavy artillery has been fired off in the destruction of some very small game. So, even though the familiar story of the origin of Epinal prints closely resembles the modern stories which most of us absorb without question in the magazines devoted to the rise to wealth of earnest young men, modern scholarship has cast discredit on this forerunner of the *Work and Win* series.

Briefly, according to the legend, there was once a poor clockmaker, Jean-Charles Pellerin, who lived in the village of Epinal toward the close of the eighteenth century. He earned a meagre living by the production of beautiful decorations for clock faces and boxes in colored enamels. Although everyone admired his work his fellow townsmen were not wealthy enough to buy it, so the poor artist found himself in continual difficulties. Presently, however, he had an inspiration. Instead of making his images of the saints in enamel he cut and printed woodblocks of them, colored these, and sold them as fast as he could turn them out. He hired other artists and workmen; production was enormous; the industry and his fortune were established.

Alas for legend! True enough, our friend Jean-Charles played an important part in the industry, but long before his advent, perhaps even two

*Primitive school in provincial city flourished by providing "saints" for the common people of France*

JUSTIN BLAKE

centuries, although the first actual record is of 1617, there were printers of images in Epinal. There is, however, some truth in the reason for their origin assigned in the legend.

Medieval Christianity was less far removed from paganism than we usually remember. The Lares and Penates of the Romans survived, although under different names and attributes, in the household saints. To have the image of a saint in one's dwelling was felt to be a protection against the particular evil whose mission it was that saint's business to dispel, or to secure the patronage of a saint who had some special human activity under his care. Saint Blaise was, for example, the patron of the stables; Saint Guerin of the harvest; Saint Hubert cured fevers and other diseases. These printed *feuilles de saints*, or simply *saints* as they were familiarly called, were for those of the population, vastly in the majority, who could not read, the visible symbols of their religion. And long after their use as holy pictures became secondary, when secular, military, historical and geographical subjects became most general, the name *saints* was applied to the prints.

René Perroux tells an amusing story of two children who entered a bookstore in a French village, not many years ago, and asked for "saints."

"What kind?" the storekeeper asked.

"Animals."

Before 1660, when the printing of popular religious prints really began in Epinal, there are





"CHRIST ON THE CROSS" PUBLISHED BY CARDINET, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

in black and parts of the design were filled in with colored paper, cut to shape and pasted to the print. Later the prints were colored by means of stencils, but it is probable that until the beginning of the eighteenth century all of the religious prints made in Epinal were in black and white only. Just before the close of the seventeenth century Jean Bouchard, another municipal printer, brought this period of the *images populaires* to a close which presaged the work to come. The one signed print of his which is now known is called "La Sainte Trinité et la Sainte Famille." It surpasses its predecessors in quality of engraving and as a drawing is one of the most remarkable of all the Epinal prints.

The second period in the history of these prints begins with the eighteenth century and extends to 1790. During all of that time only religious pictures were printed and these, crudely colored by means of stencils, preserved the naïve quality of

records of two printers, Pierre Houin who, in 1617, published *Les Rois et ducs d'Austrasie depuis Théodoric Ier.* The portrait illustrations were printed from woodcuts made by Ambroise Ambroise who later became a printer and publisher in his own right. In 1633 he published *Coutumes générales de Lorraine* and *les saintes Antiquités de la Vosge.*

Claude Cardinet, who is by some accounts said to have been of southern origin, more properly fits the legend which has been woven about Pellerin. He was a printer and bookseller in Epinal about 1660. He supplied the town authorities with their paper and did the official printing. Apparently there was not much of this and in the effort to make a living he began the production of religious prints. Two of his prints remain, one a Christ on the Cross, and a picture of Saint Nicolas represented in the act of saving the three youths. Both of these were printed

"SAINTE ANNE"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES DIDIER







"CHRIST THE REDEEMER"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES DIDIER

Life in their hill-encircled town was peaceful; their houses humble; they were content with their work. They made pictures as they would have performed any other task—patiently, doing their best. These *imagistes* were anxious to please their clientele; they did not seek to astonish them by a display of skill, for they were modest workmen without conceit. They followed no pattern or formula; nor had they been taught in the schools. They created even as did the Gothic masters. Doubtless they were less expert but their spirit was the same.

Even their processes were primitive. First the drawing for the print was made on thin paper. When completed it was glued to a block of pear wood, carefully smoothed, with the grain running straight along the block. Then, with only a knife, the engraver, who was usually also the designer of the print, cut away the wood between the lines of the drawing, leaving these in relief. Then, with an ink made of lamp-black and glue, the block was printed. After the ink had dried the print was colored with stencils and

the earlier examples. They partook of the nature of those who made them, the *petits bourgeois*.

brushes. The stencils were cut from a sort of cardboard and treated with oil to make them proof

"CREATION OF THE WORLD"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES PELLERIN, NINETEENTH CENTURY



Collection de la maison Pellerin.



against the paint. For a long time only four colors were used—red, blue, yellow and brown. A combination was sometimes made by painting one color over another. Faces, arms, in fact any exposed parts of the body were left white.

Jean-Nicolas Vatot (1705-1792), Marcell Raguin Antoine (1756-1841) and several members of the Didier family of whom Claude (1711-1763) was the first *imagiste* were the most important publishers of prints during this period. Vatot seems to have followed the designs of the earlier engravers more closely than any of the others, and one of his prints, a picture of Saint Barbara, is almost identical in size and drawing with one of Cardinet's. Raguin, as he was commonly called, died at the age of twenty-four. His prints are in every way similar to those of the Didiers.

With the Didiers Epinal prints assumed a new importance. Three generations of this family were *imagistes* in Epinal between the years 1730 and 1786, and, although they retained the character of the earlier prints theirs show something of the influence of a more sophisticated art. They produced prints in larger quantities than other publishers had done; one may assume that from the fact that many more examples of their work have been found than of any other publishers of the period. It was they, really, who set



"ST. BLAISE AND ST. GUERIN." PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES PELLERIN

the stage for the Pellerins and made the larger achievement of the latter possible.

Prints of this period are hard to come by. Some have been found among the archives of

"BIRTH OF JESUS"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES PELLERIN, ENGRAVED BY GEORGIN, NINETEENTH CENTURY





## LA BARQUE A CARON.



Collection de la maison Pellerin.

"CHARON'S BOAT"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES PELLERIN

Epinal, but most of those which have been recovered have been unearthed in remote farm-houses, pasted in the underside of the lids of chests. The few that are left are, for the most part, now in private collections and one of the largest of these is that of the Pellerins, still in Epinal. It seems curious to us now that, in a period when engraving on copper reached a height in France which has never been surpassed, there should also exist this primitive school with its centre in an important town of Lorraine. But the two were designed for, and products of, worlds separated as widely as though by centuries. Not all of eighteenth-century France went to court.

Although the Pellerins were printers in Epinal before the revolution, it is probable that they did not publish any images until about 1810, and it is

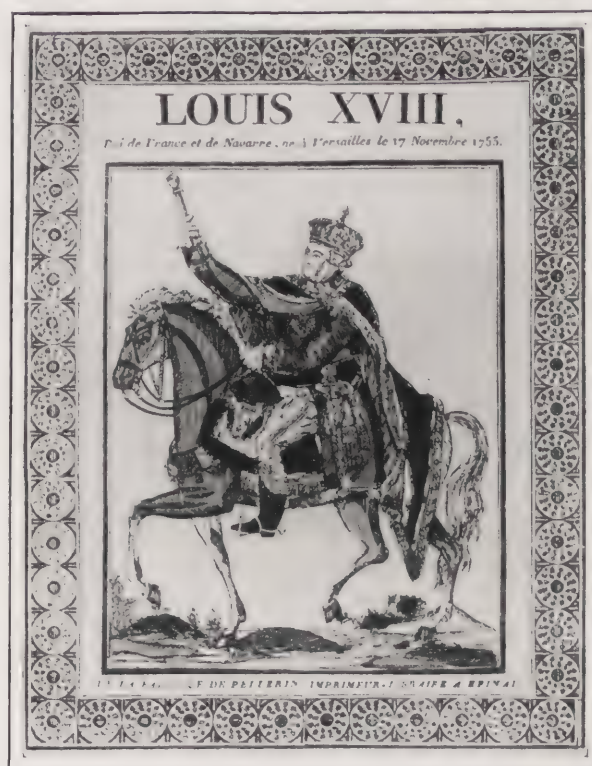
quite possible that almost no prints were made in the city between 1790 and that date. Before the revolution all of the prints had been religious. With the advent of the "rule of reason" religious prints lost their popularity, indeed, it may well have been dangerous for anyone to show even so much piety as to buy

a "saint." Whether before this time Jean-Charles Pellerin, the hero of the legend, had published prints or not, it is fairly certain that he was a skilful engraver. In any case, when he was ready to begin to publish he changed the character of the popular pictures.

Many of his prints were still in the old style, for by this time the excitement of the revolutionists had somewhat quieted, and people demanded again the pictures of their sainted protectors. But he did not confine himself to these. With the pious

"LOUIS XVIII"

PUBLISHED BY JEAN-CHARLES PELLERIN







"THE DRUM MAJOR"

PUBLISHED BY N. PELLERIN

NINETEENTH CENTURY

prints he also published illustrations, a new thing in these *images populaires*. These represented, more or less naïvely, interesting events, amusing spectacles and sentimental themes. He even showed in concrete form, and simply, things which were, or which seemed to the people, abstract. Everyone liked them; these illustrations gave a man a chance to use his imagination, and that pleased him. They were historic, military, political, anecdotal, legendary, decorative and moral. There was something for everybody, satisfaction for every phase of popular taste. The people of France became his clients. He had built up an industry and produced enormous quantities of prints.

Yet with all this, the character of the *images* was largely preserved; something of the primitive directness remained; his publications never de-

scended to the level of the merely pretty picture which we, in America today, associate with popular illustration. Therein lies the greatest claim to glory of Jean-Charles Pellerin. As for the industry, the *Images d'Epinal* became famous everywhere, until presently they were the only ones known. Other popular prints were confounded with them for so great was the reputation of Pellerin that it swallowed up all others. Epinal Prints became the generic name for all forms of *images*, even those where the connection was of the slightest; they became, in common speech, all popular prints. And all this came from the work of the man whom legend would have a clock-maker who, apparently quite by accident, turned to the making of prints as pot-boilers. For this once, at least, truth betters the legend.





"A READING SIBYL"

BY UGO DA CARPI, AFTER RAPHAEL

Printed in black and brown. Size of the print, 10¾ x 8⅞ in.

## CHIAROSCURO WOODCUTS

CHIAROSCURO WOODCUTS are prints in which the effect of light and shade is obtained, not by dots or lines, but by masses of flat color. The outlines of the subject are usually cut on one block, and the shadow-tones are printed from another block or blocks on an impression from the first one. By this means a pen and ink drawing washed with sepia, for instance, can be imitated with two blocks, and the effect can be enhanced by adding a general tint from a third block. High lights can be obtained by cutting them out of one of the tone-blocks, so that the paper is left white in certain places while the remainder is tinted. Chiaroscuro

*Woodcuts, printed from two or more blocks, were made by master engravers in the sixteenth century*

BASIL S. LONG

prints were usually executed in quiet colors, such as greys and browns and dull greens.

Woodcuts of the ordinary kind had been made for over a century before

the chiaroscuro system was introduced. The earliest known specimens of the latter kind are German, and include a "St. George" by Jobst de Negker or Necker after H. Burgkmair, dated 1508, Lucas Cranach's "Repose in Egypt," dated 1509, two works by Hans Baldung Grün, dated 1510 and 1511, etc. De Negker was born at Antwerp, but settled at Augsburg about 1508. He was perhaps the first to practice chiaroscuro printing in three tints. He seems to have been





"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND OTHER SAINTS." DATED 1585. BY ANDREA ANDREANI, AFTER JACOPO LIGOZZI

Printed in black and greenish tones. Size of the print, 16½ x 13 in.

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." BY GIUSEPPE NICCOLO VINCENTINO, AFTER PARMIGIANO

Printed in black, green and brown. Size of the print, 13¼ x 9¾ in.



working as late as 1544. On the whole, however, the best chiaroscuro woodcuts were produced in Italy, where the earliest record of the process dates from 1516 and the art did not become common till about 1530.

The first Italian to make a name in chiaroscuro prints was Ugo da Carpi. He was a son of Count Astolfo da Panico of Carpi, and was probably born about 1450; he died in or after 1525. He was a painter, but none of his pictures are known. It is doubtful if he invented the



"A NAKED MAN SEATED IN A WOOD"  
BY ANTONIO DA TRENTO, AFTER PARMIGIANO

Printed in black and brown. Size of the print, 11 x 7 in.

system of chiaroscuro printing; it is more probable that he derived it from the Germans. Some twelve woodcuts of this kind can safely be ascribed to him. They are printed in rather dull tones, and at a distance they sometimes look like bas-reliefs in colored stone. He made some prints from tone-blocks only, with no line.

Antonio da Trento was another celebrated Italian chiaroscurist. He is perhaps identical with Antonio Fantuzzi, who was born at Bologna about 1510 and worked at Fontainebleau under Primaticcio about 1537-1550. Antonio da Trento was instructed in wood-engraving by Parmigiano at Bologna and reproduced many of his drawings.



Giuseppe Niccolo Vincentino, called Rospigliani, a painter and engraver who was born at Vicenza about 1510, was another early master who worked at Bologna. He used three blocks and produced woodcuts after drawings by Caravaggio, Parmigiano, Raphael and others.

Andrea Andreani, who flourished about 1584-1610, was working at Florence in 1584-5, and at Siena in 1586-93; then he went to Mantua, where he engraved Mantegna's famous "Tri-



"FLORA"

BY HENDRIK GOLTZIUS

Printed in black and brown. Size of print,  $13\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{8}$  in.

umph." He sometimes employed four blocks—one for the outline and three for the tones. He is believed to have used blocks cut by other artists, whose signatures he removed.

Bartolomeo Coriolano was the son of an artist, Cristoforo Coriolano of Nuremberg, who had settled in Italy. He worked at Bologna and Rome about 1627-53, and was the last of the great Italian chiaroscurists. He often printed in two shades of the same color, and his subjects were mostly taken from works by Guido Reni.

The chief Dutch maker of chiaroscuro woodcuts was Hendrik Goltzius, a versatile artist who was born at Muhlbrecht near Venlo in 1558 and died at Haarlem on the first day of 1617. He began his chiaroscuro prints about 1588.

In France, chiaroscuro woodcuts were pro-



*Dessein de Paul Farinati*

"PHAETON AND THE HORSES OF THE SUN"

BY NICOLAS LE SUEUR, AFTER PAOLO FARINATI

Printed in brown and greenish tones. Size of the print,  $16\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{8}$  in.

"ST. JEROME"

BY BARTOLOMEO CORIOLANO, AFTER GUIDO RENI

Printed in black and buff. Size of print,  $11\frac{5}{8} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$  in.



Guid. Rhen. Inven.  
Bartol. Coriolanus Execut.  
Sculpit. Bonon. 1637.





"THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE"

BY JOHN BAPTIST JACKSON, AFTER PAUL VERONESE

Printed in brown tones. Size of the print, 21 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 15 in.

duced by a German, Ludwig Businck or Büsinck, who was born about 1590, probably at Münden, and settled at Paris about 1630; he worked there for a publisher named Michel Tavernier, and reproduced drawings by Georges Lallemant. He is said to have sometimes printed his tones from copper-plates instead of wood-blocks. Nicolas Le Sueur, who was born at Paris in 1690 and died there in 1764, executed a number of chiaroscuro woodcuts after Italian masters.

In Italy again, Count Antonio Maria Zanetti, a Venetian nobleman, who was a collector and an amateur, made about a



"A GROUP OF SIX MONKS" BY JOHN SKIPPE, AFTER RUBENS

Printed in brown and green tones. Size of the print, 14 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 9 $\frac{1}{8}$  in.

hundred chiaroscuro woodcuts after Raphael, Parmigiano and other artists. He was born about 1680 and was taught drawing as an accomplishment. He traveled in France, England and Italy, and had access to the best collections. He died at Venice in 1757.

Several English artists produced chiaroscuro engravings in the first half of the eighteenth century. Those by Edward or Elisha Kirkall, Charles Knapton and Arthur Pond were in a mixed method, the outlines being etched and the tones printed from wood-blocks. But at least two English artists of the eighteenth century made pure chiaroscuro woodcuts. The first of these was John Baptist Jackson, who was born in 1701. After serving his apprenticeship under Kirkall, he went to Paris about 1726 and studied under a well-known wood-engraver named Papillon. Then he went to Rome and Venice, where he executed woodcuts in imitation of drawings by old masters. After twenty years' residence abroad, he returned to England and worked at a wall-paper factory at Battersea. Seventeen large woodcuts in chiaroscuro by him were published at Venice in 1745. The Victoria and Albert Museum, London, has two of the prints he made for wall-paper.

The other well-known English exponent of this method was the dilettante John Skipp or Skippe of the Upper Hall, Ledbury, Herefordshire, and Penelope Symonds of Pengethley. He was born on the 7th July, 1741, and was educated at Merton College, Oxford. While at Oxford, he took lessons from a popular German drawing-master, John Baptist Malchair, who practiced there for many years. After leaving the university, Skippe traveled in Italy, where he studied under Claude Joseph Vernet. He produced a considerable number of wood-engravings in chiaroscuro.



# The Clarence H. Mackay Collection

THE PAINTINGS of the Clarence H. Mackay collection all belong to the Early Renaissance period—that wonderful epoch when mankind, in a reaction against the spiritual

limitations of the Middle Ages, gradually strove toward the modern attitude of personal spiritual freedom, without, however, sacrificing a deep-rooted medieval piety.

The artists of this period, consequently, combine in delightful fashion a naïve joy in individual and realistic representations with religious feeling, and it is characteristic that among their favorite themes we find, on the one hand, powerfully delineated portraits of highly individual type, and on the other hand devout portrayals of the Madonna where the realistic spirit of the period only creeps out in minor traits or in details of the landscape background.

The paintings of the Mackay collection fall into these two divisions. There are two portraits and six paintings of the Madonna, if we include in this latter category Mantegna's "Adoration of the Child by the Virgin and Shepherds," which is, after all, only an amplification of the Madonna theme. Only the painting by Raffael, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," cannot be so classified, yet it, too, is related to the second group as it was originally one of the predellas for an altar to the Madonna.

These nine paintings cover, approximately, the period from 1430 to 1505. The earliest is a portrait by the North Italian, Pisanello, a master whose other work is still strongly Gothic while his portraiture is imbued with the individual stamp of the Renaissance period. At the other extreme stand Raffael's early work, dated 1505, showing this great master in transition to the cinquecento conception; the "Madonna with Angels and St. John" by Francia, and the "Holy Family" by Lorenzo Costa, also painted shortly after 1500, but by artists who belong wholly to the quattrocento. The remaining five paintings belong in period of time to the richest flowering of quattrocento art, the years between 1460 and 1490, and chiefly to the Florentine School, at that time the most flourishing in all Italy, and for that reason rightly taking first place in a choice collection of Early Renaissance paintings.

The works of Baldovinetti, Verrocchio and Botticelli follow each other chronologically. Siena is

*The stages of development in Italian art of the Early Renaissance may be followed in the pictures of this group*

W. R. VALENTINER

represented by an outstanding picture by its most famous painter of this era—a Madonna by Matteo di Giovanni; and northern Italy by one of Mantegna's rare and splendid compositions,

the "Adoration of the Shepherds."

The feminine portrait by Pisanello is a masterpiece of characterization, construction and technique. Possibly a full-face view of this young lady with her curiously long-drawn nose would have been more flattering, but the master chose to present her in profile, which certainly convincingly expresses the type, given his ability to reproduce with such penetration this much more restricted aspect of eyes, mouth and forehead. And it is precisely in this task that the great medallist, in which art Pisanello was particularly practiced—proved himself to be so much at home, for the medallions of that period rarely show any aspect other than the profile. Indeed the fine lines of the mouth and the narrow opening of the eyes are executed with an extraordinarily penetrating observation, and the contour of the face is drawn with a delicacy that does all honor to this great master of the silhouette.

The lines of the face are in completest harmony with the contours of the whole figure. The curves repeat themselves in the fantastic coiffure, in the fur border of the collar, in the lines of the arm and in the chain hanging from her shoulders. And contrary-wise, these general sweeping curves of coiffure and costume lead up to the finely concentrated line of the profile which stands out sharply against a black background, as in the painting of Saint Eustachio by Pisanello in London. The artist has understood perfectly the value of contrast between the plastic and the decorative elements. The flat planes of the delicate ivory-skinned face are emphasized by the sculptoiresque coiffure with its gold ornaments, and just where we would naturally look for an accenting of the physical attributes, on the bust and arms, Pisanello has, through the flat curves of the chain and the spacing of the patterns of the dress, emphasized the decorative design. Finally, the color of this most decorative masterpiece is of the greatest charm. There are tiny lines recalling the delicate technique of a piece of Japanese Satsuma ware on the surface of the ivory-tinted face that rises from a white collar trimmed with grey fur, while a delightful blue predominates in the coiffure and





"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

BY PISANELLO

the costume which is enhanced with yellow and golden ornaments.

The dress itself is of no small charm, and belongs to a period where costume and figure were attuned to an harmonious whole as has seldom happened in the history of costume design.

By plucking out the hair from her forehead and eyebrows, this young woman has created a high-domed brow for herself, and further emphasized the up-sweeping lines by high-arched eyebrows applied with cosmetics. What a burden that towering coiffure must have been, and how un-





"MADONNA AND CHILD"

BY BALDOVINETTI

comfortable the high collar and the girdle drawn tightly beneath the breasts. Nevertheless she suffers these discomforts in the name of fashion with dignity and equanimity!

We turn from Pisanello, the Veronese master whose painting dates from about 1430-40, to the

Florentines and the already more highly developed Renaissance art of the second half of the fifteenth century. Baldovinetti's Madonna is one of the most pleasing compositions of a master whose work, sometimes lacking in that very quality, is almost as rare as Pisanello's. An extraordinary





"MADONNA AND CHILD"

BY VERROCCHIO

fate seems to have presided over the frescoes and panels by this artist who is particularly famous as a technician.

As was the case with Leonardo, his frequent experimentation with new technical mediums has not always been favorable to the preservation of

his work, and not very much remains of his frescoes in San Annunziato, San Miniato, San Trinita and San Pancrazio in Florence. However, the large and ill-preserved altarpieces, like the two paintings in the Uffizi, and the two panels in San Ambrogio and in the Academy in Florence have





"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH"

BY BOTTICELLI

for us today little charm of color despite their distinguished composition.

All the deeper, therefore, is the impression created by his three known paintings of the Madonna—in the Louvre, in the collection of Madame André in Paris, and in Mr. Berenson's

possession in Florence, with which our picture as a particularly characteristic and pleasing work may be linked.

Just as in regard to the Pisanello portrait, there can hardly be a moment's doubt as to the authenticity of this painting, so typical of Baldo-





"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS AND ANGELS"

BY MATTEO DI GIOVANNI





"ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"

BY MANTEGNA

vinetti are the features and such details as the design of the Madonna's cloak and veil, the narrow ribbon with which the child is playing, the nimbus and the shape of the chair—all of which reappear in the Louvre picture. In contrast, however, to the somewhat stiff pose of the Madonna in the Louvre painting, the artist has here endeavored to lend a more engaging posture to the mother and child who lean toward the beholder in friendly fashion. The transparent treatment of the flesh is characteristic, as are the dark reddish-brown tones of the garment with details of gold on the nimbus; on the chair and the sleeves; and finally the delicate landscape, in regard to which latter feature Vasari held Baldovinetti to be particularly gifted. It has been remarked with justice that he was the first of the early Florentine masters to make use of the valley of the Arno in his works, and the lowlands of this valley near Florence evidently form the background of our painting. The use of gold-leaf for the nimbus, on the Madonna's garments and on the arms of the chair show a still-existing relationship to Gothic art.

The transition from the austere, semi-Gothic and churchly conception to the complex and worldly manner of the Early Renaissance was rapidly accomplished in Florence after the middle

of the fifteenth century. Verrocchio, although only ten years younger than Baldovinetti, seems more complicated not only in his outward delineation of forms but in his mental attitude—much more worldly and genre-like in conception in his "Madonna and Child" of the Mackay collection—a variant of his Berlin picture with simplified detail, deeper color and a changed landscape background.

In the place of Baldovinetti's simple straight lines, we have here winding short and intricate curves. In the place of his clear, light surfaces, a lively interchange of light and shadow. In the strongly plastic delineation and the sharp contour lines of this composition, we recognize the goldsmith and sculptor of bronzes, in which field Verrocchio had made a great name for himself in Florence. In observing the children of Baldovinetti's and Verrocchio's paintings, these charming and natural portrayals prove to us to be that moment of art history when—particularly in Florence—the charm and engaging quality and of young boys and girls as subjects for the painter and sculptor was first felt.

The temperamental differences between the two artists are very evident in their treatment of the holy children. In Baldovinetti's picture, the





"MADONNA AND HOLY CHILDREN"

BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA

arm of his gentler, somewhat more timid child is raised by the Madonna in the act of benediction, whereas the temperamental boy of Verrocchio's composition is stretching his arms eagerly toward his mother. One is at once struck by the natural relations existing between mother and child, the genre-like motif of playfulness and the much more worldly conception of Verrocchio's picture compared to Baldovinetti's still austere and churchly presentation. To this more secular conception is allied a realism, expressing itself in a stronger feeling for space and in a deeper perspective of the two figures in Verrocchio's composition.

The development of a more complicated mental attitude in the Florentine masters of the second

half of the fifteenth century becomes even more evident in Botticelli's enchanting picture, whose charm has been described by Berenson in his descriptive essay on the discovery of this masterpiece. Beside Botticelli's delicately reflective art, penetrated as it is by conscious feeling and sensibility, even Verrocchio's gracious and expressive figures seem somewhat monotonous, and Baldovinetti's positively naïve.

Botticelli's creative impulse is so powerful that he has in this portrait completely overpowered the attributes of his sitter and subordinated them to his individual type. Did the boy portrayed here really look like this? It seems more likely that Botticelli saw him as he preferred to see him.





"THE HOLY FAMILY"

BY LORENZO COSTA

These full, willful lips, longish nose with sensitive nostrils; the soulful, slightly melancholy eyes; the luxurious curls falling in heavy waves on the shoulders; finally that slender, transparent hand posed so wistfully against the breast; these are all peculiarities that we find again and again in the charming dream-figure of Botticelli's compositions. Are his angels inspired by a model such as this, or is his model transposed to fit his idea of an angel? More likely the latter. In any case this is of all his known portraits the most "Botti-

cellian." Not that there are not other similar, authenticated portraits by the master, but none other seems so completely penetrated by his art and soul.

If we turn from the Florentine school to that of the neighboring city of Siena, we find there in its greatest master of the second half of the fifteenth century, Matteo di Giovanni, an artist who in his decorative gift, in the plastic proportions of his figures and in temperament has much in common with Botticelli. He is frankly less





"CHRIST ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES"

BY RAFFAEL

eccentric, less consciously modern in his mental attitude than the great Florentine. He clings, like all of the Sienese school, more closely to the medieval tradition, uses gold backgrounds and garments richly brocaded in gold. His figures wear an expression of happy and tender piety and his frankly lyrical gift is at its best in his presentations of the Madonna.

Although the fingers of his figures are exaggeratedly thin and somewhat spider-like there is nothing strained in the poise of the heads or in the expressions, rather something of bourgeois simplicity. His picture in the Mackay collection follows the usual arrangement of his numerous Madonnas, which mostly comprise six, occasionally only four figures—isolated figures in the background being curiously cut off by the elaborate gold halos. Our painting is distinguished from numerous others by its wonderful state of preservation and particularly happy combination of color in the red garment brocaded in gold worn by the Madonna and her deep blue cloak, with the orange-brown and greyish-white costumes of the neighboring figures.

The combination of shyness and pride in the Madonna's face as she holds the child tenderly in her arms is particularly charming, as are the

cleverly varied expressions of joy on the faces of the saints and angels who are smiling, singing or lost in contemplation of the wonder of the Christ child.

Andrea Mantegna, the greatest of the Early Renaissance masters of Lombardy—indeed one of the greatest that Italy has produced—was a contemporary of Matteo di Giovanni, as he was born in 1430. Mr. Mackay possesses one of his smaller most elaborately carried out paintings, "The Adoration of the Child by the Virgin and Shepherds," from the Boughton-Knight collection.

That delight in plastic form which we have already observed in the Florentine masters, and which has to do with the sharpness and clarity with which objects stand out under the Italian sky, is developed to the highest degree in Mantegna's work, so that his pictures resemble transpositions from bronze or stone reliefs. Undoubtedly Donatello's influence was partly responsible for this. In Mantegna's early youth Donatello spent ten years in Padua and left numerous pupils among the sculptors of the town.

This trait, however, must have lain deep-rooted in Mantegna's own nature for he strove to present with a penetrating sharpness every individual object down to the very last detail and



showed an extraordinary faculty of observation that does all credit to his residence in a town where splendid schooling in the natural sciences was to be obtained at its famous university. His art, shown at its ripest in the painting of the Mackay collection, though by no means lacking in expressive feeling, makes its strongest appeal through its clear intellectual quality. A strict feeling for style permeates the composition and subordinates the detail to a closely thought-out construction. Just as the principal group in the foreground is built up into a triangular form, so the least detail of the landscape is planned as regards depth of perspective. Every fold of Mary's and Joseph's garments is accurately devised, and each little plant is organically correct.

The combination of accurate observation of nature with a feeling for abstract design in the presentation of the detail is extraordinary. The path leading into the background of the picture, the fields with tiny figures in the distance, the charmingly conceived and yet remarkably stylized clouds, the heavy-laden orange tree in the foreground, and the half leafless willow in the middle ground with twigs of an almost Japanese delicacy, all this is reminiscent of Dürer's most beautiful nature studies and it is no wonder that Mantegna served as an inspiration for many of the great northern painters such as Dürer and Holbein. Mantegna, however, combined with this stylized naturalism the almost medieval piety and naïve phantasy that characterize nearly all of the Early Renaissance masters.

The Madonna kneels in landscape suggesting the rocky hill country near Padua, but she is, in visionary fashion, surrounded by a ring of cherubim with red and blue wings floating on serrated golden cloudlets. Without these cherubim, without the halos which distinguish Mary and Joseph, we might not realize that we are dealing with a Biblical subject, although the marked solemnity of the conception and the earnestness which breathes from the whole composition convince us that we have here to do with an unusual theme.

With Francia's "Madonna" and the "Holy Family" by Lorenzo Costa—a work of somewhat similar type only recently acquired by Mr. Mackay—we approach the transition from the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries when a simplified composition came into being, and intricate detail was renounced in favor of massive forms and a painstakingly compact construction, in which the sides were balanced in relation to the centre.

One would never suppose from Francia's none too elaborate handling of detail that he had originally been a goldsmith, but it is easy to con-

nect the enamel-like surface of his painting beneath which the color glows powerfully with his knowledge of translucent enamels. In addition to its unusual charm of color, notably in the deep blue of the Madonna's cloak and the rose colored garment of the angel, Francia's types here, as in all his compositions, are peculiarly sympathetic. The figures in this particularly expressive painting, derived from Perugino and above all emulous of Raffael, though they be, are not without an individuality of their own, though they may all seem members of one happily gifted family.

From Francia, who in his later years was influenced by the young Raffael, it is no great step to the famous native of Urbino himself. It is particularly fortunate that Mr. Mackay was in a position to include one of the rare works of Raffael in his collection. Although of small dimensions, it demonstrates clearly the great attributes of his style; the beauty and richness of his draughtsmanship, the inspired concentration of his composition and the naïve and child-like spirit animating his figures. How expressive and imbued with plastic feeling the figure of the youth on the right who sits drawn together like a ball; how spiritual the St. John, his hands folded in prayer as he sleeps; how notably childlike in expression the profile of Christ which stands out clear and sharp against the light sky. How delicate, finally, the landscape, with the little trees on the right with their tender foliage, the clumps of grass expressively indicated on the left, and the clear vault of the sky where angels in tones of yellow and red make an etherial appearance.

This little picture was a portion of the predella of the altar which Raffael painted in 1505 for the nuns of St. Antonius in Perugia. In curious fashion, the chief painting of this predella, as well as a second portion, have found their way into American collections, the first into Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection, the second to the Gardener collection in Boston while the remaining portions are in England.

It is a long step from Pisanello to Raffael, but all the works of that period known as the Early Renaissance share certain generic qualities—a penetrating observation of nature, conformity of composition and decorative charm combined with an inward vision and an outwardly agreeable aspect. The individual stages of development during the century, from a flat presentation to a greater plasticity and depth; from a medieval piety to a worldliness, enshrined, however, in a high ideal of human worth, may be clearly followed in the series of masterpieces of the Mackay collection.



# GALLIGRAPHY of the MOSLEMS

OUR TEACHERS of penmanship, unhonored and unstrung by an age of writing machines—may theirs be the paradise of the Prophet! Only there will they find the reward they deserve. Only there will they be among kindred spirits, among spirits who appreciate the beauties of the written letter, who esteem them beyond the paintings of Raphael and the statues of Phidias.

But, before our harassed professors of the second "R" accept the creed of Mohammed, one word of warning: In his paradise they must prepare to lose their standing as instructors and to sit humbly at the feet of great masters unknown to them. Arabs, Persians and Turks who have carried the art of calligraphy to heights no westerner ever dreamed it could attain. For penmanship in the Moslem world is not looked down upon as a necessary—or worse still, an unnecessary—evil. It is looked up to as a fine art, as the finest of arts. It has claimed for more than a thousand years the flower of the decorative genius of the widespread peoples of Islam.

Why? Certainly not because these peoples have any more natural inclination toward calligraphy than we have. If the Arabs themselves did any writing before the time of Mohammed, it has not come down to us. True enough, they had already developed an alphabet of their own from the letters of ancient Syria, but the earliest known inscription written in it was made only two years before the birth of the prophet. In Mohammed's own tribe of the Koreish it is said that only seventeen persons knew how to write at all—and the

*The medieval Mohammedan scribes made an art of penmanship comparable to that of painting in the West*

CLARENCE K. STREIT

prophet is not numbered among them.

Yet it was the religion he preached that caused the extraordinary development of calligraphy in Arabia and throughout Islam. Forbidden

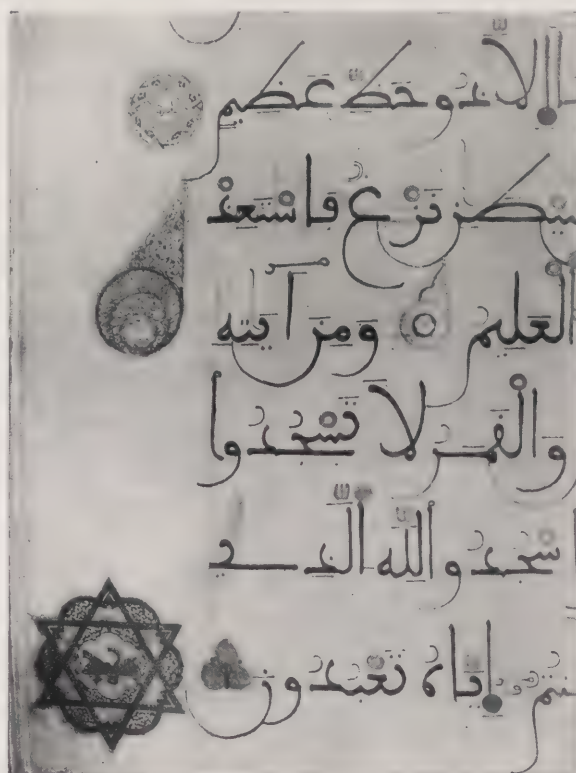
to make images of any living being by their iconoclastic prophet who was bent on destroying the worship of idols, the True Believers could not cultivate the arts of painting and sculpture which other religions have so greatly stimulated. But art, like love, laughs at locksmiths. The Moslem had to have some means of expressing the Beautiful; he found it in the written word.

Only by the word could the abstract idea of the invisible God of Mohammed be expressed. And the words which Mohammed used were of such surpassing poetic beauty that the Moslems have always considered the Koran as the masterpiece of the Arabic language, a work whose literary perfection was in itself a miracle sufficient to prove that it was inspired by God.

Only by the writing of the word could Mohammed's revelation of God be preserved and transmitted intact to all the Faithful. And as the divine word fell from the lips of the prophet, the few among his dis-

ciples who could write took it down on skins, palm leaves, shoulder bones of animals—whatever was near at hand. After his death this precious legacy of verses was collected and copied with loving care—for what pains could the True Believer spare on any letter of the word of God? Thus the Koran became a book, The Book of Islam, the source at once of its religion, its law, its civilization and its art.

With a fervor equaling that of the monks of



PAGE FROM A TENTH-CENTURY KORAN WRITTEN IN THE CLASSIC CUFIC STYLE



medieval Christendom and with an alphabet surpassing theirs in its artistic possibilities, the Moslem scribes worked at copying the divine word, pouring into the one channel of penmanship all the talent which the West dispersed among several arts. And thus they have continued to work through the centuries, for the printing press which long ago supplanted the manuscript in Europe has only in recent years begun to attack the tradition in Islam which holds it sacrilegious to print the Koran.

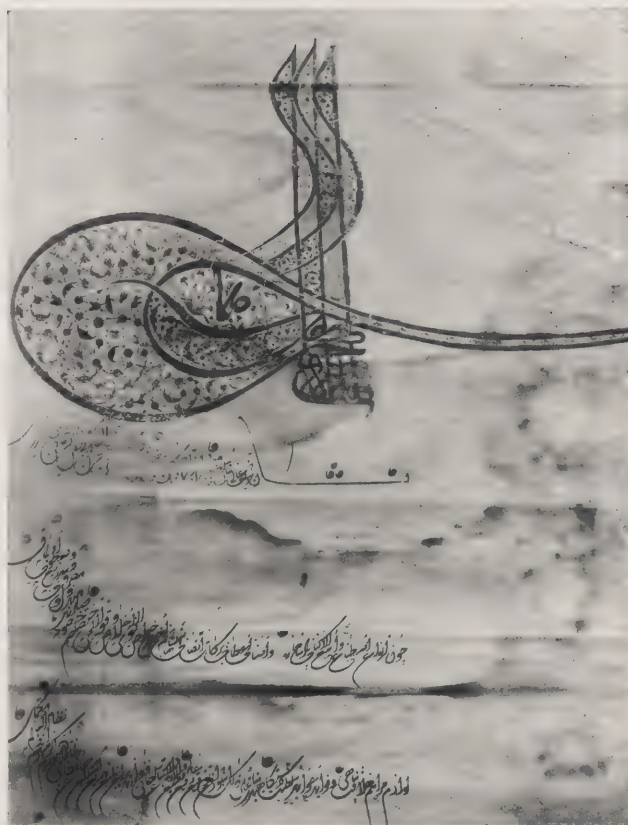
The Moslem scribe writes today as his fathers wrote hundreds and hundreds of years ago—the only difference being that he does not write so well. He does not write as we do. He does not use a table or a desk. He sits on the floor and writes, holding his paper in the palm of his left hand which he rests on his knee. How he thus achieves the marvelous results he does I do not profess to say. I merely state the fact.

He does not use a steel pen or a goose quill. His pen and penholder are all one and he calls it a *kalem*. It is made of a reed or a sort of bamboo which comes from Java, if it is hard, or from the marshes of Babylon if it is softer. The masters will use only the *kalems* of Babylon.

He sharpens this reed roughly. Then, to bring it to the special point he desires for the work at hand, he pushes it into one of the holes in his *miqatta* and shaves it off. The *miqatta* is a thin flat piece of ivory or bone so delicately carved that it resembles a bit of lace. The carving has a purpose for the web it forms supplies the moulds for all the different kinds of points the writer may require.

When he has worn his *kalem* down to a short stub he throws it away and makes another. Unless, of course, he is like that old master known as Abd er Rahman ben Ali ben Mohammed el Bekr, who added Ibn el Jauzi to his name before he died at the age of eighty-nine. This descendant of the first caliph long held the record for speed in writing. He kept the stubs of all the pens he had worn out and they furnished sufficient fuel at the time of his death to heat the water for washing his body as the Moslem ritual requires. At least, so it is said.

In the exercise of his craft, the Moslem penman is guided or, if you wish, tyrannized by rules. It is not simply a question of crossing the "t" and dotting the "i." The Arabs, be it remembered, had a failing for mathematics and they exhausted all the intricacies of geometry on their



TOUGHRA, OR SEAL, OF SULTAN SULEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, FROM A MINOR DECREE OF 1464. COLORED IN BLUE, RUBY AND GOLD

alphabet. And where we have only two letters to dot, the Arabs have a dozen most of which can only be distinguished by the number of dots above or below them. As if this were not enough, certain styles of writing require commas and "v's" and other little twirls to be thrown in purely as ornaments at exactly the right spot in the open spaces between the tall letters. Needless to say the precise proportions of each letter in each of the standard or classic styles was determined long ago by their inventors.

To rebel against these rules may possibly gain you fame after you are dead, but not in your own time. The Turkish calligrapher, Abdallah Vefayi, is my witness. He was a talented man. He wrote with his left hand as well as with his right; he also wrote with his feet. This was heresy enough, but, what was worse, Abdallah did not like the letters as he found them in the early eighteenth century when he lived in Stamboul. He invented new heads and new tails which he added to them and in general he paid so little respect to the traditional rules of the art that it created a scandal. The result was that Abdallah was sent into exile where he died in ignominy. Now he is considered a master and the connoisseurs of calligraphy make pilgrimages to Eyoub to the *medresseh* or seminary



of Yazyly, so-called because of the writing which covers its walls, to see a single letter, a "v," which bears his signature. It is one of the few works of Abdallah which remain.

Abdallah, like many another genius, did not make his entry on the stage of life at the proper time. Had he lived earlier, before the forms of Moslem writing had become more or less petrified, his inventive twist might have given him the renown of Mokla or of Yakout, the greatest of the Arabian masters.

At that, Mokla, as he was called, or Abou Ali Mohammed ibn Ali ibn Mokla, as he was named, had a career which Abdallah might not have envied. Mokla was born in 886. That is to say, he lived in that stirring epoch we have all read about in the Arabian Nights. And he was one of the characters who made the Bagdad of those tales. The name of Mokla is as celebrated in the Moslem world as that of Leonardo da Vinci in ours. He is known in Islam as the *Imam* or the King of Calligraphers. Before his time the Arabs wrote only in what is called the *cufic* style, from the city of Cufa, one of early intellectual centres of Arabia, where it was created after the death of Mohammed. *Cufic* is used to this day—chiefly now for ornamental purposes—and many prefer it to any other style.

Mokla took the stiff *cufic* letters, rounded their angles and made them flow gracefully across the page. So great was the popularity of this new style, called *naskh*, that it caused *cufic* to disappear entirely for a century. *Naskh* is still a favorite. But it was not merely by this invention that the King of Calligraphers won his title. To him is attributed the formation of the basic rules of the art. So great was his renown that three of the caliphs, Moktadir, Kahir and Radi, made him their prime minister. But when this artist got into politics his fate was worse than that of Paderewski. He was the victim of each of these caliphs, suffering torture and confiscation of his goods from all of them.

As long as he had the use of his famous right arm which had copied the Koran twice, these little ups and downs didn't bother the King of Calligraphers. But the third time he fell into disfavor he lost it. One of his personal enemies at court, Ibn Raik, accused him of plotting against Caliph Radi, who ordered Mokla's right hand to be cut off at the wrist. The caliph later repented and had him nursed but the hand could not be restored.

Mokla, however, had a pen attached to his wrist and wrote in this fashion, to prove that he was still able to occupy the post of minister. Ibn Raik saw the point and contrived to obtain

another order from the caliph whereby Mokla's tongue was cut out and he was kept in prison until his death in 940. Having no one to serve him in prison, Mokla had to get his water from a well by using his left hand and his teeth alternately on the rope. While in power, the King of Calligraphers lived in great splendor and was known for his unlimited generosity. He gave to the poor much of his riches, and when he had little himself he gave them models of his writing which they could sell for large sums. Even so, the works in calligraphy left in his estate when he died sold for 1,600,000 dinars.

In the eyes of the Moslems, however, the greatest of all the thousands of master calligraphers was Yakout, known to them as the Model Penman. It is said that the number of his copies of the Koran reached that favorite figure of the East, one thousand and one. Several of his Korans may still be seen in Stamboul in the library of St. Sofia, the tomb of Sultan Selim and the tomb of Hamid at Baghcheh Kapou.

Yakout lived in the thirteenth century in Bagdad where he was the slave of Mostasem, the last of the Abbasside caliphs. Mostasem honored him as few slaves or freemen were ever honored. In the hope of seeing the benefactions of the caliph increase and extend also to his pupils, Yakout never stopped writing, each day presenting his works to his master. But Mostasem, despite his esteem for Yakout, never ceased to praise the writing of Ibn Bawwab and to say that he preferred it to that of his favorite. One day the crafty Yakout wrote two lines, signing one with Bawwab's name and the other with his own and presented them to the caliph. Unsuspecting the ruse, Mostasem as usual preferred the work of Bawwab.

"Allah be thanked!" cried Yakout. "At last the caliph has judged worthy of praise the writing of his humble slave!"

It was long before Yakout regained the favor of his outraged master. After this incident, it is said, Yakout's writing lost in elegance and ceased to progress. Which proves, gravely remarks Habib Effendi, the Turkish historian of calligraphy, that progress in everything comes from zeal and emulation.

After the death of Yakout, the Persians and the Turks made the greatest contributions to calligraphy. Among the Persians the great masters were Mir Ali, Omar Akta and Mir Imad. The first two were contemporaries of Timurlane. Mir Ali created the style known as *nastalik*. He credited the invention to Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet and the hero of the Persian Moslems,



who he said appeared to him in a dream and told him to use the goose as a model for his lines. The letters in *nastalik* do bear some resemblance to the goose. The pupils of Mir Ali were called the "Forty Masters" and under them, with the encouragement of Bai Sondor Mirza, the grandson of Timurlane, calligraphy and the attendant arts of gilding, binding, illuminating and miniature painting flourished in Persia.

The versatile Omar Akta could write in any style and in any size. He was not, however, a master of psychology. To gain the favor of Timurlane he once presented him with a copy of the Koran which was so small that it could be put in the setting of a ring. He had written it in the microscopic style known as *ghoubar* or "dust," which it resembles. The rude conqueror rejected the gift with disdain. Omar Akra then presented him with another Koran he had written, every line of which was more than a foot high. A wagon was needed to carry the gigantic book. Timurlane himself came at the head of a cortege composed of the savants and literary men of his court to receive it. He accepted it with the remark: "Behold, this is what a present to me should be."

Mir Imad, who was a descendant of the prophet, shone in the sixteenth century. Jealous because Shah Abbas I preferred the writing of Ali Riza Abbasi to his, Mir Imad wrote some verses with double meanings calculated to vex his master. He succeeded; Shah Abbas had him assassinated. But the calligrapher had his revenge. For when Jehan Guir, the Grand Mogul of the time, heard of this he exclaimed: "Had Shah Abbas but given Mir Imad to me instead of killing him, I would have paid for him his weight in pearls."

The sultans of Turkey were no less ardent in their admiration of calligraphy. From the time of Bayezid II in the fifteenth century they not only showered gifts upon the great calligraphers but paid them the honor of studying at their feet. Bayezid, in giving his master, Shiekh Hamdoullah, the revenue of two villages in Hungary, condescended even to arrange the cushion upon which the famous scribe sat and to hold his inkwell while he wrote the deed.

In his later years Hamdoullah often used quaint formulas in signing his works. One of them was: "Be equitable and just and consider how, why and with what means the calligrapher of Sultan Bayezid has written, with his hand trembling and his mind preoccupied, when his hair was white and his years more than eighty."



TOUGHRA OF MURAD III. FROM A GRANT BY THE SULTAN TO THE ADMIRAL KILIJ ALI PASHA, 1485

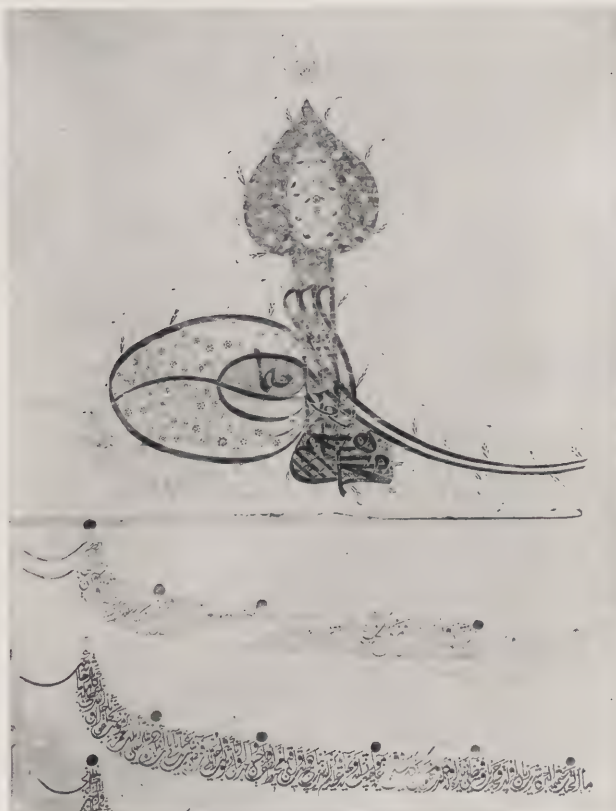
Another was: "Written by Hamdoullah, suffering from every ill," and a third: "Written by Hamdoullah; small is his body, great are his sins."

Bayezid, with the help of Hamdoullah, became himself a noted calligrapher. Among the other sultans who competed with their subjects for fame as penmen were Suleyman the Magnificent, Murad III, Murad IV and Ahmed III.

Esteemed thus by the sultans, the art of calligraphy flourished for centuries in Turkey. Those who would see what pleasing effects may be obtained with writing need only visit the great mosques and the tombs and the fountains of Stamboul on whose walls and domes are preserved much of the best work of the old Turkish masters. These buildings depend chiefly upon calligraphy for their decoration. The inscriptions consist of verses from the Koran. Some of them are painted in the most intricate and yet symmetrical forms, with letters yards in length. Some are baked in tiles. Others are in bronze bas-relief. Still others are carved in stone or wood, or made of bits of stained glass placed in the windows.

But nothing perhaps shows better the art of the Turkish calligraphers than their creation of the *toughbra* or imperial seal of the sultans. It originated with Murad I, who conquered most of the Balkans in the fourteenth century. The tiny





TOUGHRA OF MOHAMMED IV FROM A DECREE DATED 1669

republic of Ragusa, in Dalmatia, fearful of meeting the fate of its neighbors, adopted the more prudent course of negotiation and succeeded in making, in 1365, the first treaty between a Christian state and a Turkish sultan. To sign this document, Murad dipped his hand in ink and, spreading his thumb and little finger sidewise while holding his other three fingers close together, pressed them on the paper.

Some say Murad used this method because he could not write. The more recent Turkish historians, however, maintain that he was simply following an ancient custom his fathers had brought with them from central Asia. They point out that Jenghis Khan signed all his important orders by dipping his hand in purple ink. Which would indicate that the finger print is not the infant we have considered it.

This scientific method, however, soon gave way to art. Murad in his later communications with Ragusa simply had his scribes copy as his sign the peculiar print left by his hand, with his name, Murad the son of Orkhan, written in the palm. The calligraphers did their work so well that all the descendants of Murad adopted as their seal the form of his hand, each of course having his own name and that of his father written under the lines representing the three middle fingers. Selim the Terrible, after his great

conquests in the early sixteenth century, added as an extra flourish the words *mouzaffer daima*—"always victorious"—which his successors all copied though few of them merited the title.

In the Elizabethan period of Turkish art which began in the reign of Selim's son, Suleyman the Magnificent, this seal was carried to its most artistic point. The ingenuity and fancy of the calligraphers transformed the three fingers into minarets and domes and flowering trees and filled the open spaces with intertwining garlands of vari-colored blossoms. The lines of the *toughra* itself are in colors like enamel, sometimes deep blue, sometimes gold, sometimes ruby. The whole design has a beauty which to be appreciated must be seen, for a photograph can hardly hint at the effect produced.

One of these *toughras* was painted at the beginning of each *firman* or imperial decree made by the sultan, and the same talent and care was exercised on each of them no matter how unimportant the subject matter of the writ. When one calls himself by the titles the sultans assumed, he loses no occasion to prove his magnificence. To appreciate the splendor aimed at in the *toughra* one needs to know the grandiloquent formula with which the writ that followed invariably began.

Then, if the decree were an ordinary one, the sultan proceeded to give his orders. But if the *toughra* introduced a matter of more importance, the first fanfare of words was followed by something in this nature—to quote as an example part of the opening of a letter from Suleyman the Magnificent to King François I:

#### SHAH SULTAN SULEYMAN KHAN

##### THE SON OF SELIM KHAN—ALWAYS VICTORIOUS!

*I, who am the Sultan of Sultans, the King of Kings, the Distributor of Crowns to the Princes of the World, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Emperor and the Sovereign Lord of the White Sea and the Black Sea, of the countries of the Romans and of the Land of the Rising Sun, and of Caramania, Armenia, Zulkadrue, Diarbekir and Kurdistan, and of the Empires of the Medes and the Persians and the Assyrians and the Egyptians, and of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina and Jerusalem, and of all the provinces of Arabia and Yemen, and of many other provinces which have been conquered by the victorious power of my glorious predecessors and my august ancestors (May God surround with a halo of light this manifestation of their Faith!), as well as of the numerous countries which have submitted to the flamboyant scimitar and the triumphant sword of my own Glorious Majesty: I, the son of Sultan Selim, the son of Sultan Bayezid, SHAH SULTAN SULEYMAN KHAN*

TO THEE, FRANÇOIS,

*Who art Prince of the Country of France!*



Small wonder that the calligrapher who had such phrases to write strove to make them as pleasing to the eye as they were to the ear of his master. A new style of calligraphy, called *divani*, was invented by the court scribes for this purpose and the lines of these documents were often written alternately in gold and in black. The greatest art, of course, was lavished on the *toughra* with which the scroll of parchment began. The artist whose duty it was to make the *toughra* for each of these writs was called the *nishanji bashi* or Lord High Maker of the Seal, and his post was one of the highest and most honored in the Ottoman Empire.

What these master calligraphers of Islam might have done had they not been so circumscribed by religion and tradition we can only surmise. For, as the eighteenth-century scribe, Ahned ibn Hassam, remarked: "In calligraphy the artist can give only half of his art. One must then double his esteem for a work of this kind, if he would measure the full genius of its maker."

The work they did do with colors and the brush hints that their fame might have extended through the world had they been more free to exercise their talents in the more widely appreciated field of painting. For painting has long been cultivated by the Moslems, but, like gilding and book-binding, merely as an auxiliary to calligraphy. The picture in Islam was made to decorate the caption, instead of the caption being added to explain the picture.

Moslem painting reached its highest development in the illumination of *toughras* and manuscripts. The best examples of this art may be seen in the frontispieces of Korans produced during the fourteenth to seventeenth centuries by the Persians, Arabs and Turks. These pages show a mastery of color, line and design which makes them compare favorably with the best illuminated manuscripts of medieval Europe, in spite of the prophet's ban on images of living beings.

The Persians, it is true, disregarded this decree of Mohammed and illustrated their non-religious books with the miniatures for which they are justly famed—but the Persian Moslems are considered heretics, anyway. However, at one period in the tenth century—long before the Persians learned from the Chinese the arts of making miniatures and illuminating manuscripts—the painter seemed on the point of breaking his narrow bonds even among the orthodox Arabs. For the Fatimite Caliphs who then reigned in Egypt went so far as to have their palaces decorated with paintings of dancing girls.

These pictures have long since disappeared

with the palaces and, but for one truly remarkable feature they contained, the memory of them might also be obliterated. It is recorded that sometimes these girls seemed to recede from the spectator and sometimes to advance toward him out of the painting. The artists also amused themselves by deceiving the eyes of members of the caliph's court with stairways which, when one approached to ascend them, proved to be painted on a wall.

These optical illusions, of course, do not astonish us now; they will if we remember that they were made by Moslems in the tenth century, long before Europe learned this secret or any of the laws of perspective. Apparently they were sufficient to convince the Faithful again that Mohammed was right in forbidding such images as works of the devil; at any rate, painting in Islam after this brilliant flourish resumed its humble rank as the handmaiden of calligraphy.

Now, in Turkey at least, the rapid spread of western ideas is reversing the tables. Those whose talents would have made them calligraphers fifty years ago are turning more and more to painting and sculpture. And, of the sixty Turkish artists who exhibited their pictures or statues in the fifth annual Turkish salon in Constantinople last year, only one carried on the traditions of the past by painting miniatures and illuminating manuscripts. All the others drew their technique and inspiration from Paris or Vienna.

Abdul Mejid, the last of the Turkish caliphs, was himself a painter of portraits. And the Republic, which recently abolished his office, has now ordered a statue of Mustafa Kemal Pasha to be erected in Angora. It will be the first statue in the history of Islam, and it is being paid for by popular subscriptions among the Turkish Moslems.

Protected no longer by religion and the state, deprived already of many of its recruits, calligraphy in Turkey is now threatened even with the loss of its means of expression—the Arabic alphabet. For the more advanced among the Turkish leaders demand that these letters be scrapped and that Turkish be written in the future in our characters. The latter, they urge, are simpler, easier to learn, easier to read and can be written with the typewriter or the linotype. The arguments are strong; no doubt the change will be made eventually.

Only a few hands are raised against it now—but they are the hands of Mokla, of Yakout, of Hamdoullah. The love for the beauties of the Arabic letters which their genius has given the Turks is the one great obstacle to the triumph of the machine.



# AMERICAN DOMESTIC SILVER

THE FINEST AMERICAN silver plate was made between the years 1750 and 1820; a few pieces survive from the century preceding 1750, especially those made in New Netherlands, but until the middle of the eighteenth century the colonists generally were still making use of the pieces brought with them from England.

Naturally the silver made by our native smiths shows this English influence; but it does not need the eye of a connoisseur to distinguish at once between a group of English and one of American silver. Our pieces are, as a whole, far simpler than the English ware; they are more ingenuous in design, more definitely concerned with shape and less with ornament; they show plainly that they were made for use rather than for display and they have, as a result, a beauty that is independent of tradition, novelty and fashion. The ancient geometrical shapes which gave Georgian silver its classic beauty were the direct source of inspiration of

*The plate made before 1820 in this country stands comparison with finest examples of English silverware*

JO PENNINGTON

eighteenth century still making use of

to restrain their exuberance so that the decoration of our silver is always subdued and subordinated to the outline of the piece. What little ornamentation appears is usually in the form of flat chasing or engraving and relief is almost always low.



SILVER SUGAR-URN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY  
BY CHRISTIAN WILTBERGER, PHILADELPHIA

Our colonial silver plate falls roughly into three groups: that made in and around Boston; that made in Philadelphia, which followed English models more closely than the Boston silver; and that made in New York, at first decidedly Dutch in style but later combining the Dutch and English influences. In addition to these important centres, fine pieces also came from Newport, from Portsmouth and from Connecticut. In the south where families settled on large estates in rural districts, the family silver was imported from England at the time of

EARLY SILVER MUG WITH HANDLE. IN THE CLEARWATER  
COLLECTION



migration and consequently we have very few American pieces from the southern colonies. A little silver was made in Baltimore; a smith in that city, Standish Barry, is one of the few southern craftsmen whose work is known today.

The first New York silversmith of whom we have any record settled in New Netherlands before 1664, but of seventeenth-century New York plate as a whole we have very few examples. These Dutch pieces are larger than the plate made in New England; they are heavier and not so graceful. Tankards especially were of prodigious size. The plate made in New England is thinner than the New York silver, the shapes are slenderer and the workmanship more delicate. The edges are usually tapered.

Before the eighteenth century the most important pieces of domestic plate made in the colonies



were spoons, caudle cups, beakers and wine tasters, or rather these are all that have come down to us. There were undoubtedly many others which have not come to light or which were melted down long ago. By the eighteenth century many other pieces appeared; tankards, porringers, cans (the name given to all sorts of cups and mugs) and, as the price of tea decreased and tea drinking became more popular, teapots, chocolate pots, bowls, sugar bowls, cream jugs, hot-water urns, strainers, sugar tongs and casters. We owe the survival of many pieces, especially bowls and drinking vessels, to the fact that they were often bequeathed to the church after a period of domestic use. Beakers, caudle cups and mugs, after years of service in the cause of conviviality, were pressed into the pious service of religion and none thought shame therefor.

In these dry days we turn with little comfort to the thought that art in America owes much to the unhampered thirst of our ancestors. Every social and business occasion was drenched with liquor—the signing of a will, the formation of a partnership; betrothals, marriages, deaths, baptisms. In one New England village of forty families three thousand barrels of cider were put away for the winter supply in 1721. Each family usually had thirty or forty barrels on hand. Toddy and punch were popular beverages; but “flip” was at once a libation and a rite. A law passed against the drinking of healths was repealed in 1645 because it could not be enforced.

Almost all that is known today about colonial silver has been learned since 1876 and the greater part of this information has been compiled since 1906. In 1876, due to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, there was an awakening interest in the silver made in this country; but this was only a beginning. It was not until 1906 when at the suggestion of F. H. Bigelow an exhibition was held in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, that we really began to appreciate the beauty and the extent of our inheritance. In the beginning the difficulties of collecting were enormous because no one knew where to look. One of the pioneer collectors was Judge Clearwater of Kingston, New York, whose collection of over six hundred pieces,

ranging in date from 1640 to 1850, is on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In this collection are many pieces made by the versatile Paul Revere.

In Philadelphia the important smiths were Caesar Ghiselin, the Richardsons and the Syngs. Francis Richardson, born in 1701, was the first of the famous Richardson family and the first smith known to have plied his trade in Philadelphia. His son Joseph carried on his father's trade and

was probably the greatest of the line. It is easy to place his period when we realize that it was this Joseph Richardson who fashioned the breast ornaments which the Quakers used to establish friendly relations with the Indians. There were three generations of the Syng family. The first of them, Philip Syng, probably learned his trade in Dublin and his son was the famous Philip Syng II, a close friend of Benjamin Franklin and a member of the Junto. He made the inkwell now in Independence Hall in which the quills used in signing the

Declaration of Independence were dipped.

One of the earliest New York smiths was Cornelius Kierstede (1698). His wife, who knew



SILVER AND STEEL NUTMEG GRATER. IN THE CLEARWATER COLLECTION

SILVER SPOUT-CUP, MADE BY JOHN EDWARDS (C. 1670-1746), BOSTON. IN THE CLEARWATER COLLECTION





the Indian language, acted as interpreter for Peter Stuyvesant. Kierstede left New York and much of his work has been found in Connecticut where he lived during the latter part of his life. Other Dutch smiths were the Boelens, Carol Van Brugh, Jacobus van der Spiegel, Bartholomew Schaats, Benjamin Wynkoop, Peter van Dyck and his son Richard, Jacob Ten Eyck, Koenraedt Van Eyck, John Vernon, Garret Onclabagh, Nicholas Roosevelt and Adrian Bancker.

John Hull was the first Boston smith of whom we have any record. He was a native of England, a farmer's son, and he became master of the Massachusetts mint when the first American coinage was struck—defying the order from England that only the crown had the right to coin money. These were the famous Pine Tree shillings. It was Hull's daughter Hannah who was placed in the scale that her weight in these shillings might be given her as a dowry. But the legend breaks down on close inspection. In the first place, Hannah was no featherweight; her bulk was a byword in Boston. Yet the records show her dowry to have been five hundred pounds or the equivalent of only 125 pounds of flesh! More-over the dowry was actually paid after the wedding and—final blight to romance—in instalments!

Hull took into partnership with him Robert Sanderson who became a famous smith in his own right. Then followed Jeremiah Dummer and John Cony (the maker of the earliest known American teapot, a bell-shaped vessel in the Clearwater collection). Cony was Dummer's brother-in-law and learned his trade from the latter. Other Boston smiths of this early period were John Edwards, Edward Winslow, David Jesse, John Dixwell, James Turner, William Cowell and his son, and Andrew Tyler. After these, silversmithing in Boston fell into the hands of the Burts, the Hurds and the Reverses.

The elder Revere had been apprenticed to the famous John Cony and his son Paul was only nineteen when his father died and he was left to carry on the business. In time Paul Revere, in

addition to his famous patriotic feat, became engraver; publisher of historical and political cartoons, many of which he drew himself; manufacturer of gun powder and of church bells and a dealer in rolled copper. He made frames for the famous Copley portraits and kept a hardware store in which he sold, among other things, false teeth. That he was not ashamed of these avocations, particularly the last, is attested by his advertisement in the *Boston Gazette* in 1770; in it he boasted that he could fix teeth in such a manner that they would be not only an ornament but of real use in speaking and eating. If he could make good his boast, he might, were he alive, do a thriving business today. His work in silver

compares favorably with the work of the best English smiths of the Georgian period because of its delicacy of design and excellent proportions. He made use of ornament a little more freely than most of his contemporaries.

The most important pieces, from the collector's viewpoint, made by our bibulous ancestors was the tankard. They were usually six or seven inches high (except the New York tankards which were often larger) and had straight, tapering



SILVER TANKARD

BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT, 1735

Courtesy of Clapp &amp; Graham

sides, hinged covers and "s" shaped handles. They were popular only until about 1750. The earlier ones were flat topped but the later had domed lids. In New York they superseded the beaker and these Dutch tankards differ from other colonial types both in size and in the decoration of the lid which often had a coin or medal inset or was engraved in a Dutch design. Tankard handles were often ornamented to give the drinker the firm grip required when these large vessels were filled. New England tankards were usually marked with the initials of husband and wife and the handles were sometimes decorated with cherub heads—a local type of ornament never seen on English prototypes. Some handles, if not reinforced with a beaded edge or other decoration, were strengthened with a rattail. In the last period of the tankard—about the time of Paul Revere—tankards had a mid-band, a dome top



and finial. None of the really old tankards had a spout; if one is found it either proves the piece an imitation or that the spout was added later in an attempt to convert it into a pitcher, an addition sometimes made to save the piece from the melting pot. In *A List of Early American Silversmiths and Their Marks*, published by the Walpole Society, the various types of tankard handles are fully described and a drawing shows all the parts of this type of vessel—mid-band, purchase or thimble-piece, body drop, finial, etc.

Mugs are similar to tankards but are smaller and without lids and their sides are sometimes curved. All types of mugs and cups were usually known as cans. Flagons were very large tankards, used for replenishing smaller drinking vessels. Beakers were tumbler shaped. Caudle cups were squat drinking vessels with moulded base, bellied sides and two handles. Spout cups were small, plain covered cups with a spout and were probably used in the sick room although one authority says they were used either for wine or meat gravy. They are rare and therefore highly prized, especially as they are never mentioned in any book on English plate, and may therefore be considered a purely local design.

The vessel known as a wine taster was a small shallow dish with two handles. The name is a misnomer as they were not used for wine at all. They are really dram cups, holding just a spoonful of medicine and were used for administering doses.

The American porringer differs radically from the English vessel of the same name. The English type was a two-handled cup, often covered; our porringer has only one handle, is uncovered and quite shallow. It was used not as a drinking vessel (except perhaps by children) but for preserves, sauce, gravy and cereals. The earliest types have a geometric handle and later ones the keyhole or urn and crown type. American covered porringers exist, but are rare.

The earliest known American teapot was made by John Cony of Boston and is in the Clearwater

collection. This collection also boasts a Revere teapot and a coffee pot made by a Connecticut smith, Pygan Adams of New London, in 1712. By 1736 teapots were quite common because tea was no longer prohibitive in price. The first coffee pots were plain, tapering and cylindrical in form; later they were curved and decorated. Tea urns took the place of tea kettles in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Some had spirit lamps and others had a socket in the middle of the urn into which a hot iron cylinder was placed to keep the contents hot. Cream pitchers were often curious little three-legged pieces; sugar bowls were either urn-shaped or in the form of a basket with a glass lining. Paul Revere made a canoe-shaped sugar basket of exquisite design. Sometimes sugar

boxes show Oriental influences, the result of the eastern trade in the early eighteenth century. A bowl made by Cornelius Wynkoop of New York is of this type and is hammered in such a way that the edge is a little thicker than the sides, for greater strength. Sugar tongs were sometimes scissors-shaped or in bird form with long beaks; but for the most part they were like the tongs of today. Tea caddies were not so common here as in England. Tea strainers had simple handles



SILVER TANKARD BY JACOBUS VANDERSPEIGEL, 1685-1700

Courtesy of Clapp & Graham

and were pierced in ornamental designs. They were probably the lemon strainers which were commonly used in making punch pressed into tea table service.

The earliest colonial spoons were quite plain with oval bowls and a flat handle cut sharply across at the end. The next type was flatter and broader and the handle was cleft in the design now known as trifold; this was followed by the wavy end, like the trifold but not cleft. Stem and bowl were often joined by a grooved tongue called a rattail. The next important change was when the handle turned down at the end instead of up. The coffin handle—the end of the stem shaped like the head of a coffin—and the fiddle handle were late colonial forms. Forks were not in general use in America until about the beginning of



the nineteenth century. Casters get their name from the act of "casting" salt or pepper from the receptacle. They are unlike the trenchers or individual salt dishes. A toddy warmer made by a New York smith named Hammersly about 1750 is interesting because of its unusual feet, in fact, this particular smith made a specialty of designing novel feet for all of his pieces. But there were many odd pieces not associated directly with eating and drinking. Tobacco and snuff boxes are common, but nutmeg boxes are more unusual. They were small boxes with loose covers and held a cylindrical grater which was removed when the user wished to sprinkle nutmeg over his food. They were often carried in the pocket. Whistles, hair pegs, buckles, seals, thimbles, chains with scissors attached, shoe and knee buckles were all made of silver and dandies often had silver bands on their hats. The famous portrait of Pocahontas painted while she was

in England shows her in a high crowned hat with a golden hat band. Small silver saucepans were used for mulling wine. Braziers were the forerunner of the chafing dish and had been in use in England as early as the reign of Queen Anne. It is amusing to note that in the old inventories they are called chafing dishes but, because the modern

chafing dish is familiar to us, the name of the old piece has been changed to brazier.

The marks on colonial silver are not so helpful as those on English pieces. They have no date mark; but as they usually give the maker's initials or surname, the date is easily fixed in the case of a known maker. There is often some confusion especially where there were several generations of smiths in one family—like the Richard-

sons, the Syngs and the Hurds. It is difficult in some cases to distinguish the pieces of Paul Revere, Jr., from those of his father. Earliest marks were initials in a shield or heart-shaped design; later the initials or more frequently the full surname were placed in a rectangle or oval. Where a crown appears surmounting the initials, it is probably an affectation copied from English ware and has no significance. A few silversmiths used arbitrary marks—John Cony took a hare as his device for obvious

reasons, and Andrew Tyler, for reasons not so plain, used a cat.

Anyone interested in American silverware will find the list of early American silversmiths and their marks prepared by Hollis French and published by the Walpole Society very helpful. It has an excellent glossary by Dr. Woolsey.



ABOVE: SILVER COVERED PORRINGER, 1680  
BELOW: EARLY SILVER BOWL



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"PANTHER"

METALGLASS TILES DESIGNED BY F. A. BECKER

## Metalglass PAINTING at NIGHT

WHEN NIGHT begins to fall in the old churches, then the marvelous stained glass windows seem to go to sleep. During the day, and especially when the sun lights them up from outside, they glow like many-colored jewels and fill the wide interior spaces with a light that, striking the congregation simultaneously with the organ's mighty peal, makes one think of music mysteriously converted into color. But at night-fall, color after color fades away until all are grey and dead. Only the sun's kiss will bring them to life again. Thus, evening services miss entirely this almost supernatural element of glimmering color that binds, as it were, heaven and earth into one whole and makes the "music of the spheres" visible to all who have eyes to see.

That is the reason why in numerous buildings, especially public ones such as theatres and halls where people assemble principally in the evening, stained glass is hardly ever used because just when its effect ought to heighten, as nothing else could, the function going on, its decorative qualities are blotted out and dark, forbidding-looking areas of blank space take its place.

No wonder then that, for a long time, many

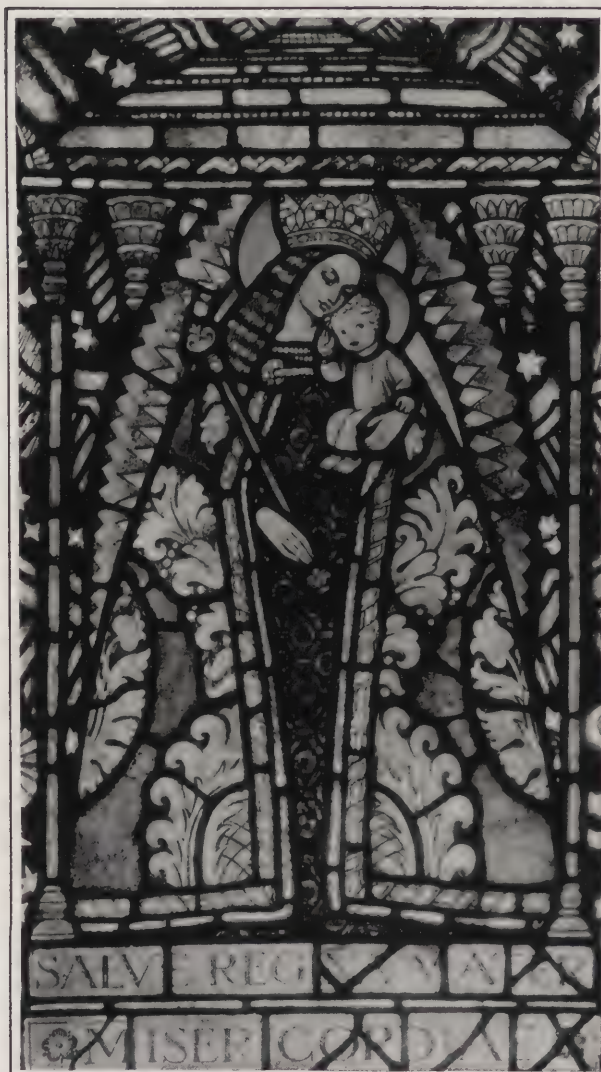
*By a recently discovered method stained glass which retains its beauty under reflected light is made*

F. E. Washburn-Freund

attempts have been made to solve the problem of how to keep such windows alive at night or, expressing it technically, how to invent a glass that will give the same or at least a similar

effect of color and design whether the light strikes it from outside and therefore sends rays *through* it, as the sun's light does through the day; or whether the light strikes it within when, in order to make the decoration effective, the light must be reflected. But this task was no easy one and seemed almost impossible to solve until suddenly, as so often in such cases, an accident showed the way to its solution. Mr. Augustus Wagner, founder of the old-established glass-mosaic works of Puhl and Wagner in Berlin and of Ravenna Mosaics in this country, had sent to an exposition a number of exhibits which, however, did not arrive for the opening of the show. The question then arose how, in spite of that, to attract people by giving the effect of color to some unstained glass that had arrived in time? Experimenting by painting a thin layer of gold bronze on the glass, it was found that a beautiful although rather weak shimmer was produced. And from this chance experiment as starting point, Mr. Wagner evolved, in slow stages, a new technique





"MADONNA." METALGLASS WINDOW. LEFT: DAYLIGHT EFFECT. RIGHT: NIGHT

DESIGNED BY TH. FIGEL

of glass mosaic, with the help of which his firm is now able to give life to glass decoration at night by reflected light. As a matter of fact, the Berlin firm had already worked on this problem for quite a time, encouraged by former attempts at covering transparent glass with thin sheets of gold or silver and then smelting them in. This technique had become known among a number of workers in glass but, as it had a great many disadvantages, it was never taken up with more than a mild interest and was consequently not developed. The worst was that these metals appeared black or at the best grey when the light was supposed to filter through the glass. Thus glass treated by that method was only effective when seen by reflected light. Besides, the metal in time began to oxidize and, as it was not so firmly welded to the glass as is the case with the black lead solder generally used with stained glass, the influence of the weather affected and, after a time, destroyed it entirely. Now the Berlin firm had re-discovered

the secret of making gold-mosaic of exactly the same kind as the early Christian mosaic workers had used, and had even succeeded in making about eight hundred nuances of this gold mosaic, ranging from a silvery white almost to a dark red. In this gold-mosaic, the metal is smelted between two sheets of glass of which one is quite thin and serves only as a covering. Thus no outside influence can ever touch or harm the metal. However, this gold-mosaic had the same disadvantage as those earlier attempts with gold and silver layers on glass; it made the otherwise transparent glass opaque. The firm's endeavors now were to get, on the same basis, a transparent glass which, with the light striking it from the front, would have the effect of gold-mosaic, and, with light filtering through it from behind, could compete favorably with the usual stained glass. These long and arduous experiments were at last crowned with success and since then the number of nuances has been multiplied so that the most varied and





METALGLASS WINDOW FOR A PRIVATE CHAPEL. NIGHT EFFECT

DESIGNED BY F. A. BECKER





TOP: ORNAMENTAL WINDOW IN METALGLASS. BOTTOM: SAME IN REGULAR STAINED GLASS  
LEFT: DAY EFFECT. RIGHT: NIGHT EFFECT

beautiful work can now be executed in this medium. The different colors and their shades are produced by alloying different thin sheets of metal and also by staining the glass itself. The process followed, however, remains a secret but has been acquired by the Ravenna Mosaics.

With this important invention, many possibilities for the decoration of the interior of any kind of building have been opened up. For, although the color effects of the new glass-mosaic when seen in reflected light are, as has been shown, not quite the same as when seen with daylight filtering through (in which case this new glass cannot be distinguished from that manufactured by the old method), the effect achieved is more or less that of the old glass mosaic seen in the churches dating from the early Christian era. The design itself stands out clearly, enlivened by very beautiful color combinations with the emphasis on a rich and many-tinted gold.

There is no limit, of course, to the manner or style of design although the color scheme is somewhat restricted, but that restriction is in reality an asset, just as a similar restriction was at the height of stained glass in the thirteenth century.

Following up this invention, the firm is now making also panels meant only for reflected light. These panels consist of tiles of colored glass treated by the new method in which the lead tracings that enrich stained glass windows are indicated by strong, black outlines. These outlines, corresponding to the beat and rhythm of a melody, give the design that certainty and substance which, in a sea of glowing, almost overwhelming color, is needed in order to create a resting place, as it were, for the eye. The panels are then embedded in a cement ground, similar to real mosaic work.

Whereas the new stained glass-mosaics give a beautiful effect by day and night as windows, the





"PHEASANT," METALGLASS WINDOW FOR A DINING ROOM. NIGHT EFFECT. DESIGNED BY F. ROESLER  
NONE OF THE BEAUTY OF ORDINARY STAINED GLASS IS SACRIFICED IN THESE WINDOWS

panels make splendid wall ornaments, either framed like pictures as a centre of a suitable scheme of decoration, for instance over a mantle in a dining room, or as friezes or in other ways, somewhat in the nature of frescoes. Their color being indestructible, they have the great advantage of remaining unaffected by light and atmosphere and are also easily cleaned.

The style of stained glass which seems the most appropriate one for this medium and, as a matter of fact, was used during the glorious period of the medieval glass painters, is near to our own modern style: an indissoluble combination of strong suggestive colors and vibrant,

"ANNUNCIATION." PANEL OF METALGLASS  
TILES WITH DESIGN PAINTED ON SURFACE  
DESIGNED BY BAUMHAUER



significant outlines, defining a clear and at the same time flat design, giving not so much a representation of some actual scene as rather the emotional visualization in the spectator's own mind. This new invention has, therefore, come at a very favorable moment and seems to be destined to lead our interior decorating of public and private places into new but not entirely untrodden paths.

The few black and white illustrations accompanying this article will at least give a glimpse of the alluring possibilities of this day-and-night stained glass.

*Illustrations by courtesy  
of Ravenna Mosaics, Inc.*





"THE RESURRECTION." TRIPTYCH

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC EMBROIDERY

## MEDIEVAL EMBROIDERIES

THE CHARM of old church embroideries lies not only in their subdued splendor and technical perfection, but also in their reflection of the medieval viewpoint. He who gazes at them too long may find his twentieth-century world unraveling about him, till he stands in doublet and hose, a worshipper in some dim cathedral, and impressed almost as much with the priestly garments as with the glory of God.

Prompted by humility and the desire to render worthy service, the makers of these masterpieces remained anonymous. They gave the most scrupulous attention to every detail of their needlework. A God who marked the fall of the sparrows, they considered, would not be lenient toward a stitch taken awry in the vestments of his minister. Moreover all must be made as fine as possible according to the Mosaic precept, "with gold and with blue and with scarlet and with purple and with fine twined linen and curious work." For the most part they limited themselves to the Mosaic colors, but in more than one example green, black and yellow have crept in. The gold was used as a background for the figures, and was

*Pieces in the Adolph Loewy collection show the care and artistry with which they were fashioned*

JESSICA N. NORTH

applied with couching in scarlet thread, usually in a fine diaper pattern. The metallic thread was too stubborn to be used in satin or solid stitches, and too precious to waste on the

back of the fabric. This obstacle the Chinese had long ago surmounted by winding linen threads with gilded parchment in fine strips.

Sometimes the gold was applied in tiny rings or *piette* to the linen. An altar-piece given by Isabella of Castile to the cathedral at Toledo in 1492 and now in the possession of Mr. Adolph Loewy of Venice is stuffed from the back to resemble a stucco panel and stiffened with these little gold rings. In Mr. Loewy's collection which was recently exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago a chasuble of Venetian red brocade has a design of pomegranate and thistle in which the gold thread is raised from the warp in little coils.

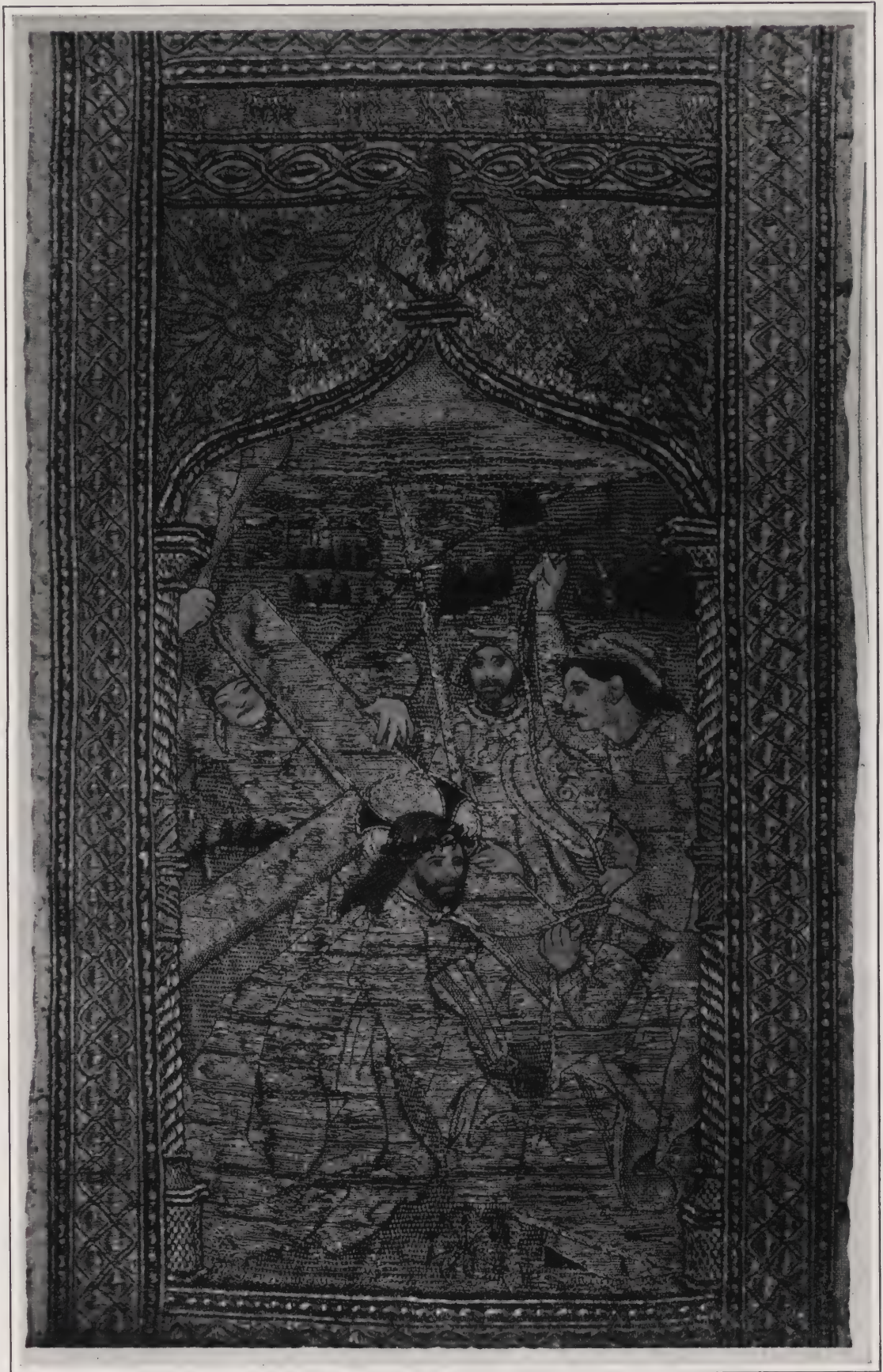
Symbolism is very evident in many church embroideries of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The world was just emerging from that mesh of pagan mystery in which it had lain since Neolithic times. It is not strange that much of the old religions was reflected in medieval





CHASUBLE WITH POMEGRANATE AND THISTLE BROCADE SIGNIFYING DEATH AND RESURRECTION. EMBROIDERED CROSS WITH THE NATIVITY, THE MEETING OF MARY AND ELIZABETH AND THE ANNUNCIATION. FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC





"THE SCOURGING"

DETAIL OF ORPHREY BANDS. GOTHIC, FIFTEENTH CENTURY





CROSS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY SIMONE MARTINI. THE TWO FLEMISH FIGURES AT THE TOP ARE PROBABLY THE PATRONS FOR WHOM ITALIAN WORKERS MADE THE EMBROIDERY





LADY'S PURSE MADE IN PARIS ABOUT 1350

Christianity. A fifteenth-century cross for a chasuble in Mr. Loewy's collection illustrates this. Above the scenes of the Annunciation and the meeting of Mary with Elizabeth we see a triple arch, emblem of the mystic three, supported by a phallic pillar. Beneath the arch the violet, symbolic of the female in nature, the crescent moon, signifying virginity, and two pillars wreathed by serpents enclose the figures. A triptych in the same collection shows a naïve Gothic Christ rising from his sarcophagus holding in his left hand the cross-crosslet, a phallic modification of the Egyptian Tau, and making with his right hand the sign of the Trinity.

Nearly all fine embroideries of the Middle Ages were made for ecclesiastic use. Very few secular patterns have descended to us, partly, perhaps, because family heirlooms are never as carefully kept as the relics in the sacristy of a church. In the Loewy exhibition a lady's purse from fourteenth-century Paris has so much of human interest that it deserves mention. It depicts on coarse linen the embraces of a lover and his lady in a garden under the eye of a gnome-like retainer, and on the other side the elopement of the same pair on a galloping black steed to a nearby castle.

*Photographs from the Adolphe Loewy collection*



# MASSES' EMOTIONAL ART

FAMOUS in Paris, Venice and all the art centres of Europe, Mr. Masses has recently fascinated New York with his colors and dreams and won over the art lovers from many cities

who have seen his exhibitions here and in Palm Beach. Last December we were first introduced to this young master who at nineteen had already gained recognition as a portrait painter and who, by the time he was twenty-five, had shown his work to Brussels, Munich, Buenos Aires, London and Madrid, all with growing success. For the last nine years he has made his home in Paris and that city has given him a high place in her galaxy of artists.

He has painted famous people of almost every sort: The Maharanee of Kapourthala; the King of Spain; V. Garcia Calderon, the Spanish writer; Ramon and Suzanne Albarran, handsome aristocratic young brother and sister; the Princess of Faucigny-Trevisé, the most distinguished horse-woman in France; and many others, well-known, beautiful or both, but always interesting. For Mr. Beltran-Masses is a master at

catching the illusive spirits of people. He seems to cut away all their superfluous characteristics and to expose their inner moods so that they are at once simplified and real, mysterious and arresting. Since his exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries, which was a rapid triumph, he has been flooded with praise and invitations to exhibit his works in other parts of the country. Many notable Americans have come to pose for him. Among others, he has made portraits of the architect Addison Maizner, Samuel Hill, Mrs. Harry Guggenheim, Paris Singer, Max Klein, Anthony

*Vibrant, sensuous and mysterious, the paintings of Beltran-Masses occupy a unique place in modern art*  
Marguerite TJADER

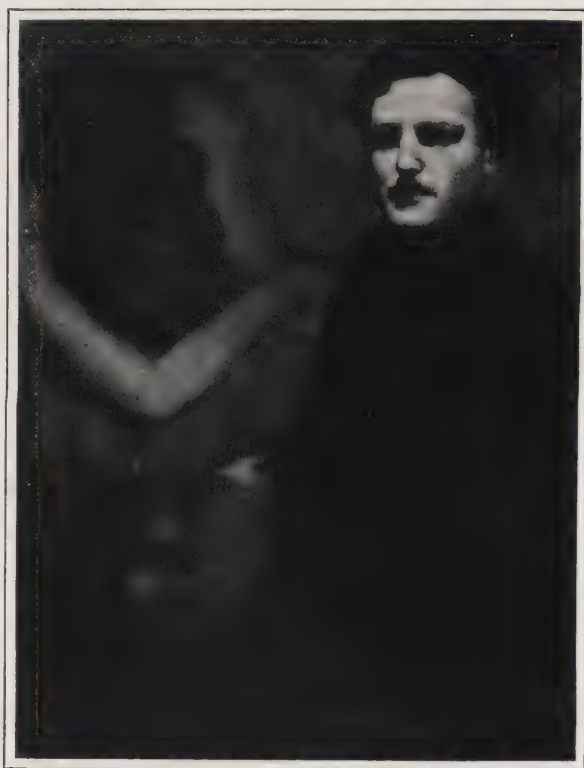
trates the way Mr. Beltran-Masses brings out the poetic, beguiling qualities of women, and makes them not only beautiful but stimulating to the imagination. Notice the delicate strength and nobility of the lady's face, the smooth elegance of her dress and arms, the sculptural shoulders, the

Kuser, Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, Mrs. Glen Steward, Mrs. Wesley Masury, Mrs. George Mabardi, and a most striking one of Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker of San Francisco. This last study illus-

proud poise of the head. She needs only a crown to make her a queen. But it is the colors which create the life of the picture; the white breathing skin against the deep emerald background; the sensitive red mouth, the ardent green-blue eyes filled with light and spirit. This master of character reading is now adding Rudolph Valentino and his wife to his list of interpretations, and when he leaves us he is going to Rome to paint Mussolini and the Pope.

All the work of Mr. Beltran-Masses is at the same time realistic and fantastic, full of mingled emotions and contrasts. He loves to

paint peasants with fruits piled beside them, heavy, as voluptuously earthy as Gauguin's Tahitians. He loves to paint pale ladies with laces and precious stones, to enhance their slim nakedness. Some of his women are vivacious, hungry; others are languorous with melancholy desire. For he believes in that longing which is in all people and cannot be defined. In one painting, "Under the Stars," there are two peasants resting together at night on top of a hill; all around them the sky is very blue and deep. The stars are very far away and they are looking at them; the woman lying



FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSÉS

SELF-PORTRAIT

*In the Uffizi*





"UNDER THE STARS"

Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.

BY FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSÉS

on her back, the man sitting beside her with his face turned upward, his throat strained with the passion of his gaze. In another scene, "Gaditana," a lady is sitting on the deck of a sailboat on a warm afternoon. A flaky white lace mantilla falls softly around her. Behind her a white sail flies out over blue water. In the bow of the ship a few couples are lounging happily in the sun. Everything is gay in the summer breeze, but the eyes of Gaditana are shadowy and wistful as if she were looking for something beyond the sea, just as the peasants were looking for something beyond their sky.

In almost all his women Mr. Beltran-Masses puts this mysterious passion that seems to consume them. They are all beautiful and loved, yet their eyes dream

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HERBERT FLEISCHACKER

BY FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSÉS







"LES CITRONS"

BY FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSÉS

unsatisfied. As Rossetti said about Giorgioni's lovers, they are "sad with the whole of pleasure."

And yet the general effect of these paintings is anything but sad. They are richly exciting, brimming over with life. Above all, it is the master's colors which stimulate the eyes and emotions with their freshness and strength. One of his favorite tones is already called "Beltran Blue." It is dark azure but intense and luminous,

deep and transparent as a summer night. Contrasting with this there is often a dash of scarlet, a ripe piece of fruit, a silk scarf or the red lips of a woman.

There is music, too, in almost all these dreams of color. Sometimes it is only suggested by a guitar lying idle beside a languid woman; sometimes the whole mood of the painting is made by hands quivering on the strings of an instrument,





"LA CAUCION TRAGICA"

BY FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSÉS

lips singing, eyes closing under the spell of melody. The scenes are poems in themselves. Their very names are lyrical: "Night of Love," "In a Minor Key," "Song of Bilitis," "The Offering," "The Ladies of the Sea," "Invocation to Ladsmy."

They are all saturated with poetic meaning, overflowing with the wine of strong emotion. For this art of Mr. Beltran-Masses is like a rare vintage, delighting in all the senses, intoxicating the mind with beauty.





"THE LAGOON BRIDGE, ALL SOUL'S DAY"

Gold Medal at Panama Pacific Exposition, 1915

BY ITALICO BRASS

## BRASS OF THE VENETIANS

AMERICAN INTEREST in the painting of Italo Brass dates from the Panama-Pacific Exhibition which conferred a gold medal upon his large Venetian lagoon scene. This

"Ponte sulla laguna il giorno dei morti" (The Lagoon Bridge, All Souls' Day) strikes the keynote of Brass' art, of his temperament as a painter in love with his subject, observant, sincere, with keen sense of humor, culture and technical skill, dedicated to Venice and the Venetians of his own day.

Of the many religious celebrations which the Venetians have maintained yearly for centuries, the first in magnitude, as in the hearts of the people, is that of All Souls' Day, made possible by a long bridge of boats from the *Fondamenta Nuova* or New Quay, on the outer side of the city, to the cemetery island of San Michele.

Brass, in his gondola, paint-box open, had seen the imposing procession pass and the crowds

*Modern Italian painter who carries on the great tradition of Canaletto, Tintoretto and Guardi*

HELEN GERARD

follow, carrying flowers to place on the slabs over their dead. He was lingering for their return, when suddenly the entire scene was transformed by a thunderstorm.

What artist could resist

such a double picture—the rolling lead-gray clouds above, the distance still in sunlight, the dull green, opaque water and, against that tempest background, the dark timbers of the bridge of boats sustaining the disorganized procession?

In the years following the Panama Exhibition Brass' work became better known with every Carnegie International, and two years ago the "Terrazza al Lido" was bought for the permanent gallery of the Institute at Pittsburgh. Last year's Pittsburgh canvas, bought by a private collector, is an altogether different "Ponte di legno" (Wooden Bridge) thrown across the Grand Canal to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute for another religious festival.

When once I ventured to say to Signor Brass





"LA TERRAZZA AL LIDO"

In the permanent gallery at the Carnegie Institute

BY ITALICO BRASS

that I thought I saw in the flair of his technique a result of his Parisian training, he corrected me. "I am a direct descendant of the Venetians. If you find anything to note in my work, it is not what I learned under Laurens or others at Paris or at Munich, but from the old Venetians." All of them he has studied with *ardore*, as the Italians say, from Jacopo Bellini and his greater son, Giovanni, to Giorgione, Titian, Palma il Vecchio, Tintoretto, Tiepolo—there is flair for you—Canaletto, Longhi, Guardi, especially this last.

He was born in 1870, the year that the modern state of Italy was created; but born at Gorizio, city of the *Venezia Giulia* "unredeemed" by the Frankfort treaty, when the third Napoleon, while ceding the Venetian capital to Italy, left to his imperial Austrian cousin the key-stone of that Veneto which the first Buonaparte had seized to spite the republic of the Adriatic. An intimate bearing on the painter, this chapter of history, so remote from our American thought, so vital to all Venetians, especially to those Italians of the provinces obliged to remain non-Italian for yet another half-century.

This Gorizian boy, Venetian at heart, resolved early to be a painter. Art was at its lowest ebb in Venice as in all Italy, so he must needs study at Munich and at Paris. The Venetian heart was revealed in the painter's first Parisian success, which received honorable mention in the Salon des Champs Elysées when he was twenty-two years old, a canvas painted upon the lagoon among the Chioggia fishermen; and it reappeared forthwith at the inaugural exhibition of the Venetian International in 1892.

"Venice," Brass wrote me, "exerts an irresistible fascination upon me. I feel myself a part of her and have dedicated all of my art to making her live yet another time upon my canvases, with all her *brio*, in all her melancholy, with the blendings of one into another of all her gamut of delicate color; to express the characteristic and charming traits of her people who so perfectly and magnificently fit into and stand out against the background of her palaces, mirrored in lagoon and sky."

The "Burattinaio" (Puppet-Show Man) in the Modern Gallery of Rome is not only a study of the well-remembered old fellow with a wooden leg



who once delighted small Venetians with his portable marionette show, but it is a charming picture of the "atmospheric quality" and characteristic population of Campo San Polo, one of the largest interior squares of Venice.

Pictorial strength and anecdotal vivacity pretty equally characterize the "Soto-portego—bota e risposta," Venetian for "Arch-way—attack and answer," or, to make a paraphrase in kind, "sassin' and sassin' back;" a picture of the Castello, ancient and populous quarter of Venice, where, in the cool shade of an arch under the outer line of houses, leading to back streets and sun-baked inner court, loitering men and women at work indulge in the spirited conversation of their class.

Another canvas of high artistic and anecdotal value, in the Buenos Aires Museum, bears the Venetian title "Al piede della colonna di Todaro" (At the foot of St. Theodore's column), a scene that might take place any day upon the octagonal steps at the base of either of the superb columns at the lagoon entrance to the Piazzetta di San Marco, steps which are especially dear to the derelicts of Venice. Among the characteristic groups Brass defines a wicked old woman trying to tempt a virtuous *popolana* to follow the lure opportunely offered by the passing of a "daughter of joy" decked out in her finery.



"UNDER THE ARCH—SPARRING"

BY ITALICO BRASS

Brass glories in the impeachment that he is both anecdotal and documentary. During the war he worked assiduously not only to record Venice under the sandbags and scaffoldings, under musterings and alarms, but hastened after every bombardment to fix upon his canvas the old treasures damaged or menaced by the ancient enemy. This also he has long been doing for favorite corners on land and water threatened by time and in the name of Progress.

Some people call Brass the modern Canaletto. Others compare him to Guardi; and this we may all do at Venice. In the Modern Gallery, presented by the king, is another bridge picture—that of the grand Festa of the Redentore, across the Giudecca Canal; and, thanks to H. M. Victor Emanuel III, the Canalettos, Guardis, together with all the other treasures of the Correr Civic Museum, may be studied under good light in their new home, the Royal Palace in St. Mark's Square.

"IL BURATTINAIO"

In the Gallery of Modern Art, Rome

BY ITALICO BRASS







"AT THE FOOT OF ST. THEODORE'S COLUMN"

*In the Art Museum, Buenos Aires*

BY ITALICO BRASS

Signor Brass' Venetian culture, and other, evident in his house behind the little accacia trees at San Trovaso, is attested also by his acquisition of the ancient Abbey of the Misericordia, in which

—when repaired of the ruin caused by Austrian bombs—will be housed many of the master's most precious "documents." Then, if not before, it is hoped, will be made a suitable exhibition of the

"FIREWORKS"

*In the Luxembourg*

BY ITALICO BRASS



drawings I have had a glimpse of, sketches unlike any others. In them, as in the large oil portraits, the interpretation of popular types may be compared with that of the psychology of the rich and aristocratic Venetians, permanent and transient, many of the sketches being but a line or two rapidly made, finished on the stroke, among the frequenters of the great cosmopolitan cafés of Piazza San Marco. Other drawings reveal the humor we are more accustomed to consider North American than Latin, that frank "giving away" of self for the sake of a laugh, keen-edged self-caricatures which the artist insists but reflect his temperament.



# ART and OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

Continuation of THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS

## R

**RARE**—Not to be found, save in the most exclusive and, by the same token, extravagant establishments of 57th Street, whither such rarity is conveyed from the decaying palaces of the Old Nobility on its way to the refulgent palaces of the New. The financial advantages accruing from such rarity are well known. Less known the causes thereof. It is as though The Act of God the King's Enemies restraint of Princes Rulers and Peoples restriction of Quarantine Piracy Robbery or Theft by Sea or Land Subterranean Fire Hurricane Volcanic Action Earthquake Invasion Foreign Enemy Riot Civil Commotion Military or Usurped Power . . .\* had made a Sacred League and Covenant to keep the dealers out of the Bankruptcy Court. For the word's most common use see, however, the literary productions of the American Art Association and other celebrated Monts de Piété.

**REALISM**—In the Middle Ages a philosophic doctrine which persisted in regarding abstract ideas as though they were Reality. In the XIX-XX Centuries an esthetic doctrine which persists in regarding a certain aspect of Reality as though it were an abstract idea.

**RELATION**—Homogeneity existing between the several parts of a whole, due to their having sprung from the same loins. N. B.—The heroic struggles of those of the academic persuasion to relate diverse elements, without first assuming the duties attaching to their begetting, must be regarded as competing in public utility with the labors of Sisypheus.

**RELIEF**—Any work in sculpture, whether cut or modeled, which presents one face only to the spectator, the mountains and valleys of its physical geography being related all to a flat or other architectural surface.

—, **BAS**—Work in which the maximum volume is obtained with the least possible departure from the norm of flatness.

—, **MEDIUM**—In which the cubic dimensions more nearly approach those of the living model.

—, **HIGH OR FULL**—In which the cubic dimen-

\*For full text see King James' Prayer Book or any self-respecting insurance policy.

sions of the living model are fully realized. Sculpture *in full relief* differs from sculpture *in the round* in that the former is related to an architectural structure, the laws of which are independent of it, whereas the latter creates out of the interaction of its proportions its own insubstantial but no less actual architecture.

**RELIGIOUS**—Art dedicated to the worship of a divinity. Thence, all art in its supreme moments, for it is impossible to conceive of any great art being conceived in a spirit of self glorification.

**RENAISSANCE**—On the one hand, the re-discovery of the ancient world. On the other, the re-discovery of the individual, considered apart from, and set often in a higher category than, the ends which he serves. If the first had as result an immense widening, intoxicating in its immediacy, of the field of speculation, the second entailed the erection, even on the furthest horizon of speculation, of a looking-glass.

**RENDER**—To translate. N. B.—The processes in literature and art are almost identical. Two languages, each with its special quality, each with its limitations. The literal almost out of the question. Remains to choose between tricks of expression and essential significance. *Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*

**REPOSE**—A state of body or spirit in which both are perfectly relaxed or perfectly balanced. A quality of the utmost rarity in contemporary pictures and sculpture, since few are able to achieve body save by emphasis of strain, or spirit, save through the mental distortions of romantic despair. But see Maillol, or Gauguin at his best.

**REPRESENTATION**—Half-way house between the countries of Abstraction and Literature, in the taproom of which (pardon the English phraseology) every degree and quality of talent is served with cheese and beer, drawing sustenance therefrom according to their various constitutions. Distinguish from ILLUSION (*q. v.*).

**REPRODUCTION**—Imitation of a work of art in a material or by a process foreign to the thought



of its maker. Which definition explains why an exact plaster cast of the Venus de Medici falls short of the original.

REPUTATION—Child of a Genius for Publicity wedded to an Infallible Prescience in the matter of Air Currents. This latter, to be fruitful, must amount to a Gift for Prophecy, the older and more scientific method favored by M. X,\* of immortal and romantic memory, being sadly antiquated.

—, EFFECTIVE—On the strength of which pictures can be sold. Not always the same thing.

RHYTHM—An inner symmetry, composed of a recurrence of stresses, of expected strength, at expected intervals. The matter is simpler to perceive than to express. But take an analogy from nature. A wave, for example, rises, rears and breaks, not haphazard, but in obedience to law, pauses, gathers force, swells on to a climax, then crashes, its mass shattered into a dozen minor waves, which themselves break and ripple away into nothing. And the fashion of its breaking, whatever its irregularity, is in a manner foreknown, expected, inevitably conditioned by the law of its weight and speed. So with a work of art. The force which brought it into being is no less measurable, conditions no less its moments of pause and its moments of

*\*For the sake of those who had not the advantages of a romantic education be it said that this worthy man, valet to the puissant Athos, occupied his leisure hours investigating the direction of the Seine's current, by spitting into it.*

onrush, strikes with inexorable exactitude the hour for the final crashing of the wave. And that measurable force is its rhythm.

ROMANTIC—Hist. School of early nineteenth-century poets and artists which proposed to abolish the body of "law" which the Classicists had deduced from study of the ancients, in favor of a frank dependance upon nature, in this following, they imagined, the practice of the middle ages. Thence, a Medievalist, clothing that imperfect age—for are not all ages, even our very own, an inch or two below perfection?—in a white robe of sanctity which had surprised its noble figures even more than it had flattered them and incommoded not less than either. Thence again, by a further extension, a lover of past ages, veiled in the mists of time; of gloomy spots, into which the sharp light of day cannot penetrate, of fabulous far-off lands. A fugitive from common things, bare walls, familiar landscapes. A fugitive in the last resort from Self. A pitiful person, to be sure, very like you, dear reader, horribly like me. *Esth.*—The popular antithesis between Romantic and Classicist may be expressed thus: The latter place implicit trust in the formal, the former in the mystical absolutes. To be explicit, our Classicist has, with Plato, no doubt as to the existence of an *absolute equality*, nor no doubt as to the paramount importance of that fact. Our Romantic, on the other hand, believes with an equal firmness in the existence of an *absolute love* and places therein a confidence no less implicit.

## ADDENDA

### B

BOHEMIAN—The antithesis of the Bourgeois, regarded by that worthy man as an awful example of the results of Extreme-ness. A spiritual free-lance, brought into the world amid all the esthetic bareness of a Lee Simonson setting, to wit: one bed (double), one table (sans cloth), three hard chairs (possibly antique) and a mousetrap, and asking nothing of life but health, freedom and a convenient pawnbroker. His crest a champagne glass (inverted), his motto *Life à la carte*.

### C

CHIAROSCURO—Scientific formula invented by the firm of da Vinci Nachfolger for the manufacture of artificial daylight. Later and more success-

fully adapted by rival concerns to the manufacture of artificial darkness. Long obsolete, but too resonant a word to be allowed to fall into utter desuetude.

### E

EXTREME—All that the Bourgeois fears and so hates. All that leads out of safety, over uncharted seas, trackless prairies and unscaled mountains into a land of adventure, discovery and useless beauty—the discovery and beauty which he, the valuable citizen, will later turn to good and profitable account.

### F

FAUVE—Band of wild young men, headed by Matisse, Rouault and other pupils of the late



lamented Gustave Moreau, who proposed, in the early years of the twentieth century, to paint the old town red. Alas, that they should so soon have arrived at years of discretion.

FIGURE—See under MODEL, NUDE.

— PAINTING—Traditionally the highest form of art, since it was held to be the only one which presented unescapable difficulties, not to be surmounted save after years of experience. Viewing the efforts of our academicians in that direction, one acquires a new tenderness for the possibly mistaken notion of our forefathers.

FORM—An ancient deity, whose empire, however, only reached its widest sway in the year 1920, which saw the publication of Mr. Clive Bell's *Art*. True, He bore a brand-new name, having been hailed by Mr. Bell by the title of *Significant*, but neither Mr. Bell nor any of his followers were at all clear as to the meaning of this new distinction. Having prostrated themselves before the altar of an Unknown God, they merely hoped that the addition of a still more ineffable and, by the same token, indefinable title would render His throne for all time unassailable. Alas for their piety. They were born in an age of Unbelievers and Blasphemers, who subjected their God to so merciless a fire of criticism that after five years the greater part of his empire has been wrested from him and his title even to the little that remains put in question. One cannot shed tears over His fall. In the heyday of relativity He—or His friends for Him—rashly tried to make Himself an absolute monarch. He was in fact that most unheroic thing, an Anacronism. Never mind. He will be happier in His old seat, amongst His Peers.

FUNCTIONAL—Implies that the bodily organ in question has a task allotted to it and duly performs that task. Thence by extension to the organs of a work of art, which have no less their functions. It is symptomatic of the present tendency to seek a biological basis for esthetics that this adjective, used first by Mr. Bernard Berenson in relation to line, should have become one of the most valuable in modern criticism. With the realization that art, whatever the nature of its higher reaches, rests, like its creator, man, on a solid physical foundation, the opportunity for beautiful nonsense is materially reduced.

FUTURISM—The child of Signor Marinetti by co-

operation (entirely involuntary) with Daguerre. Proceeding from the assumption that art has been confined to the depiction of one side of a stationary object at a selected time, our Futurist proposed to widen its scope by putting its subject through a series of exercises, selecting such postures as might be convenient and diversifying them by varying the angle of approach, further bringing the proceedings into line with advanced science by harnessing the third dimension, or element of time. Granting the somewhat naïve premise, one need not quarrel with the conclusions drawn therefrom. If art be inexact photography, let us by all means discard it in favor of superphotography. But, O Tempora, O Mores, how far has Daguerre's legitimate child outpaced his illegitimate?

## G

GROUP—(Definition supplied by Mrs. Jerome E. Cook, St. Louis.) Gang of topnotchers.

## I

IMPASTO—Bespeaks the generous masculine brush.

IMPERSONALITY—That quality which distinguishes God's "Hammer of Wind" and "Graver of Frost," and to which all human hammers and gravers aspire.

INFLUENCE—According to the ancients, a stream of ethereal fluid, flowing from the stars into the brain of man and spurring him on to o'erleap himself in ambitious strife. In modern times, alas, the stream must have undergone some strange degeneracy, since it causes men rather to seek protection in herds and droves. But perhaps it is unfair to blame the stars for what may be nothing more than a by-blow of photo-engraving.

—, FRENCH—All but universal, being spread abroad by the family of the Esques. Branches: the Cézannesques (kitchen crocks on white napkin), Renoiresques (large and exotic female, nude or with insufficient drapery), Redonesques (palette assembled from study of Messrs. Liberty's "oriental" silks), etc., etc.

—, SPANISH—(Definition supplied by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Russell of *The House Beautiful*.) Carnation held firmly in the teeth of a model, posing for a well-known dentifrice.

—, RUSSIAN—See under SOUL.

—, PRE-NATAL—A subject on which eugenists and philosophers have permitted themselves the wildest surmises, with the more audacity that they are not susceptible of verification.





PORTRAIT OF MARY NEWBOLD

BY THOMAS SULLY

## SARGENT'S GRANDMOTHER

*THOMAS SULLY, who did so much of his work in America that he is often thought of as an American, was born in England in 1783. His parents were actors and brought the boy with them when they came to this country in 1792. They settled in the south, and Sully went to school and studied art in Charleston. He began to paint portraits in Richmond, Virginia, in 1813 and three years later, in 1816, painted this portrait of Mary Newbold who later became the grandmother of the late John Singer Sargent. The painting now belongs to Mr. J. F. MacCarthy, of New York, by whose permission it is illustrated here.*



# SCULPTURE IN MINIATURE



IN SCANNING the sculptural record of Louis Rosenthal, it appears that his earliest carvings were made on the bark of trees. This interesting item, if properly probed, would yield the expert analyst searching for the sources of this sculptor's inspiration any number of satisfactory clues. It might thus be discovered just why this Russian youth, when grown up and come to the New World, should have evolved an art so fine and delicate in scale, so extraordinary in technique, and so joyously dryadic. Perhaps the revelation would show the lad's roving attention caught by the delicate grainings of the tree trunks in the Kovno province, stimulated by the myriad models of his bosky studio, and led at last toward the elfin concepts which now represent his plastic thought. At any rate, whatever his boyhood cuttings may disclose in the way of primal evidence, the woodsy tang of those Russian groves must have penetrated deep enough into his affections to have made manifest so long afterwards the sequence of little nymphs and satyrs, centaurs and dryads that weaves so gayly in and out of the more sombre periods of his work.

Quite naturally a considerable reputation grew up in Plungyan, the Lithuanian village of his birth, concerning these early arboreal accomplishments. As time went on the boy's desire to carve and design grew more and more insistent. From the tree trunks he turned to what other material lay ready for his busy knife. Neither school nor his father's mill could claim more than a routinary attention. When Rosenthal was about seventeen his work came to the attention of a distinguished visitor to the province of Kovno, one Professor Turak of Vienna, who finally sent for the young

*Louis Rosenthal's tiny figures have all the life and animation of sculpture on a grand scale*

RALPH FLINT

sculptor and after investigating his esthetic credentials invited him to return to Vienna for instruction in the arts. But it seems that Rosenthal had long cherished the dream of student days "under the lindens," so that the upshot of this important interview was a letter from the Viennese professor to a fellow artist in Berlin waiving

all Austrian rights of tutelage in favor of the German capital. At this juncture Rosenthal's people cut their home ties and went forth to the New World. Something of this western urge must have lain close to the youngsculptor's heart, for after a short time in Berlin with Professor Lilien, he too turned toward America.

Rosenthal's American career begins in 1907. His first contact of any importance was with Ephraim Keyser, head of the Rinehart School of Sculpture in Baltimore, to whom he sub-

mitted two sculptural groups carved in plaster. The young artist being wholly ignorant of technical methods was unaware that sculptors modeled in moist clay. However these groups had sufficient evidence of talent to convince the school authorities, and he was awarded a four years' scholarship. The early hardships were in a measure ameliorated, for Rosenthal had at last found his place for real study. But when, after graduating from the Baltimore school with high honors, he opened a studio, the struggle for recognition began. The turning point came in 1918 with a commission from a well-known jeweler to execute a design in gold. Here was the oppor-



"CENTAUR AND BACCHANTE"

BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL





"SPIRIT OF REVELRY"  
BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL

of months and months of patient experimenting, of groping ahead step by step toward some method of translating his delicate little models into the enduring bronze without losing the beauty of surface of the original. At last the desired result appeared in one of the groups of "Samson and the Foxes" which came out perfect, and from then on the road opened wider and wider to accomplishment and success.

The very nature of this sculptor's art is so unusual that in the first amazement at its diminutiveness the intrinsic beauty and power of these minute masterpieces are apt to be overlooked. Because of size, the Rosenthal sculptures are often confounded with the exquisite chased productions of the gold and silversmiths, whereas they are pieces of direct sculpture in the strictest sense of the word. The artist, without the aid of microscope or other extraneous paraphernalia, proceeds directly to his plastic task in the same way as any other sculptor, only instead of the moist clay he uses black wax for his building material. An ordinary pearl-handled pocket-knife is his only tool, and with this simple and seemingly limited equipment he fashions his figurines with a skill that is virtuosic indeed, adding bit by bit the heated wax to the growing mass (if "mass" may be used to describe such minuscule affairs), keeping the knife blade and the wax always at the proper temperature. The size of these figure compositions range from a scant five-eighths of an inch to perhaps a full two or three inches. In the case of the larger groups, Rosenthal manages to introduce a large number of figures within these Lilliputian limits

tunity to model in wax for the first time, a medium which was to become the basis of his future work. The pliability of this new substance attracted him and he began making groups of little wax figures with a new enthusiasm; but when it came to the point of casting, he found that nobody could execute this part of the work without the subsequent aid of chasing. He tells

without sacrificing a jot of style or breadth of plastic concept. But however intricate this modeling in miniature may be, however exacting of the sculptor's patience and pertinacity, the translation of these wax models into enduring metals is the more difficult phase of his art. With the old method of solid casting and subsequent chasing, the exquisite facture of the original model would stand a good chance of disappearing, the shrinkage of the metal under these conditions being enough to ruin such small-scale casting. And so Rosenthal came upon a special process of hollow-casting through the very urgency of his predicament; produced a method of transmuting the soft bloom of the sensitively constructed wax originals onto the almost egg-shell sheath of bronze (or gold or silver as the case may be) with no loss along the way. But even with this secret process at his

command, the delicate operations entailed in this hollow-casting under such microscopic conditions are not always successful and sometimes the work has to be done over again and again before a perfect casting is secured. Another consideration that adds to the difficulties of the work is the fact that the original wax models can only be subjected a few times to the rigorous demands of casting, and therefore the editions of these little masterpieces are very restricted.

Within the comparatively few years that Rosenthal has been engaged in making his extraor-

inary little sculptures, he has produced a wide range of groups and single figures. He works as yet in the more or less conventional manner of the Renaissance sculptors, stressing in much the same way the qualities of surface and structural elegance that they brought to such fine outcome. Yet his more or less traditional manner is highly informed with the individual touch that is strictly Rosenthal. Sometimes he is in paganly gay and sportive mood, as the many frolicking figures of woodland sprites and person-



"SAMSON AND THE FOXES"  
BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL

"INVOCATION"  
BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL





alities that he evokes from the warm wax eloquently testify; or again he takes themes of high significance, of deep metaphysical content, for his pieces, themes that bring out often the strong racial note that lies beneath the surface of his thought, that echo something of the many sharp experiences of his student days when the struggle to make good was seemingly without fruit.

Rosenthal's most important sculptural work, from the point of view of subject and elaboration, is the Balfour monument, given by the Jews of America to the Earl of Balfour in recognition of his high services in the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. The tiny creation is only eleven inches high, from the architectural base with its intricate groups of sculptured figures to the top of the full-length statue of Lord Balfour which surmounts the round shaft. The base and shaft are of silver sand-blasted to represent marble and the figures—forty in all—are in contrasting gold. At each corner of the exedra-like base are symbolic figures representing such ideas as Industry, Science, Youth, Old Age, while above two groups hardly an inch in height yet containing nine and ten figures are placed on opposite sides of the base. These represent "Massacre" and the "Return of Peace." Toward the top of the shaft is placed a figure with out-stretched

"HERCULES AND CENTAUR" BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL



"THE BLIND BACCHANTE" BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL

"BACCHANTE" BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL



"SPIRIT OF JEST" BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL



wings typifying the "Voice of the Balfour Declaration" and at the foot of the shaft is seen an old man holding aloft an infant bearing gifts of flowers. Two tablets are set into the shaft bearing suitable inscriptions, with the draped flags of the United States, England and Zion. This monument was the result of more than a year's close study and work on Rosenthal's part, and is a unique and interesting piece of sculptural compilation.

Yet Rosenthal finds himself to greater advantage when unencumbered by architectural requirements, as in his "Beethoven," "Victory," "Deluge" and "Steinmetz" groups. The Beethoven piece is a genuinely moving thing. Again, within the seemingly impossible limits of three fingers' width, he has somehow contrived to work out a dramatic and complex design of great breadth. Beside an open piano stands the aged musician, striking with one hand the notes which he cannot hear, while soaring above him to one side in cloudy phalanx are the heavenly trumpeters blowing forth the tumultuous themes of the "Ninth Symphony" to the enraptured sense of the great composer. The "Spirit of Electricity," made in memory of Steinmetz, the great inventor, is another two and a half inch affair, dramatically and symbolically picturing the passing of the great scientist. "The Deluge"





"NESSUS AND DEJANIRA"

BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL

is conceived on an even smaller scale, and contains within its slender compass some nineteen figures intertwined in one great mass, humans and animals all seeking safety from the floods upon the summit of a great rock. There is a great stir and flow to this composition, a sweep of form and emotion that takes the thought away from the matter of inches and processes into the vivid reality of the artist's own mood. The "Victory" is another composite group, with the tumult and chaos of battle admirably maintained in the intricate composition. Another important achievement by this sculptor is the statuette of the "Unknown

Soldier" done for the Greek Government. On an ebony base he has placed the golden figures of a veiled Victory and a uniformed soldier, the mourning Victory holding a shield marked with a star before the face of the Unknown Soldier. The

soldier measures but a half inch while the whole group totals but three times that amount, from the tip of the Victory's wings to the base of the group. This composition the sculptor made and presented to the Greek Government for the benefit of the Fatherless Children of Greece. He has also done small monuments to Pershing and Foch which have created high praise for his art.

There is another side to Rosenthal's sculpture, however, which in its keen sense of fantasy and light-heartedness clearly goes back to the days when he wandered about the Kovno groves and thickets, when all was May and gay and the years of struggle had not as yet cast their shadows before them. In the "Hercules and Centaur," the "Nessus and

Dejanira," the little "Bacchante," the "Samson and the Foxes," the "Spirit of Air," the "Spirit of Jest" and the "Spirit of Revelry," the mood

of country larking, of dancing on the green, of running figures through the woods, all the exulting little incidents of youth come racing back through these figures. Their very diminutiveness makes them seem all the more like half-recaptured visions, like furtive memories only half-chained to the texture of the bronze. Here too is the sculptor's fine anatomical sense most ably displayed. His figures are all alertly structured, and in the triple group of the "Bacchanalian Dance" Rosen-



"BACCHANALIAN DANCE"

BY LOUIS ROSENTHAL

thal reaches the height of his delicate calling, the three little figures tip-toeing their way through the mazes of a woodland gavotte being of a superlative degree of plastic realization and rhythmic design.

Photographs by courtesy of P. Jackson Higgs



DEPARTMENTAL DIARY GUY  
EGLINGTON

THE TRENT, along which we have been driving today, is an engagingly informal river. Quite *sans façon*. No valley to herald its approach. No banks to act as body-guard. But, like our modern royalty, she prefers to travel incognito, taking her own time, stopping where she pleases, turning to explore, dallying so long among the buttercups and bluebells that one is almost giving her up for lost when suddenly, from the least expected quarter, but with no haste nor the slightest suspicion of self-consciousness, she reappears, strolling along as calmly as though she were young, free and irresponsible as you or I, and all the dignity of two millennia of history were no more encumbrance than an ermine robe, to be hung up in the closet from state occasion to state occasion. How unlike the pride of little Arno, the sullenness of Tiber, the courtly gallantry of old *roué* Seine.

An old part of England this. So old that nothing remains but names. Handsacre, Raikend, Ridware, Beauesert, Kingstanding, Needwood, Yeatsall, Adsall, Chartley. . . . A few hamlets clumped together in the safe ground where the river bends or forks to form a moat. The houses stand where they stood, neither more in number nor less, the upper stories rebuilt as they threatened to fall in ruins, the foundations I dare swear unchanged for centuries. A lost part of England. The lanes deserted. Rarely a girl on her bicycle, a farmer in his trap. Even the villages deserted. Tidy villages, but not a soul to be seen. And, though one hammer on the door of the inn, no one will hear.

We stopped at the Ridwares. *Riverfolk*, the word means in Saxon. A string of hamlets in a river fork. Hamstall Ridware, Pipe Ridware, Mavesyn Ridware. Nothing Saxon, of course, but the names, though if one dug. . . . A farmer at Hamstall Ridware dug to some purpose. A gold chalice, proscribed no doubt during the Reformation and buried for safe keeping. The vicar keeps it now, to show to visitors or send away for exhibitions. Too good for everyday use. God's front parlor, never used lest profane boots soil the carpet.

The vicar, it seems, is somewhat of a farmer. His garden alone is large enough to supply the whole parish with vegetables. A long straggling old-fashioned garden, but well kept. He must have a large and militant family. He keeps cows too. We passed them in the fields on our way to the church. There was a road once, but that, like

many other things in the parish, got lost years ago and no one ever troubled to look for it. So now one makes one's way, as best one can, through the grass.

The church. A charming architectural medley. Square Norman belfry. The rest Gothic, both modern and antique. The apse mostly rebuilt. Fragments of sculpture are embedded in the older masonry of the tower, but so worn as to be almost unrecognizable. A grotesque head. A nude figure, such as may have played the part of a damned soul in a frieze of the Last Judgment. Inside we looked eagerly at two painted panels, a Crucifixion and a Last Judgment, but were disappointed. The riverfolk, for these were the work of local talent, harbored no neglected genius. They built better than they painted.

There were gentry here once, to judge from the tablets. A certain Strongitharne fled wounded from the battle of Naseby to die here. Another family sought to defy mortality with a stone sarcophagus, on which their names and degrees are duly inscribed. Yet a third built a mansion a stone's throw to the east. Alas for the vanity of utility. The tablets are in perfect condition. Of the mansion only a wall, a proud gateway, the ruins of a tower and a dovecote, remain.

We drove on. Winding lost lanes that seemed to lead nowhere. To inquire was to receive the vaguest of replies. North, east, south, west. Each road was as long as the next and each as winding. King's Bromley, famous for its butter market. Great Haywood, and memories of a day when my father's foundry had an outing and we all drove in brakes to lunch and lounge by the Trent, pose interminably on the long low parapet bridge which the earls of Essex built for their hounds and hunters, and when I, aged six perhaps, received my first and last lesson in fishing. Then Tixall. . . .

But Tixall is another matter. A gatehouse only. Mere prelude to the hall that was. But in its way as perfect a piece of English Renaissance as I hope to see. Four square. The Doric Ionic and Corinthian orders in ascending galleries of marble columns and each calculated as to height and taper with a nicety that takes the breath away. Nothing fanciful, yet an amazing sense of lightness. The final taper of the Corinthian columns perfectly balancing the weight and solidity of the Doric. A house that one could live in, without the oppressive sensation of impossible grandeur, yet wake up every morning to ask one-



self if it were true. The walls in perfect condition. Solid as the day they were built. Barely a scratch on the marble. The very window frames undamaged. A miracle surely, for inside there is nothing. Gutted completely. No matter. A paltry thousand or so, a good plumber and carpenter, no architect to show off his skill, and our palace were complete. Even the marble Adam and Eve over the door, the work of Italian sculptors, it is said, unharmed. And what a view. Ingestre park stretching to the left. And in front, at half a mile, beyond the meadows the Trent, less girlish now and full of dignity, as realizing the occasion. To live amongst these associations. Where Michael Drayton lived and wrote. In the very house from which Mary Stuart was taken on her last journey to Fotheringay.

Last Saturday Staffordshire and the Trent. Today Warwickshire and the Avon. A complete contrast, both in landscape and architecture. Warwickshire is regal, with a fine sense of the dramatic. Staffordshire, in spite of Cannock Chase, cares little for royalty or drama. She is the domestic type, conscious that her clothes are made of good materials, but caring little how they are cut. Contrast Lichfield, Tamworth and Rugby with Stratford, Henley and Warwick. To the first group a good house means a house built of good brick with no nonsense about it. To the second it means at the least, Tudor. Temperamentally I am happier in Warwickshire. Staffordshire is almost too English for me.

We heard Macbeth in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford. A rousing performance in the strangest and most un-Shakespearian theatre imaginable; 1879 Gothic applied to what evidently attempts to be a reconstruction of the Globe. So far from having any consciousness of being in Stratford, my mind kept flying back to the Presbyterian church of my earliest memories. So accurately does Gothic date.

It was only after the play, when we came out into the gardens that flank the Avon, and still more as we bowled along the high road to Warwick and Kenilworth, with Warwickshire lying below us to either side that I realized fully that this was Shakespeare's country and very much as he knew it.

To Lichfield today, where the treasures in the Cathedral library were brought out for my admiration. The most precious, the famous St. Chad's Gospel of—*dit-on*—the eighth century, a manuscript of Irish origin and very beautiful. The four illuminated title-pages of a curiously frigid excel-

lence, the frigidity enhanced doubtless by the fact that their colors have faded. It is almost as though the artist had applied a mosaic technique to illumination. For my own more human pleasure I had preferred a thirteenth-century manuscript with decorated initials and grotesque decorations running down the centre of the page.

Civil war and subsequent restoration have wrought such havoc in the cathedral itself that only small parts of the original building remain, notably the north transept. Not a statue on the façade but has been replaced, barely a stone but has been renewed. The north portal, originally, I imagine, a representation of the Apocalypse, is the only one which has any sculptural feeling. Undeniably fine, however, are the proportions of the cathedral and its relation to the close. Spacious, but not too spacious. Majesty, tempered with intimacy.

London once more and the same old question: Do you find much changed? Arriving at Paddington and driving to Lancaster Gate, one answers confidently, No. The trees and flowers in the Gardens are looking their loveliest. From my window I can see right over the Dutch Garden on to the Serpentine. No change there. The buses a little cheaper. The weather a little better. That is all.

But half way down what used to be Regent Street one is less certain. "Change" seems too mild a term. Long before I had reached Haddon Street I was lost. The entrance to Vigo Street is barely visible, and beyond, closing the vista, with the evening sun full on it, was a church. A church in Regent Street. It seemed almost incredible. And then the answer dawned on me. St. James's Piccadilly, made visible by the destruction of the Crescent. So perfectly was it framed that I was almost reconciled for the moment to the loss of the loveliest street in London. A pity that it cannot remain thus visible permanently, closing Regent Street or a new road cut through. For the charm of the Crescent has gone, I fear, for ever. The new buildings at the top of Regent Street are neither very bad, nor yet very good, but one thing they lack, as compared with Nash's street, absolutely. They retain no slightest whit of the elegance of his plan. The very plan of the road, were there no single building on either side, has a sense of majestic elegance, which Nash used by respecting. His first care was to see that nothing interrupted the perfect line of the Crescent. The eye was continually carried on and around, on and around. But now though the architects have done their utmost to coordinate their plans,



though there is no clashing of string-courses, nevertheless all sense of continuity, and so of grace, is lost. The line is continually broken, the eye held at every new building. Into a round hole a very square peg is being driven regardless.

How far behind New York in modern architecture is London. The conviction, gained yesterday in Regent Street, was only strengthened today as I went down to Westminster to see Lewis Hind. Hind agreed. Twenty-five years, he said. The computation in years seemed to me fallacious, for there is little in common between the classical adventures of Stanford White and the colonial mongrels that front the Kingsway. But as a measure of the gulf which separates these from a building like the Shelton or the Bush Terminal it will serve as well as another. Beside these, which attain only to a crude, vulgar, rather upstart strength, the newer buildings of New York wear an almost feminine air. Visitors to New York feel bound, for some strange reason, to speak of the terrifying aspect of these "monstrous buildings." It is a feeling I have never shared, nor even understood. It is not in the American nature to terrify. The American likes to picture himself as hard, forceful and ruthless, but beneath he is rather apt to be tender and his art betrays him. Despite Bellows' pride of race, I rather fancy Davies is the more representative artist.

Hind had to write an article on Waterloo Bridge, the proposed destruction of which sets all London in a rage, so he asked me to walk down with him to look at it. Accordingly Hind, myself and a small but most energetic person known to fame as Julius Caesar set out on the top of a bus, crossed Westminster Bridge, alighted at the far end of Waterloo Bridge and strolled across. So far as one can see, only the two centre arches are affected and it should not be a matter of great difficulty to rebuild these. The piers seem solid. However the question is bound up with the more complicated one of traffic and the powers that be are all in favor of a clean sweep and a bridge twice as broad. Whether Rennie's bridge could be widened without loss to its proportions or danger to the river traffic is an open question. I fancy this last consideration is uppermost in the L. C. C.'s mind. The tide runs swift and the day of solid stone piers is past.

We commented on the fact that a great man, whether artist, engineer or what-not, too often receives popular honor only when his work has succumbed to or is on the verge of destruction. How many had heard of John Rennie before his bridge was threatened? I for one plead ignorance of all but his name. Yet his achievement was

enormous, both in magnitude and scope. London owes him three bridges, Southwark and London Bridge being the other two. He built docks, canals and mills without number. Drained marshes. One of his works I happen to know well, the Crinan, his first canal, which saves yachtsmen, and others, I suppose, the nasty sail 'round the Mull of Cantyre. There are nine miles of it and an infinitude of locks, for it seems to lead straight over the hills. Oh, the labor of those dock-gates in the rain!

Spent the day at Eton, examining the wall paintings which have been discovered in the College Chapel. These date from the year 1479 and are by far the finest that I have seen in England. So soon as photos can be procured, I will publish them.

Saw also the famous gallery of "leaving portraits"—amiable custom of the eighteenth century—which include a splendid group of Reynolds, several Gainsboroughs and Lawrences, an entire group of Romneys, several goodish Wests, to say nothing of a host of minor men. Grudgingly one has to admit that the Reynolds put all the rest in the shade. A portrait by him of the fourth Lord Gordon (dated 1761) could almost be mistaken for a Goya, so tingling with life is it.

How beautiful Eton is. The calm of the cloisters. The gardens reaching almost to the river. Windsor Castle on the hill. The wonder is that one can work there. I had much *liefer* lie and watch the changing lights on the old stone.

All London is in an uproar over the relief which Epstein has made for the Hudson Memorial Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park. The Daily Mail has every morning an article on the "Hyde Park Atrocity" and even the respectable sheets are hardly more polite. All of them print violent letters from infuriated Hudson-lovers (?), demanding its immediate removal. There are to be questions in the House. The old phrase "Bolshevism in Art" crops up again, lent a semblance of meaning by the fact that the relief was passed by the First Commissioner of Works under the Labor Government. In fine, art becomes, for one short week, *news*. Spurred on by all this outcry, I have been to see it, and to my surprise, for I am by no means an idolater of Epstein, find it exceeds all expectations. It is delightful to find Epstein, after all these years, working again in stone. One had become so accustomed to his use—and, in later years, notably the Conrad bust, misuse—of bronze, that one had almost given up hope of his ever getting out his chisel



again. But here he is back in his old form, and, I think, bettering it.

The Sanctuary is in Hyde Park near the Powder Magazine, between, that is, the bridge over the Serpentine and the Bayswater Road. It consists of two long rectangular pools, framed in stone, and behind a simple block of stone, nearly twice as long as its height, the central part of which is occupied by Epstein's relief. All around the background are bushes. Who designed the Sanctuary I do not know—the public is much quicker with its blame than its praise—but Epstein has carried out his part excellently well. His relief sits most beautifully within the proportions of the block and is admirably calculated with regard to the eye of the spectator. Most

charming is the lightness of the figure, by which I refer to the actual manner in which it catches the light. Epstein has resorted to the bold expedient of bringing the upturned face onto the level of the top of the block, so that the light falls unhindered on her features and the upper part of her body. As to whether the relief is or is not a suitable memorial to Hudson, I can express no opinion, but a figure which has, without exaggeration, the air of flying cannot surely be in violent contradiction with the spirit of a bird lover.

Eric Gill's lettering along the frame of the first pool and to either side of the relief is perfection itself. It is hard to know where in England the committee could have found a team to compete with Epstein and Gill.



"DOLPHIN FOUNTAIN"

Courtesy of Krausbaar Galleries

BY GASTON LACHAISE

*For grace of action and sense of power there are few living things comparable to the dolphin. It is this combination that has made this fish so favorite a subject in the art of design and in sculpture, a familiar instance of the first being the dolphin and anchor device of the Aldine publications and in the second the utilization of this handsome animal in Renaissance fountains. The new work by Gaston Lachaise reproduced here was cast in bronze last month. It is in a more realistic vein than the average dolphin fountain, is superb in its adoption of the curving forms to the whole design, and is remarkably vivid in conveying to the spectator the feeling of motion on the part of the leaping fishes.*



GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH  
FULTON

LONG BEFORE Kipling's devil asked his famous question, "Is it art?" disturbed the peoples of the earth. Back of that lies the still greater problem of "What is art?" for, of course, before we have a definition of art itself it would be difficult to decide as to whether any given thing partook of it. It is quite possible that our ignorance of art, like our ignorance of most essential things such as birth, life, death, will always be complete. We see and measure results, only; we are intimately acquainted with the molecule, the atom and the ion; but we do not know what they are, neither do we know with what we know even the little that we do. How we came to be here; what purpose, if any, we serve; what we are; all these are still as darkly mysterious in this enlightened age as they were to our cave-dwelling ancestors. Our boasted progress consists chiefly in the multiplication of unnecessary complexities; to conceal our ignorance of basic things we erect mountainous inverted pyramids of hypothesis, deduction and theory. Naturally we resent the action of anyone who, with an atavistic tendency, picks at the slender foundation on which a vast system rests.

Though we do not know what art is we can often recognize it when we see it, just as, though we cannot explain a man we never mistake him for a horse. That we are not always equally able to distinguish between the higher and the lower animals in art is due partly to the elaborate systems of miseducation we have so carefully built up, partly to the distrust of reality which our complex civilization has engendered and finally because an age which takes the most futile effort with the greatest seriousness finds prettiness and trickery more flattering to its self-importance than beauty.

Naturally, under such conditions, only those paintings which are "like nature" are considered at all, and of these the subject is the thing by which they are usually judged. One wants a sea-thing for the living room; another an autumn landscape to go with the rug. The effort among picture buyers seems often to be to find something which will cover a given amount of wall space in such a way that no one will give it more than a passing glance. A work of art might attract attention away from the "beautiful" upholstery.

There are certain qualities common to all paintings. Each is the product of the painter's method, his technique; each has some sort of subject, even if it be an abstract one, for some of the

most complete modern "abstractions" are more literary than many "story telling" pictures. Each has, too, a narrative quality. This latter, combined to some extent with the subject matter, is probably the cause of most of the misjudgments in art. It immediately suggests a comparison with literature—one is a dramatic picture, another a lyric, another epic. By this comparison the artist becomes a superior sort of illustrator whereas, in fact, if he is really an artist his creation will have only the most superficial connection with literary forms. For, like the musician, his art is not, primarily, that of the *raconteur*; the appeal of his work is sensual and emotional rather than intellectual. Yet either in these three obvious and common qualities or in some other as yet undetermined must lie the thing which we feel to be art.

The first of these, technique, has been favored as most essential to art by the leaders of decadent schools. As the creative impulse on which any movement is founded becomes weaker technique assumes a greater and greater importance until it becomes the chief consideration. The history of every school of art has been one of decline by successive stages of refinement from its inception in the work of a master or group of masters to a superlative sleight-of-hand in which manner and handling are deemed ends. Compare Han sculpture with late Ming; Greek sculpture with the "classic" monuments in our parks; Giotto and his school with the Pre-Raphaelites; Leonardo with Alma-Tadema; Rembrandt with Sargent; Cézanne with the host of his contemporary imitators. Technique alone would seem a broken reed.

The subject matter of pictures changes according to fashion. Royalty and the gods supplied the motives for the Egyptians; the gods and the games most of those for the Greeks. So long as our earthly rulers were that in fact they vied with religion as the inspiration of art. With the decline of royalty, society supplied the models; when the people ruled we had genre pictures and landscapes. Subject matter, therefore, would seem liable to change, but art, if it is anything more than fashion, is constant; we recognize it in pictures whose subjects have nothing to do with contemporary life.

There remains, then, the narrative quality—the way in which whatever of story a picture may have is told. No two painters have quite the same vocabulary even though they belong to the same



locality and period. Even painters as closely allied as Raphael and Francesco Francia present the story of the Madonna and Child with slightly different emphasis. Both tell the story well; their Madonnas are calm, beautiful women with faces which express tenderness and love; instinctively one feels that those are holy women, worthy of all reverence. Still, although Francia's Madonnas seem even more unworldly than Raphael's, although as purely religious illustrations, telling the story on which the Christian faith is based, his paintings may well be considered finer than Raphael's, even among religious persons the latter is considered the greater artist. The comparison is difficult because both are undeniably artists; it has been chosen because of the similarity of their technique and the fact that they lived at the same time in Italy. A better, for purposes of illustration, would be between either of these and Murillo, Holman Hunt or Rosetti. Each of these painters made religious pictures which have been greatly admired for their spirituality; each displayed great technical skill; yet as artists they are comparatively unimportant. There is a "certain subtle something" which Raphael and Francia put into their pictures and these others did not. It is not skill in drawing, painting or illustration; their lack is not one of Christian feeling. In fact it is probable that Christianity has nothing to do with it. It is more probable that the emotions aroused by the worship of divinity and those aroused by art are different phases of the same thing; that, in reality, art and religion are one; that the man who feels as almost everyone does, that, though each tells its story well, Botticelli's "Annunciation" is a greater religious picture than Murillo's of the same subject, is, perhaps unconsciously, paying tribute to art.

All of these three qualities, technique, subject and narrative, would seem only means, to be used by an artist, for the creation of works of art. The painter, though he may be a master of technique, may be able to depict any subject with great dramatic skill, may still fall short of being an artist. He may have none of these abilities and still be an artist. Leonardo da Vinci never felt himself to be a perfect technician; his "Last Supper" has been criticized as cold and lacking in religious sentiment. Yet it is one of the few pictures which most competent critics declare a great work of art.

Even among critics, perhaps one should say more among critics, there is dispute as to what pictures are works of art. There are many viewpoints, the academic, modern and literary being the chief divisions. For purposes of comparison

I asked four men to name the twelve pictures which appealed most to them, the twelve which, if all other pictures were to be destroyed, they would preserve. One of them is a literary and dramatic critic, another a newspaper art critic of conservative tendencies, the third a distinguished English art critic, the fourth an American. The first and last are generally thought of as radical, the second is, as has been said, extremely conservative, the third occupies a position between the two. Their lists are as follows:

#### The Literary Critic—

- "Girl with Pearl Necklace" by Vermeer
- "Spring" by Botticelli
- "Portrait of Philip IV" by Velasquez
- "Men Playing Cards" by Cézanne
- "Landscape—Provence" by Cézanne
- "La Gioconda" by Leonardo da Vinci
- "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci
- "Woman Cutting Her Nails" att. to Rembrandt
- "Olympé" by Manet
- "Last Judgment" by Michelangelo
- "What are we? Whence come we? Whither go we?" by Gauguin
- "Bathers" by Renoir.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Newspaper Critic—

- "Cowper Madonna" by Raphael
- "Calmady Children" by Lawrence
- "Mrs. Siddons" by Reynolds
- "Madonna and Child" by Bellini
- "Slave Ship" by Turner
- "Embarkment of Marie Medicis" by Rubens
- "Holy Family" by Murillo
- "Venus Rising from the Sea" by Botticelli
- "Portrait of Philip IV" by Velasquez
- "Madonna and Child with Angels" by Bonfigli
- "Walter Scott" by Raeburn
- "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens

\* \* \* \* \*

#### English Critic—

- "Pieta" by El Greco
- "Christ in the Market Place" by El Greco
- "Toledo" by El Greco
- "Toilette de la Mariée" by Courbet
- "Men Playing Cards" by Cézanne
- Frescoes of the Life of St. Francis* by Giotto
- "Triumph" by Mantegna
- "Madonna and Child" by Cimabue
- "Le Chahut" by Seurat
- "Spring" by Botticelli
- "Bathers" by Cézanne
- "Justinian and Theodora" Mosaics at Ravenna

\* \* \* \* \*

#### American Critic—

- "Madonna and Child" by Duccio



"Madonna and Child" by Cimabue  
*Frescoes of the Life of St. Francis* by Giotto  
 "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci  
 "Last Judgment" by Michelangelo  
 "Spring" by Botticelli  
 "Pieta" by El Greco  
 "Toledo" by El Greco  
 "The Crucifixion" by Tintoretto  
 "Portrait of Saskia" by Rembrandt  
 "Men Playing Cards" by Cézanne  
 "Justinian and Theodora" Mosaics at Ravenna

\* \* \* \* \*

Now. None of these four critics would pretend for a moment that his list represents all of the pictures he considers great, or that there are not others, not on the list, which he might consider greater than some of those he has included. They are merely those pictures which at the time the question was asked each recalled with greatest pleasure. Nevertheless all of these men are students of art and, with the possible exception of the newspaper critic, who maintains that esthetics are of no importance, because of their study and appreciation their opinions have more than average value.

The lists are in some ways quite surprising. That of the American critic, supposedly the most radical of the four, contains only one picture by an artist later than Rembrandt, whereas the more conservative Englishman includes four by "modern" men. The literary critic, also a radical, has the largest number of moderns, five, or less than half of his list. There are none on the list of the newspaper man. Botticelli is the only artist whose works appear on all lists; Cézanne appears on three; El Greco, Leonardo, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Cimabue, Giotto and the Byzantine mosaics have been given places on two. So that, making a new list, we have the works of ten painters about which at least two of the critics agree. Seventeen paintings by these ten are given.

As technicians, that is to say for skill in the handling of their materials, it would be impossible to say that these men have never been equaled and quite possible to say that some of them, Cimabue, Cézanne and the Byzantines particularly, have been surpassed. Technique, therefore, cannot be the reason for which these paintings were chosen.

The subject matter of these paintings presents

nothing that is unusual in art. There is none of them which cannot be either exactly duplicated or closely approximated in dozens of other pictures. So these cannot have been chosen for their subjects.

Unquestionably the "Last Judgment" and the "Pieta" are intensely dramatic; the "Life of St. Francis" tells the story of the saint's life with a simplicity which is at the same time adequate, almost unique in art. But there are as good, or better, "stories in paint" than any of the others. Not even supreme narrative skill, then, would seem essential to the artist.

If we could determine one attribute common even to these seventeen paintings we should come quite close to a definition of what art is. That there is some such attribute we are quite sure; that it defies definition is almost equally certain. For an esthetic sense is based on emotion and we have no emotional, only an intellectual, vocabulary. Beyond Clive Bell's statement that works of art are objects which provoke an esthetic emotion, no one, not even Mr. Bell himself, has penetrated. He has given the attribute a name, but so have many other speculators. So long, however, as we are certain of its existence the lack of a handle need not greatly trouble us.

No matter what the fashion, either among conservative or modern, we can go about shearing the non-essential elements from paintings, and establishing on whatever is left our own theories of esthetics. We can be quite sure that a picture of which the only value is representation, sentimentality, price, history, age, narrative or attribution is, from an esthetic standard, of no importance. We can know that, although there are many pictures in which we delight because they are amusing or record interesting events, that they have nothing to do with art. We can be sure, further, that the insensitive historian of art, the patient gatherer of facts, the man who despises esthetics (although few historians are so eager to display their ignorance) are parasitical growths on the stem of art. We can be certain that, without the occasional artist who creates works of art the thousands who paint pictures would either starve or become in name what they are in fact, illustrators. We can clarify our own judgments and come to know pictures for what they are, giving each its due.





"SYCAMORES"

BY DANIEL GARBER

## SYCAMORES

*A sycamore tree is a gracious sweep  
Of new-moon silver and wide-webbed lace,  
Caught in the loom of high clear air  
Like the smile on a lovely face.*

*A sycamore tree has leaves like waves—  
They rustle their intricate sea-taught sigbs,  
Remembering distant shores once loved  
And the warmth of forgotten skies.*

*With roots struck deep in earth's black heart  
A sycamore is a memory—  
Beauty's incredible paradox  
Reaching Infinity.*

—GERTRUDE NASON CARVER



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

OLD ENGLISH SPORTING BOOKS. By Ralph Nevill. *The Studio, Ltd., London.* Price, Three Guineas.

A STUDY of the English books on sports, says the author of this book, reveals how much the national character has softened. Today, when even pigeon shooting has been prohibited, it is curious to read of the bull ring, bear baiting and dog and cock fights. Many of the English sports are supposed to have been imported with the Normans, and this may in part account for the similarity of rough sports in England and France. Some of the earliest sporting books in English are, in part at least, translations from the French.

From the artistic standpoint the greatest interest in this book will be found in the illustrations, of which there are more than one hundred, several of them in color. The earliest of these is a reproduction of the title page to the first edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, published in 1653, but all of the others date from either the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. These illustrations, taken from various books, are of all sorts of sporting events although the author has avoided the reproduction of many hunting prints, for the obvious reason that these are already familiar.

A number of splendid engravings by Cruikshank are included in the illustrations. He was at his best in the depiction of such scenes as these, and one gets the full flavor of his humor and satire. Next in interest are the five by Thomas Rowlandson, one of them in color, and the one engraving from a drawing of a cock fight by Hogarth. The numerous examples of the work of Henry Alken are also well worth looking at and among other things there is an illustration after M. T. Ward, who made many drawings for Currier and Ives in this country.

The author has included an excellent bibliography which should be of value to collectors, and the book is finely made.

SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DESIGNS FOR INTERIOR DECORATION, WITH DETAILS SELECTED FROM THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF ABRAHAM SWAN. By Arthur Stratton. *John Tiranti & Company, London.* Price, Ten Shillings.

THE GREAT ARCHITECTS and decorative craftsmen of eighteenth-century England are not likely to be forgotten. But if the veneration in which their names are held is allowed to eclipse the achievements of other men, also fine craftsmen and good designers who have, none the less, received less attention, an injustice would be done. For these more obscure men were, though we may have overlooked the fact, of great importance in maintaining the high standards of their time.

Abraham Swan, one of these lesser men, saw that what was valued by the foremost architects of the day and their lordly patrons was not altogether serviceable to the journeyman builder in town and country. The palace and the manor were amply provided for, but something was needed for the smaller house.

He published four works, *The British Architect*, 1745;

*A Collection of Designs in Architecture*, 1757; *Designs in Carpentry*, 1759; and *Designs for Chimnies*, 1765. In spite of the fact that these works achieved remarkable popularity, little is known of the man himself and it is almost impossible to ascribe any particular building to him. There are, however, several houses, both in London and in the country, and many details of woodcarving and decoration which probably were designed by him or came from his workshop. It is through his books and published designs, however, that he will be remembered.

This present volume, a selection from the designs in his various books, contains seventy-six plates of interiors, details and façades for small houses. With the increased interest in Georgian styles among architects and builders these plates should offer valuable suggestions.

THE WOODCUT ANNUAL FOR 1925. Alfred Fowler, Kansas City, Missouri. Price, \$7.50.

THE WOODCUT has assumed a place of so much importance in modern graphic art that it can no longer be denied or neglected. *The Woodcut Annual for 1925* has been published in response to the demand for a proper appreciation and expression of that art. In the book, the woodcut is considered in the larger sense which also includes wood-engravings, block prints and linoleum cuts. It presents several authoritative and freely illustrated articles on different phases of the art of the woodcut such as *The Story of the Woodcut* by Gardner Teall, which is a general survey of the woodcut from its infancy to present day modernism, with fourteen illustrations chosen to show the beginning of the art, its early development, its later decline and now its revival as a suitable medium for original art expression.

The technique of an art as popular as that of the modern woodcut is always of interest and importance. To supply this need, Rudolph Ruzicka has written *A Note on the Technique of Wood-Engraving and Woodcutting* which is suitably illustrated with examples of the author's own work in black and white and in color. Mr. Ruzicka's article gives the layman an adequate idea of the technique of both wood-engraving and woodcutting and of the differences between them.

It is particularly appropriate that *The Woodcut Annual* should present some suitable material about the fine work in wood-engraving by Timothy Cole. Accordingly, Ralph C. Smith, of the Graphic Arts Division of the United States National Museum, has contributed a paper on the subject on which he is a recognized authority. His article, *Portrait Engravings by Timothy Cole*, deals with an unusually interesting phase of Mr. Cole's work in particular and with his whole career in general.

In addition to the historical illustrations for *The Story of the Woodcut* and for the articles already mentioned in detail, there is included a portfolio of contemporary woodcuts by Lucien Pissarro, Charles A. Wilkinson, Charles B. Falls, John F. Greenwood, Marguerite Callet-Carcano, Elizabeth Norton and J. J. Lankes. The frontispiece is a reproduction in colors of "Flying Island" by Walter J. Phillips and there is also a color insert by Rudolph Ruzicka to illustrate the method of printing woodcuts in colors.

The book also presents a list of contemporary woodcuts



which forms an invaluable check-list for print-collectors as well as a valuable chronological record of the art of the woodcut. The list has been compiled from information supplied by the artists themselves and gives the titles, dimensions, states and editions of the various contemporary prints.

# THE MODERN TENDENCY IN AMERICAN PAINTING. By Catherine Beach Ely. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, \$8.50.

LIKE ALL publications from Mr. Sherman, who has given us such choice books on art of the year as Eliot Clark's *John Twachtman* and the volume on Charles Fraser by Alice R. and D. E. Huger Smith, this latest book of his is a model of typographical excellence worthy of entry into the library of the discriminating bibliophile. The material of the book further commends it for the artists whom the writer considers are not yet of an age to have been written of extensively in books and the only account of most of them is to be found in magazine articles.

This is the first volume from Mr. Sherman on contemporary art. Other phases of American art have been pretty thoroughly covered by Mr. Sherman's books, among which is his own beautiful book on Ryder, Cox's *Winslow Homer*, Clark's *Alexander Wyant*, Daingerfield's *George Inness*, two books on the early Americans by Bolton, and there are also books by Berenson and Valentiner on the Italians. The service which Mr. Sherman has done in the combined field of art and publishing has been called by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, "a valuable work, beautifully done."

The present book carries the history of American art into our own day, and of the more immediate yesterdays, the artists who are written of being Henri, Sloan, Bellows, Lawson, Lever, Glackens, Sargent, Brush, Weir, Thayer, Dewing, William McKillop, James Scott, Mary E. Walker, John Held, Jr., Guy Pène duBois, Arthur B. Davies, Jerome Myers and George Luks.

Many of the articles which make up the book have appeared in the *Buffalo Saturday Night*, the *The Point of View* of Kansas City, the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Art in America*. The disadvantage of such a compilation is that the author is often apt to repeat, not in definite material, but to show a rigidity of viewpoint which does not exist in a book which is conceived from its inception as such. For instance, it is a little wearisome to find each of her subjects defended for their wisdom in avoiding the contaminating touch of some fetish known as "modernism," for which, since she assails it so frequently and bitterly, it would seem she might have marked off certain boundaries. In the case of Davies she is forced to condone and finally to forgive his slight excursion into those dangerous premises.

Her metaphors are not always happy, as when she compares the pupils of Henri hanging on his words like grapes upon a stem. But this may be overly severe criticism. The author is to be congratulated on her choice of artists. William McKillop, James Scott and Mary E. Walker are not familiar names and they deserve to be, while the serious work of John Held, Jr., is worthy of the attention she gives it. The paintings which illustrate the book have been well chosen with a view to their appearance in black and white. It is difficult to find a Lawson which looks well in reproduction, but the "Ice Bound Falls" which is in the Art Institute of Chicago is

striking in monochrome, and there is a fine Glackens, "French Open Air Cafe," from the Barnes Collection.

# J. L. FORAIN, No. 4, MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING SERIES. Introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman. The Studio, Ltd., London. Price, Five Shillings, net.

TOO MUCH cannot be said in praise of this series, which sets forth in several volumes the works of contemporary masters of etching. Favorable comment has already been made on the three preceding volumes devoted respectively to the works of Frank Brangwyn, James McBey and Anders Zorn. The present volume again contains excellent facsimile prints of etchings. So close are these reproductions to the originals that the amateur may well be content with their possession and derive from them pleasure comparable to the ownership of first impressions. For schools and colleges, even small museums, these books offer invaluable opportunity for study and acquaintance. The present volume contains in addition to the illuminating essay on the work of Forain by Malcolm C. Salaman, an acknowledged authority on prints and their makers, reproductions of twelve plates, among which are the "Prodigal Son," "The Christ Removing His Vestments," and "Christ Bearing His Cross," rare interpretations of great religious themes, as well as a selected number of plates setting forth episodes in the life of the French people.

# REMBRANDT HANDZEICHNUNGEN. By W. R. Valentiner. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Berlin.

THIS BOOK, printed in German, with an introduction by W. R. Valentiner, contains reproductions of all the known Biblical drawings by Rembrandt. The illustrations, four hundred and sixty in number, are excellent, and have their titles given in English, French and German. The approximate date of each drawing is given, as well as its present owner.

One cannot know Rembrandt without a knowledge of his studies, and these, his finest drawings, are of great importance.

# THE ART OF ETCHING. By E. S. Lumsden. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$6.00.

MR. LUMSDEN is an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy and himself an etcher. At least half of this volume is taken up with a discussion of technical methods and procedure. The second half gives a survey of the art of etching and in chronological order deals with the works of the great etchers, including the most distinguished etchers of today. It will be of most interest to those who are practising etching and particularly to those who are practising it unaided.

# A HANDBOOK TO THE PIERPONT MORGAN WING. By Joseph Breck and Meyric R. Rogers. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Price, \$1 in paper covers, \$2 cloth bound.

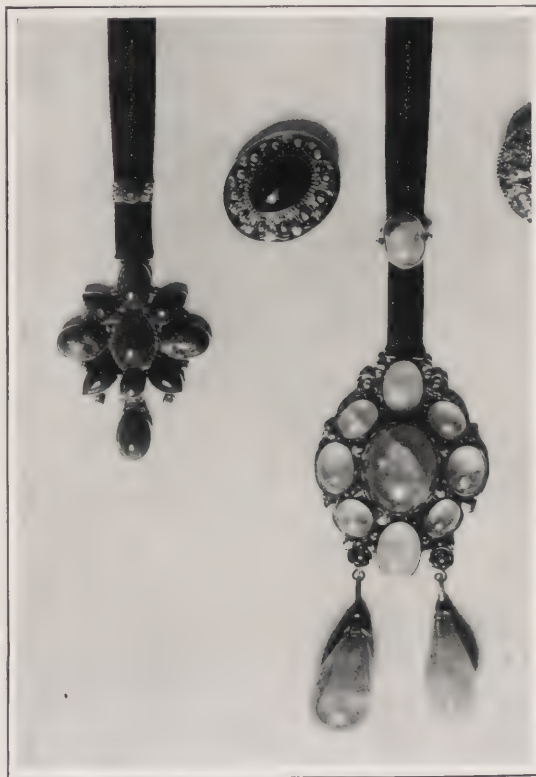
THIS admirable work, which has been in preparation several years, not only furnishes authoritative comment on the objects in the collection but considers in general the arts of the periods they represent.



# ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

**E**ACH CENTURY reveals the fact that often women have played an important part in constructive advancement. In past times her work has been more or less unacknowledged perhaps, but now it is an open and avowed factor in all lines of endeavor. Especially in artistic pursuits is she a welcome and invaluable adjunct, supplementing the progress of men with the intuitive genius of her sex. First of all, home decoration, and everything pertaining to domestic comfort and beauty, makes its bow to woman's talent. Entirely new, and profoundly useful and interesting, is the chosen work of Mrs. George Draper, who has recently begun to develop a unique idea. Having acted for years as unofficial advisor to friends who were groping in the dark as to where and how and what to build, she has capitalized her services and established the "Architectural Clearing House, Inc." The office is in her own home, which beautifully exemplifies her taste, and emphasizes her ability. Illustrated here is a glimpse of her roof garden, which opens off the dining room on the second floor. With a true sense of color value, and architectural proportion, it combines an atmosphere of comfort and intimate charm. One is glad to linger here, and indeed, every room in this original house has an appealing quality that detains the visitor. Mrs. Draper is not an architect, and does not make plans, but has the hearty co-operation of architects and keeps on hand, in scrapbook form, photographs of the work of the best firms of architects and landscape architects, furnished by them, so that one may readily decide what type of house is desired, and be put in direct touch with the architect who can best achieve it. Mrs. Draper's service insures, as it were, against mistakes, and eliminates uncertainty and waste of time. Varied, indeed, are her talents and interests. Among other things, she specializes

jeweler. From the crudest beginnings, up to the last refinements of art, jewelry has ever been of intriguing interest to humanity, and is of great archeological importance, as revealing successive stages of culture in all countries. Most literature on the subject comes from the pens of French and German writers, but it was undoubtedly in Italy that



WORK OF HELEN SWEETSER WHITE, ART ALLIANCE



ROOF GARDEN, HOUSE OF MRS. DRAPER

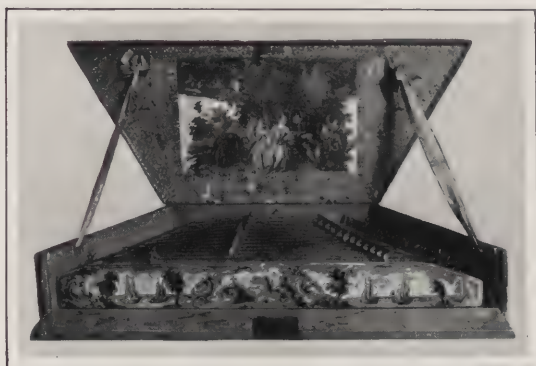
in the remodeling of town and country houses, and when I called, she was busily engaged in consulting with an architect, giving him the woman's point of view as to the best arrangement of apartments, relative to convenience, beauty and economy of space. So, no matter how or where one wishes to domicile, this ingenious pioneer in a new field offers invaluable conceptions and suggestions.

**T**HE STORY of woman's achievement has many chapters—and somewhere near the front of the book belongs the work of Helen Sweetser White, goldsmith and

the art reached its height, and Italian jewelry merits the great reputation it has always possessed. The history of the jeweler's art in Italy is written in the biographies of those master sculptors and painters who worked first as goldsmiths and jewelers, and throughout their careers remained lovers of their original trade. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Florence was the artistic centre of Europe, and that awakening to the full joy of life, which was so characteristic a feature of the Renaissance, brought the goldsmith from the subordinate state he occupied in medieval ages, to attain fame as a free artist. The making of jewelry took its rightful place as one of the fine arts, and Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest goldsmith and jeweler of the late Renaissance, was one of the artists of the period who gave to the world designs for jewelry which have remained the highest standard of achievement in that line of work. The fundamental motive of that standard was this—that the value of a piece of jewelry lies in design and workmanship—that stones and settings should be chosen for their color values and decorative qualities, not for intrinsic worth, and that each piece of jewelry should be in itself a perfect work of art. The period dating from Napoleon's accession to the throne of France, until about 1814, was one of constructive artistic development in the history of jewelry, and, incidentally, is beautifully recorded



in paintings, but since that era, with rare exception, the art has lapsed from its lofty estate and become a vehicle for the display of diamonds and wealth. But recently there has been a genuine revival of artistic jewelry, and the best traditions of the old masters are again being used by a few brave souls who are working with the high spirit of the Renaissance. Notable among these workers is Helen Sweetser White, master craftsman at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia, and illustrated here are several charming examples of her production. In no sense is her jewelry copied, imitated, or antiqued, each piece has the charm of distinct originality, yet is true, in conception and execution, to the standard set by the world's greatest artists. The cultural element in modern life responds with eager appreciation to Miss White's work. As a teacher at the Philadelphia Art Alliance, she is further serving her generation and posterity by inculcating her idealism into youthful students, thereby setting a shining mark for attainment.



SARAH BERNHARDT'S PSALTERY

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.*

PERHAPS NO ARTIST, in any channel of endeavor, ever enthralled the imagination and heart interest of the world as did Sarah Bernhardt. Rising above vicissitudes of the flesh, and obstacles of circumstance, she triumphantly concluded a varied career. Not only did she achieve the topmost pinnacle in her chosen profession, but in other ways she registered her fame in written and unwritten history, leaving behind a trail of glory, and a pitiful human record. Among notable pursuits and pastimes, she excelled as a collector of rare antiques, and pictured here is a prized selection from her treasures, acquired shortly after her death in Paris by P. W. French & Co. The psaltery is a predecessor of all plucked string instruments, dating from Biblical times, and among modern instruments is most closely related to the zither. The unusual example shown here is an eighteenth-century Italian psaltery, in the original case, which is beautifully painted and decorated. It is two feet ten inches wide in front, one foot two inches deep, six inches high, and trapezoidal in shape. The whole case is painted a rich salmon-red color, and is further embellished with marine scenes, clusters of flowers and colorful landscape engravings of the period. The top and the front, which drops when opened, are joined by the original iron hinges, and the top is partially formed by circular openings, covered with carved wooden scrollings. This psaltery was much beloved by the "Divine Sarah," and appealing even more than its rare value and ancient beauty is its long and intimate association with that brilliant star in the firmament of human achievement.



SPANISH ARMADA, 1588

*Courtesy of D. B. Butler, Inc.*

RELATED OFTEN in prose and verse, the fate of the great Armada sent by Philip II of Spain, in 1588, to restore Papal authority in England, is one of the most dramatic incidents in English national history. Aside from politics and religion, it reveals a bit of romance. Disappointed in marrying the English queen, Philip projected the equally difficult task of dethroning her, so returning the ties of Collar and Garter, he prepared the most powerful navy Spain had ever possessed, and sallied forth to conquer. The Romanists were in ecstasies of hope and joy, and the Pope blessed the hapless venture. All in vain, for "good Queen Bess" had the loyal enthusiasm of her people to sustain her against foreign invasion. Great energy was spent in preparations to repel the approaching enemy. The navy, recently inspirited by successes of Drake in the Indies, was in good form for battle, and the home coasts were fortified as never before. Even so, the Spanish galleons, gaily caparisoned, sailed close to shore, for to fight at a distance was contrary to Spanish custom, and the officers and men of that optimistic fleet lived up to their traditions of bravery. But they met a solid and invincible front, to say nothing of new and strange naval tactics—nay, even the elements were against them. Thus it came to pass that their gay colors were dipped in blood, and dragged in the angry waters of the English Channel. Eventually they turned southward, with nothing to comfort them but the knowledge that they had been true to king and duty. Rare now, but numerous at the time, were the pictures and prints presenting different phases of that famous combat. Illustrated here is a line engraving from a drawing by C. Lempeire. It is two feet and a half long by eighteen inches wide and was published by J. Pine, in London, 1739, "by act of Parliament." With it is a "key," explaining formation, location, etc. Exhibited in the studios of D. B. Butler and Co., it quaintly sheds a tiny ray of illumination upon history of the long ago.

The department, "Art in Everyday Life," was begun last October, and has successfully rendered a definite service to readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO by establishing a practical point of contact between art dealers and those who seek the rare and beautiful, yet have no time or opportunity to keep in touch with offerings of the studios and shops. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO knows all the highways and byways of the art world, and will answer any inquiry, or put you in direct communication with any studio, shop, or decorator mentioned in "Art in Everyday Life." Let us serve you.

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*with the beauty of silk and the durability of mohair*



*The appreciative Arabs called it "muhayyar" — this silky hair of the Angora goat. This soft sounding name, meaning "choice and select," aptly describes the lovely, durable Angora velvets of today.*

THE ingenuity of two widely separated peoples of the Old World, gives us, four hundred years later, these gorgeous long-lived fabrics called Angora velvets.

For hundreds of years the picturesque, adventurous Turks counted great herds of Angora goats as part of their caravans. These they prized for their long silky hair which they wove into a durable cloth called mohair.

On the other side of the world, the celebrated weavers of 16th Century Flanders, feeling the need of a pile fabric of greater strength than their lovely but perishable silk velvets, substituted this animal fibre for silk and produced the first mohair velvets.

But ingenious as those Flemish weavers were, their new velvets were stiff in texture and suitable only for the more formal and geometric designs that have since characterized mohair velvets.

Today, however, modern craftsmen have achieved in the version of mohair velvet called Angora, the very effect those master Flemish weavers vainly sought for.

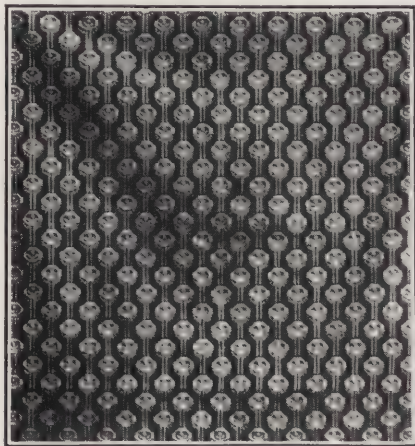
The durable Angora velvets of today are just as flexible in design and color as any of their silken kin that ever graced palace walls amid the splendours of the Renaissance.

The two velvets shown here illustrate this new scope in design. The pattern on the right calls to mind a lovely 18th Century brocade. Small floral miniatures crowned by tiny bowknots hang suspended in lozenges of delicate leafage, a design

typical of silk fabrics. The fabric on the left, while patterned with a more traditional mohair design, shows how gracefully the silken texture of Angora velvets responds to the "gaufrage" process, a pressing down of certain portions of the pile.

These lovely durable velvets and other Schumacher fabrics may be seen by arrangement with your own upholsterer or decorator, who will also gladly arrange the purchase for you.

F. Schumacher & Co., Importers, Manufacturers, Distributors to the trade only, of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics. 60 West 40th Street, New York City. Offices in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.



*Infinitely varied have been the designs woven into silk velvets through the centuries—now the silky texture of Angora velvets means that the long-wearing mohair can be patterned just as beautifully, just as diversely.*



*As gleaming and scintillant in color as the silken velvets of the Renaissance, these lovely Angora weaves often have the interesting variation given by a secondary design in the panne effect produced by "gaufrage."*

## F-SCHUMACHER & COMPANY



# THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

MANY OF THE ARTICLES in the September issue will have to do either with furniture or decoration. An unusual approach to the subject, one which is perhaps unique, is that adopted in Francis Hamilton's article on *Artists' Homes as They Paint Them*.

"Painters," says Mr. Hamilton in part, "long have been fond of occasionally turning out a canvas the background for which has been either their studio or the most used room in their own homes. I have confined myself in this article to pictures by contemporary American artists of the interiors of their homes, its purpose being to present the sheer pictorial charm of these canvases, the intimate revelations such paintings present, and for the suggestions they contain as to interior decorations. Artists have a flair for acquiring handsome and picturesque furniture. They almost invariably have so 'knowing' a touch in arranging these things in their studios and homes as to awaken instant recognition on the part of their visitors. And when it comes to the placing of furniture, the 'spotting' of walls with pictures or art objects, these paintings are singularly abundant in suggestions for simple or luxurious interior decoration."

The illustrations, reproduced from paintings by Benson, Tarbell, Garber, Hawthorne and Johansen, together with Mr. Hamilton's lucid descriptions and analysis, present interior decoration in an entirely new light.

ONE OF THE most significant and encouraging developments in interior decoration today, especially to those who have our national creative genius dearly at heart, is the change from strict period furnishing to the congruous assemblage of various periods in a single room. In general the tendency seems to be either to regard it as the interesting phenomenon of many styles growing where formerly one grew, or to dismiss it as further evidence of an untutored, cock-sure disregard of the past. That the change may have broader significance in relation to our slumbering creative forces, Horace Wesley Ott, in his article on composite interiors, which will be published next month, suggests. He feels that we have served out our period room penance for our Victorian sins, and are ready to adopt a system of decoration less atrophied. His article will be accompanied by several photographs of splendid interiors which illustrate his suggestions.

"THE EXACT position of Dodge Macknight in American art is, perhaps, a debatable matter in most quarters, but at least Boston has no doubts about the validity of his claims to eminence. Though he fought his dogged way to success through many a long year of unconcern and even hostility in their midst, the art lovers of the Hub have at length capitulated and become his chosen people. As if to make up for the past, they openly acclaimed him the equal of America's two greatest water-colorists when they sent his work to Paris two years ago, in company with that of Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent. Like other pioneers in the same New England, Macknight had to face the sturdy task of breaking the stiff surface before reaching the rewarding and fertile soil beneath. After years of exhibiting in the Boston Galleries the balance of favor finally shifted, and from a rather lean living he has come into a measure of popular patronage accorded an artist at any time." Ralph Flint, himself a Bostonian, knows both

his city and his man, and the article he has written is full of interest even though one does not live in Boston. The illustrations will include one in color.

ONE OF THE most interesting sculptors now working in America is the Russian by birth, but American by sympathy, Gleb Derujinsky. In the few years that he has been in this country his work has become familiar to and appreciated by sensitive patrons and critics. In the next issue Helen Comstock will write of the man and his work.

Derujinsky had studied law in Petrograd but a love of sculpture caused him to go to Paris to study for several years and when he returned to his native land he continued his artistic rather than his legal training. The beginning of his career and the Revolution happened almost simultaneously and he was forced to fly to the Crimea where he joined his school friend, Prince Yousoupoff. He then went with members of his family to the Caucasus and later worked his way to America as a sailor, arriving in this country without even the formality of a passport. He at once began to establish himself as a sculptor and all of his work that is now in this country was done since his arrival here in 1919.

IN THE Faust Collection in St. Louis is one of the most hotly disputed pictures in the world. It is a triptych which every evidence indicates was painted by the scholar Erasmus. Apparently the only question as to its provenance is one based on the fact that it has not been generally known that Erasmus gave some of his time to art. That doubt has been generally dispelled.

But, although this picture has received a great deal of attention, there are many others in Mr. Faust's collection which merit the highest praise from esthetic standards. He has a splendid Rubens; an exceedingly rare and beautiful Gothic tapestry; a remarkable Van der Weyden, and many other treasures. Emily Grant Hutchings has written of the collection for the next issue.

ALTHOUGH its collections are, compared to the great public museums, small, the art museum of the University of Princeton is put to the limit of practical use in the teaching of art. It furnishes, says William B. M'Cormick in the September issue, "the most perfect example in our country of the newer method of art teaching. . . . The several galleries are austere simple although in the range of their exhibits they cover the history of art from Egypt and Assyria, through Greece and Rome, the Gothic and early Renaissance periods with a few seventeenth-century works and potteries down to contemporary times in the famous Trumbull-Prime collection." Great care and discretion has been used in the selection of the material exhibited, and the museum is in the charge of Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Marquand Professor of Art at Princeton. Mr. M'Cormick's article contains an account of the exhibits, the uses made of them and the effect of the art courses on the student body.

"SPRING," by Joseph Stella, is reproduced on the cover of this issue by courtesy of the Dudensing Galleries.

Payton Boswell









*"THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA"*

*by*

*Dodge Macknight*

*Courtesy of Edward J. Holmes*



September 1925

## American FURNITURE of TODAY

OUT OF A CHAOS of changes has emerged the American furniture of today. Whether it come, time-toned, from old world castle or colonial attic or from the shops of our modern artist-artisans, there rests upon it new beauty and new dignity.

It is good sometimes to peer down the pit from which such progress digs itself. Here then for a look into limbo! Yonder faded monstrosity is an over-stuffed flour barrel of the period when American women were solemnly advised that a refined lady could make an artistic parlor by amateur use of a saw, a few staves, three rolls of cotton batting and a remnant of cretonne. Those tarnished relics are gilt chairs of no pedigree. Here is a centre table with white and glareful marble top. There are what-nots, once *sine qua nons*; hall racks with mirrors in them; talking machines with ungainly papier maché funnels; hair cloth sofas, sideboards of oak with machine-carved birds and rosebuds glued thereon; Morris chairs; piles on piles of mission tables.

If one could envision a hundred years from this writing, a fitting name might be given now to this contemporary furniture period, in which is the year 1925. In spirit it is American Renaissance—a return to first principles of sanity and correct taste. American furniture has a cosmopolitan appeal as it did in the beginning, and is likely to until the end of the world. When the Puritans and Cavaliers reached these shores early in the seventeenth century they brought certain tables and chairs and beds and cradles, but most of their gear consisted of ponderous chests or chests of drawers. Using such as models, those of our forefathers who were skilful mechanics, and

*Manufacturers are adapting old models of American furniture for use in contemporary homes*

John Walker Harrington

unhappily many who were not, made for themselves furnishings of their homes. They used not only walnut and oak to the working of which they were accustomed, but also hickory, butternut, maple, birch and even pine. When they had no original pieces to copy, nor books of reference, they made designs from memory and often created forms adapted to the uses peculiar to their new environment.

The English colonies, which formed the foundation of this country, prospered amazingly well and long before the War of the Revolution American packet ships were trading with all the world and American colonists were not only importing the best types of furniture made at the very flowering time of British cabinetmaking, but also the choice examples from Italy, France and Holland. In the pre-Revolutionary period Sheraton, Chippendale and Hepplewhite were at the height of their fame and Americans of discernment were buying finest examples from these masters as well as from the shops of noted cabinet makers, of English or Scotch birth in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and such cities. There appeared a Colonial or early American type of furniture which was in reality a product of the English version of the Renaissance.

Modern furniture was originated in Italy, fostered in France, developed in Holland, and adapted in England. The Anglo-Saxons, accustomed to sleep in beds like packing boxes, learned their first lessons on interior decoration at the Battle of Hastings. The Norman conquest of Britain, the invasion of French artificers at later periods and the skill of the cabinet makers of Flanders are all seen on the furniture of our forefathers. Eliza-





ROOM FROM A PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PHILADELPHIA HOUSE WITH FURNITURE OF THAT PERIOD  
*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

bethan, Tudor, Queen Anne have Italian, French, Gothic and Flemish elements and successive periods identified as English, and transmuted into American Colonial are representative of many horizons of culture. The splendid American wing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art shows the reflexes of the art of many climes and many ages.

What there is of a distinctive American style in furniture came out of the use of hitherto untried or unknown materials, and out of needs which were non-existent in the old world. With the passing of pioneer days came the time of servile copying, the horrors of the Victorian age, the artistic crimes of the Brownstone period and the dreadful doom of hand-painted rolling pins, suspended by satin ribbons.

Having duly cried "Peccavimus" from the housetops, and repented in haircloth and antimicassars, we are back to years that once seemed to end with Duncan Phyfe. We have done penance for our fads and fancies, put aside our followings after strange gods and are proceeding in a safe and sane way to develop a national taste in furniture.

The tremendous interest in American antiques, the educational influences of our art museums, and the numerous articles on furniture published by the American periodicals have spread not only a knowledge of periods but of correct principles of decoration. Americans of means have become connoisseurs of fine furniture.

The interest in early American furniture is an evidence of the return to graceful and simple lines and well balanced proportion. Sometimes it goes to the limits of putting ungainly dough tables into libraries, cradles into the parlors of the childless, cobblers' benches in the hall and spinning wheels into living rooms, but even these extremes have back of them a love of the mellowed wood and of the atmosphere of colonial days.

Early American furniture actually made in the pre-Revolutionary epoch on the whole has been adapted amazingly well to our modern life. Its form remains intact, and interior changes have been made which cause it to conform to all the nuances of customs and of times.

In the reproductions made from old English and American pieces, or in interpretations of





ROOM FROM PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA. FIRST QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

various eighteenth-century periods, the skill and ingenuity of the best of the old-time cabinet-makers have been equaled or even surpassed. Comfort, convenience and utility are combined with the charm of the styles of an elder day. Models which according to our standards would be merely museum pieces have been so adapted as to give a new lease of life to bygone periods.

Here, for instance, is an occasional table, with a Mayflower pedigree. In its day it could hold a candle perhaps, or a workbox; perhaps a Bible. Too high, too frail, it could not serve the present generation. And alongside of it is the modern interpretation thereof with the same graceful outlines, but made shorter, with a broader top, so it can be placed next to a deep, com-

fortable chair, where the cigarette case, the cocktail shaker, the latest novel or a lamp can be imposed without fear of disaster. Yonder is a Welsh dresser, early American in form, but serving every purpose of the modern sideboards. What seem to be ponderous drawers are in reality hinged panels which mask nests of drawers.

What appears to be a long table of the refectory type conceals leaves which can be drawn out on either side. If that does not make it wide enough to accommodate a dinner party, a butterfly table, one of those New England interpretations of the console, with rudders instead of dolphins to support it, is placed at the end of the widened table. Up go its end flaps, and presto, here is a hospitable board seating at least four-

AMERICAN OAK CHEST. CIRCA 1650

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*







MODERN CUPBOARD ADAPTED FROM AN EARLY PINE ONE MADE IN PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

*Courtesy of the Erskine-Danforth Company*

teen persons. Small apartments and kitchenettes have introduced the dining nooks and breakfast rooms. Hence early American forms of tables are narrowed to meet a new demand of our high-pressure civilization. One long established table manufacturer has dropped the making of all his other lines to give his entire attention to the supplying of this new need.

In a myriad of modern forms the spirit of the early American is interpreted. The high back of an old church pew serves as the head of a 1925 bed, and it does very well, too, for in those days when sermons were two hours long many a worthy soul must have slumbered in such a setting. There were no reading tables beside beds in 1700, so the modern maker has attached to this by hinges a



leaf, with a rudder support, which can be raised whenever insomnia urges to the pursuit of literature.

The revival of earlier American styles has made walnut a favorite once more. It was not so many years ago that walnut was being thrown into the discard. This was largely due to its being stained almost black and to the unsightly carvings and incised lines which marred its charm. Mahogany has suffered, too, at the hands of the all too zealous stainer, and that accounts in a measure for the fact that this noble exotic wood has not been in such demand for American furniture as it was, though many important eighteenth-century reproductions are made of it. The walnut of which so much of contemporary furniture is made is used as nearly as possible in its original tone.

Most of the furniture today is heavily veneered as compared with older pieces made of solid wood. Once veneer was anathema to those who bought furniture for their homes, but they now ask for it. On a core of substantial wood the five-ply veneer is laid, each layer at different angles of the grain, as though in bonded courses of masonry, and at the top the final layer, especially chosen for the beauty and fine texture of its markings. One hardly knows the walnut of yesteryear, so varied and so exquisite are the tones which can be evoked from its burls and selected pieces by the master craftsmen of our American Renaissance.

Cabinetmaking as a fine art has reached its apotheosis in the furniture sent forth nowadays from our



MODERN MAHOGANY TABLE ADAPTED FROM ONE BY DUNCAN PHYFE  
*Courtesy of the Kensington Manufacturing Company*

American ateliers, with all its ingenious adaptations to the prevailing customs. One of the most exquisite creations in the Adam style ever produced is a dressing table of satinwood which has come from the shops of a leading firm of decorators. The woman of fashion of our cycle would never be content with the simple fittings and conveniences which satisfied the cosmetic urge of the eighteenth century.

The elaborate vanity dressers of today, made after the period of Louis XV which are to be seen in so many of the smart shops, would challenge the best efforts of the master craftsmen of any period.

The skilful matching of woods, the production of high lights which gave a veritable vibration to the finish, the handling of inlays, as seen in the furniture of American make, are worthy of the finest traditions of craftsmanship. Although our modern cabinetmakers are so adept in decoration, they exercise their skill with restraint and

SMALL MODERN PIE-CRUST TABLE  
*Courtesy of the Erskine-Danforth Company*







"SALEM" BED ADAPTED FROM VARIOUS LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PIECES

*Courtesy of the Erskine-Danforth Company*

poise. The simplicity of outline, the fine sense of proportion, the delicacy of design are all accentuated by American ingenuity and American imagination.

Americans are finding new delights in antique furniture adapted by cleverly designed internal arrangements, or "fitments," to use an archaic word. They can if they like have their radio set in a Gothic credence of impeccable lineage, or convert some early English high-boy to the most modern uses. When necessary they can supplement the walnut refectory table from an Italian villa with reproductions of Savonarola chairs to second its dignity.

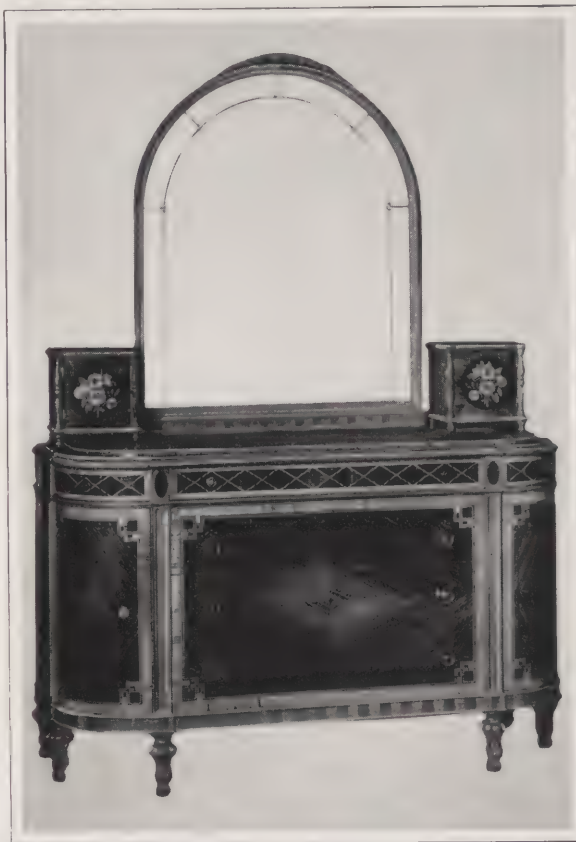
All Americans, such has been the development of the joiner's art, can acquire pieces suitable to their

requirements and to their purses. There never was a time when there was a greater nor a more intelligent demand for well-proportioned and beautiful furniture of all periods from the glorious era of Florence to the days in which vast cities of the New World vie with the great stronghold of the Medici in power, in wealth and in all that makes for the cultivation of the fine arts.

There are American homes in which there are Italian rooms or apartments in the French styles, or libraries in the Gothic, and either from the riches of the old world or by the honest and faithful reproductions of the antique they are in keeping with all that makes for the artistic verities. The rapid development of Palm Beach and of Miami,

ONE PIECE FROM A MODERN ROSEWOOD BED ROOM SET,  
WITH INLAID DECORATION

*Courtesy of the West Michigan Furniture Company*







DINING ROOM FURNITURE ADAPTED FROM SPANISH AND ITALIAN MOTIVES

*Courtesy of the Kensington Manufacturing Company*

for example, has stimulated an interest in Spanish furniture which is being met by extensive importations as well as by masterly reproductions.

In meeting the exacting requirements of the American people for furniture, graceful in line, faithful in tradition and true to utility the de-

signers and artisans of this century have brought us, indeed, to a new cosmos. For, although we have not, as yet, evolved a period, it is not unreasonable to suppose that that step is only a short distance away. Then, "Twentieth Century, American" will be a culmination.

AN EARLY AMERICAN DAY-BED SUITABLE TO MODERN USE

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*





# DODGE MACKNIGHT, *Aquarellist*

THE EXACT POSITION of Dodge Macknight in American art is perhaps a debatable matter in most quarters, but Boston at least has no doubts about the validity of his claims to

eminence. Though he fought his dogged way to success through many a long year of unconcern and even hostility in their midst, the art lovers of the Hub have at length capitulated and become his chosen people. As if to make up for the past, they openly acclaimed him the equal of America's two greatest watercolorists when they sent his work to Paris two years ago in company with that of Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent. Like other pioneers in the same New England, Macknight had to face the sturdy task of breaking the stiff surface before reaching the rewarding and fertile soil beneath. After years of exhibiting in the Boston galleries, the balance of favor finally shifted, and from a rather lean living he has come into a measure of popular patronage seldom accorded any artist.

Whether or not an innate appreciation of the water color *per se* came naturally to the people of New England as a legacy from the mother land, it is true that Bostonians, like the English, have always shown a strong partiality toward this delicate branch of the fine arts. On their walls today are to be found in a fine profusion that no other part of the United States could yield rare examples of such master American watercolorists as Homer, LaFarge, Whistler, Sargent and Macknight, not forgetting such early English artists as Cox, Girtin, Turner and Blake. New England connoisseurship stands clearly revealed

*New England artist whose brilliant watercolors have given rise to another Boston esthetic cult*

RALPH FLINT

among the gentlefolk of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, of Cambridge and Brookline. Their colonial rooms make fine backgrounds for the somewhat retiring watercolor, and even where early simplicities have merged into later luxuriousness of appointment, that curious character of rectitude

in this collecting of watercolors, and it seems peculiarly appropriate that the refinements and the more or less elusive charms of this delicate medium should be understood and cherished

among the gentlefolk of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, of Cambridge and Brookline. Their colonial rooms make fine backgrounds for the somewhat retiring watercolor, and even where early simplicities have merged into later luxuriousness of appointment, that curious character of rectitude and restraint in Bostonian mansions still makes its place secure.

Although Dodge Macknight is a New Englander first and last, it seemed in the beginning as if the watercolor under his touch had come into a fiery, turbulent being that ill accorded with the established watercolor point of view of generations of New England art lovers, and it was only after a long and arduous period of education in the newer modes of impressionistic painting that the Boston public finally capitulated to this strange artistic phenomenon in its midst and agreed to hang him on its walls among the elect. His early lines were laid in Providence,

Rhode Island, and ran toward things pictorial from the start. As a youth he put his hand to painting scenery for amateur theatricals, and later secured a position as apprentice to a professional scene-painter. At the age of eighteen he went to New Bedford and labored there with various forms of commercial art for several years. Finally a slender but sufficient opening came to cut loose for Paris, and the winter of 1883 saw him installed in one of the ateliers of that city. His student



"FLAGS, MILK STREET, BOSTON"

BY DODGE MACKNIGHT

Owned by Desmond Fitzgerald





"ENTRANCE TO FEZ"

Owned by Denman Ross

BY DODGE MACKNIGHT

days lasted for some three years when he took his advancing talents into his own hands and decamped for the Midi and Algeria. It was in this latter place that the real beginnings of his luminous style were laid, and by the autumn of 1888, during a sojourn in Moret, he had struck that peculiar freedom and intensity of technique and color which was to take to such definite conclusions, as definite and vital as any that the Frenchmen, also engaged in solving the intricate problems of *plein air* painting, were to reach. He developed his style quite outside the influence of the local French painters, being simply one of those artists who reacted to the impressionistic trend of pictorial thought that was spreading over the world of art just then.

It is extremely interesting to look over the list of Macknight's successive attempts to break in upon Boston as recorded in Desmond Fitzgerald's monograph on this artist. His first public exhibition took place in the Park Street galleries of Doll and Richards in 1888, and the thirty-five paintings, done in Africa and France, were quite favorably received by the critics and general public. The *Herald* gives the note of cautious appreciation in its "one feels the difference of atmosphere, color and architecture from those to which we are accustomed, and the artist arouses our interest

by the directness with which he has expressed his impression." Elsewhere his color is found to be "pure and frank." A second exhibition at these galleries the following year brought thirty more watercolors before the Boston public, and showed the artist's color sense and technical procedure clearer than before. The reception in the main continued moderately favorable, though a few agitated onlookers took to their pens. One "close student of nature" found his "wildest dreams and imaginings thoroughly outraged by Macknight's prismatic productions" and opined that a week or two in such lurid company would find his "eyes burned out by their color." Mr. Fitzgerald took up the cudgels at this time in defense of Macknight with a fine enthusiasm which has never slackened, and he has been ever since his most ardent champion and patron.

Macknight continued his artistic invasion of the Hub with still another show the following year, and his two score watercolors done on the Brittany coast only served to increase the double-barreled point of view that was springing up in Boston over the issues of impressionistic painting in general and over Macknight in particular. The *Sunday Morning Gazette* of that time referred to the exhibition as "the sensation of the week" and that "it seems hardly possible that educated men





"ORIZABA MOUNTAIN, MEXICO"

Owned by Mrs. Cameron Bradley

BY DODGE MACKNIGHT

and women, with well-balanced minds, should take these pictures seriously," concluding its remarks after much talk of "arsenic green trees and purple barns" that "such an exhibition as this is capable of doing great harm to art." Again in 1891 he sent another batch of watercolors to Doll and Richards for exhibition, and again such phrases as "turning nature wrongside out," "nightmare landscape," "not honest in his interpretation of nature," and "purple so strong that it would blind the eye of an eagle" appeared in the press from the pens of outraged art lovers. The fifth Boston show (1892) had a catalogue inscribed with provocative lines from Walt Whitman which only served to add fuel to the flames, and this exhibition was the last at Doll and Richards until 1897.

Other champions beside Mr. Fitzgerald were appearing and the artist's case was being well thrashed out in the high court of public opinion. While all this was undoubtedly making interesting history and providing much pertinent publicity, it failed signally in assembling a large buying public for Macknight's work, so that his next few years were ones of real want and often deep discouragement. He had married and gone to Spain at this time, and his problems were not alone financial ones for he found that the further he

went into the matter of color vibration the more difficult became the painting of full sunlight. After two years of hard work he got together another group of watercolors for Boston, which were shown at the St. Botolph Club with much the same effect as formerly, although it was clear to a few that his art was all the while advancing. Very much of a crisis arrived in the Macknight menage about this time, and if it had not been for a particularly superb display of autumnal coloring that year at Valsesres, whither he had repaired from Spain, he might never have known the fruits of his Boston victory. In despair he had practically abandoned the brush for the pen, but nature in a fine burst of color literally pulled him back to painting. He returned to America in 1897 with his wife and son after an absence of fourteen years, and eventually came to live near the town of Sandwich on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, which section has been his home ever since. Thus he came to know the beauties of the New England seasons and to record them in his ever broadening art; and in his ninth exhibition at Doll and Richards in 1901, the Cape scenery in all its contrasting glory and vigor was revealed for the first time.

From then on the story of Macknight's pictorial campaign is on an ascending scale. His famous snow scenes appeared in quantity for the





"SNOW IN RAVINE"

Owned by Desmond Fitzgerald

BY DODGE MACKNIGHT

first time in the next show, and were sufficiently impressive to move the *Boston Transcript* to the sobriquet of "King of Impressionists." All the while his faithful admirers were adding to their stores, with Mr. Fitzgerald well in the lead and Denman W. Ross and others a good though distant field. Like other cults in this region, this had its beginnings worked out in slow time, in temperate but persistent enthusiasms and conversions. The eleventh show, two years later, brought the snow pictures more than ever to the fore, and probably did much toward winning new admirers among the Boston public. From here on Macknight's record is filled with interesting and productive journeys to various sketching grounds, at home and abroad. He made a third trip to Spain about this juncture, mainly to balance up pictorially after four years on the Cape. Jamaica was profitably visited in 1906, and later Newfoundland and Mexico were turned to good account. His 1917 exhibition was notable in that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts purchased its first Macknight from the watercolors shown. The succeeding exhibition brought an even greater measure of success, and Macknight began his series of winter visits to Shelburne, New Hampshire, where he caused a little portable house to

be made for him in which he could paint the wonderful snow effects in something approaching human conditions. His efforts in this field were immediately successful, all the White Mountain pictures selling at the next year's exhibition.

The tide of public approval was rising higher and higher, and the 1912 show at the St. Botolph Club must have brought a glow to the artist and to those who had stood by so long and faithfully. Prices were rising and a keen sense of competition between the various collectors set in. He went to Utah in 1913 and brought back the first of his remarkable interpretations of western scenery, but the climax of his painting career came in the next two years of work, done in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Thirty-eight magnificent watercolors were the result of his second trip and when Doll and Richards opened their twenty-second Macknight exhibition in 1916, with more than twenty canyon pictures included, the record of sales gives thirteen taken in the first three days and twenty-two in all. As time went on a certain amount of feeling became gradually engendered by the fact that a few privileged collectors always got the pick of each year's output, so that it was eventually arranged quite amicably among all concerned that no one was to see any of his work until the



time of the annual exhibition at Doll and Richards. Today his yearly shows present the extraordinary spectacle of a band of eager buyers lined up at the foot of the winding stairs leading to the main gallery, waiting with as much patience as it may possess until the stroke of ten from the neighboring steeple gives the signal for the dropping of the cord, whereupon ensues a scene of frenzied buying that has no equal in the annals of art, that makes the devoted and intensive patronage of the Medicis and Hapsburgs pale before it. It takes on something of the thrill and intensity of a Yale Tap Day or the breathless sport of other days called musical chairs. Anyhow these opening Macknight mornings on Newbury Street are very serious affairs, and Mr. Fitzgerald vouches for last year's figures which show eleven paintings snatched up in the first five minutes and sixteen by the time the clock had got to ten forty-five! It is much to Boston's credit that no Senatorial clinches have yet been recorded at any of these Monday meetings, although it is easy to imagine some bitter moments when some favorite picture is being bagged.

To really know Macknight's work in its entirety, one must go to Brookline to the Fitzgerald collection. Here are more than three hundred examples of his watercoloring, beginning with Mr. Fitzgerald's first purchase of 1888 and ranging through all the various periods up to the present time. This huge collection rambles all through the Fitzgerald home on Washington Street, up stairs and down, but principally in the large gallery which extends from the main house. While splendid Monets, Sisleys, Renoirs, Sargents, Chi-

nese potteries, and various objects of art abound here, it is the Macknight display in all its glory that commands the attention. These watercolors have been carefully chosen over a long course of years, and show the painter at his very best; for, like many another artist, Macknight does not always strike ten by any means, although he invariably turns out a well-considered, vibrant watercolor.

The Edward J. Holmes collection, while much smaller, is another example of early and careful buying, and here are some of his finest canyon pictures. This started back in the days when Macknight's work was pretty much anathema in the camp of the conventionally minded, and the first water color purchased was kept discretely upstairs out of sight for some time as a thing decidedly worth having but still a bit *outré* perhaps for the Back Bay. It proved to be a seed well sown, however, and today the score or more Macknights in the Holmes collection are proudly ranged in the drawing room as the *piece de résistance*.

This is the story of Dodge Macknight briefly told. He goes his pictorial way, little concerned with the outside world, producing each year a new set of watercolors for his eager Boston public, admirably surviving all contaminating influences of having become a cult. The Copley Society sent him to Paris in company with Sargent and Homer to show the French how far the gentle art of water coloring had gone in the new world, and two years ago, just thirty-five years after his first exhibition in the Hub, he held his first one-man show in New York at the Rehn Galleries.

"CRATER LAKE"

Courtesy of Frank K. M. Rebn

BY DODGE MACKNIGHT







ENGLISH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PETIT POINT PANEL

*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

## Needlepoint, a Revived Elegance

OUR DAY is marked by a widespread revival of interest in one of the most delicate of all embroidery. Fifteen years ago an example, even an unimportant one, of this now flourishing craft was discoverable only by the most diligent and learned of antiquarians. Today ancient and modern pieces of varying beauty and value are to be found by nearly anyone nearly anywhere. The "nearly" is advisable. Needlepoint two hundred years ago, three hundred years ago, and four centuries before that—in every era in which it has flourished—was an esoteric possession and a still more limited accomplishment.

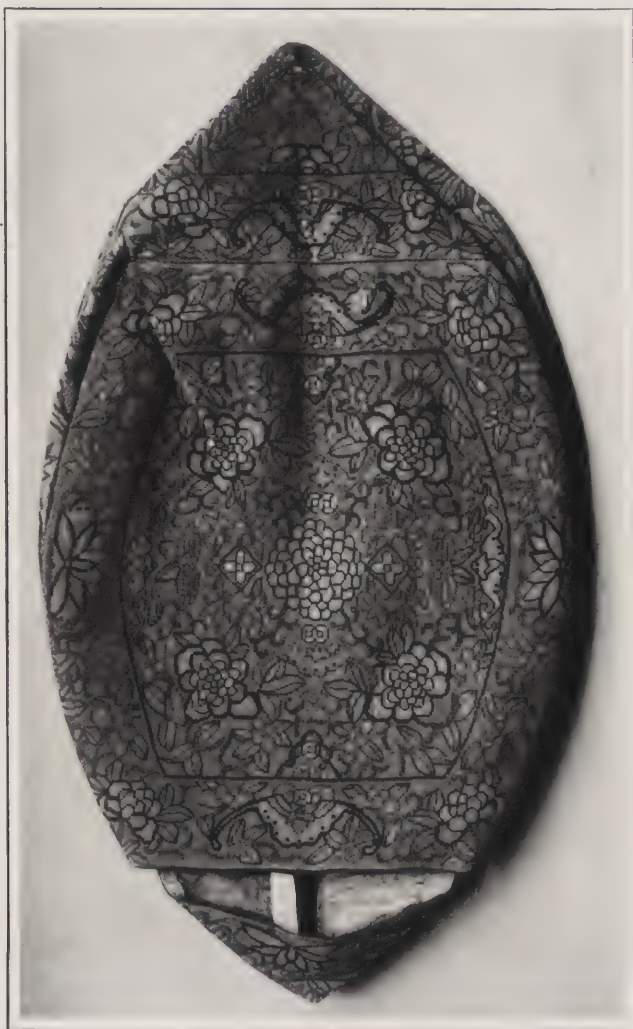
*Present-day decorators are making splendid use of this delicate needlecraft of many centuries ago*

John W. VANDERGOOK

Today the same comparative limitation is true—but over a wider area and within a more populous class.

The market is crowded. The chateaus of France have been ransacked in the national bankruptcy sale which has followed the war. Exquisite pieces of petit point and gros point which upholstered the furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were ripped off by dealers of greater diligence than taste. Replaced by less faded coverings designed to catch the dulled eyes of the New Aristocracy, these pieces were flung in disregarded piles in corners. But their unhappy tenancy was short.





CHINESE PETIT POINT CUSHION COVER  
 Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

It may be said with perfect truth that America is responsible for this most interesting of rediscoveries. The boast is perhaps dimmed by the practical aspect of coincidence, but the fact remains. In the years which came immediately upon the cessation of European hostilities, Americans were the omnipresent race upon the European scene. Ever quick to take advantage of a fortuitous circumstance, private collectors and dealers appeared, purses in ready hands, to celebrate the wake of Continental poverty.

The furniture and household trappings of the demolished households of France and the less conspicuously cleared manors of England quickly passed into American possession. The disordered bundles of needlepoint were shipped overseas, then paid the compliment of a more thoughtful observation than had been accorded by their native land.

Needlepoint has not only become the insistent demand of all who seek exquisite furnishings and

have the wherewithal for their purchase. It has not only become the serious employment of countless patient amateurs, and the god-child of dealers of all sorts, but it has grown to the place of a flourishing modern industry. Needlepoint—which is the generic term embracing both petit and gros point embroidery—is the most careful of hand-crafts. But modern ingenuity has pooh-poohed that tradition and has invented machinery which produces it by the yard and mile. It may be added, such products only too clearly display the manner of their production.

The “art” of needlepoint, as many an ambitious amateur has learned to his and her sorrow, lies not so much in the detail of its execution, troublesome and important though that is, but in the selection, harmony and contrast of its colors. No medium, save oil, presents a greater opportunity for skilful and charming polychromy. The “tightness” of the petit point stitch can, under expert treatment, result in a softness of tonal quality obtainable in no other way. The surface of a needlepoint embroidery is divided mathematically into infinitesimal units of color so fine that extraordinary blending is possible. The especial loveliness of antique examples is due to the fine technical understanding of this principle. Though the actual designs of the majority of French and English pieces of the period at which needlepoint was at its height were for the most part quite simple, the final effect is of a brilliant and sophisticated beauty. Each piece is a unit.

No juncture is felt between sections of various color, nor between areas of petit point and gros point stitches, where both appear on the same linen. The best examples are harmonious, restrained to the point of asceticism, and marvelously “pleasing.”

So far, nothing has been done in this century which at all closely approximates the better examples of the classic school—or, more exactly, schools. It would be an unprecedented miracle were that not so. The revival is, in its complete sense, a matter of months. Fingers have grown clumsy with the passage of the centuries, and eyes dimmed to what is most delicate in color values.

It is no accident that those periods in which the best work in embroidery, and in rug and tapestry weaving was done, were coincident with the manufacture and use of vegetable dyes. Today, with the advent of the quick and simple manufacture of aniline dye-products the variety of colors at the command of the needleworker has



increased enormously, but the quality and esthetic worth of those colors has decreased even more profoundly.

There is a curiously hard, metallic quality to wool or silk dyed with aniline. This is particularly noticeable when the surface of an embroidery is stretched tight. It is also a dampening reflection to realize that the grandchildren of the most assiduous of contemporary needlepointers—if there is such a word—will find their once lovely heirlooms most excellent shoe-rags—and nothing more. For all the lustrous reds and greens and blues and golds will have faded into a brackish monotone of singular ugliness.

But that difficulty is being surmounted. Several professionals, chiefly Frenchmen, are devoting themselves to the rediscovery and the limited manufacture of the old vegetable dyes. It is not wholly a lost art. It is simply an expensive and tiresome one. One Frenchman living in this country has built up a flourishing trade importing specially prepared wools and silks, and the coarse linen fabric upon which needlepoint is embroidered.

Given the proper materials, it is not difficult to surmise that this period may produce a fashion of needlepoint which will be a worthy successor to the ancient traditions of the craft.

Those eras in which it has especially flourished have been separated by wide gaps of time, but it seems to have recurred in each with increasing rather than diminished beauty.

The literature which touches upon needlepoint is astonishingly small. Paragraphs and isolated chapters in the few weighty tomes which have been written now and again upon the subject of embroidery dwell upon it with almost contemptuous brevity. This is the more strange inasmuch as needlepoint seems to be the oldest and most artistically important of any of the myriad forms of needlework.

It appears first historically in the later Roman

empire, although its origin, like most other things, seems to have been in some forgotten period of the Chinese empire.

In Rome, the Latin synonym for needlepoint was the far more descriptive phrase "opus pulvinarium," or cushion stitch. Needlepoint, because it is an embroidery and not a frame-woven tapestry, is especially adapted for use upon a surface such as a chair seat or a cushion where there is constant friction or "pulling." A loomed stitch will bunch and pull, but needlepoint, because of the nature of its construction, is practically impervious to wear. The wine-bibbers of the empire, however, evidently sat too heavily and long, for no relics of that era are anywhere to be found.

The first age in which it attained any lasting importance was in China during the thirteenth century. Some of the most exquisite museum pieces to be found date from that epoch. The petit point stitch was used almost exclusively, and only silk, as might be expected, was employed. Because of the national Chinese dearth of furniture, the Chi-

nese ladies were constrained to devote their gifts with the needle to the embroidery of small framed decorative pieces, girdles and cushions. These last, of which many remain, display an intricacy of design, a skill of workmanship, and an incredible fineness of stitch which has never been duplicated. Floral and purely abstract designs, curiously enough, took precedence over the involved symbolism common to most modes of Chinese artistic expression. The color schemes, for the most part, were confined to a single tone relieved by a delicately contrasting tint. Those colors have remained pure and vivid with the passage of time. It was a high point in the art which no succeeding period approached.

During the middle of the sixteenth century needlepoint next appeared as a definite revival.

It first became the fashion in France, but



PETIT POINT AND GROS POINT COMBINED IN A CONTEMPORARY SCREEN

*Courtesy of Maison Sherry*



rapidly passed across the channel into England, where its vogue became greater and more lasting.

The explanation of this European revival is necessary hypothetical, but it is a safe surmise that needlepoint was first introduced into France during the ascendancy of the Medici family of Florence. There is ample evidence that it was known in the Italian city-states of the middle ages, where it was probably imported by the Italian traders who dealt in the luxuries of the Orient. It was in Italy a period in which anything Eastern was carefully aped, and was succeeded by that time in France in which Italy was the fashion, and, in turn, was followed by a period in England when France set the styles in everything from mesalliances to manners. Such may have been the cause of the recurrence of needlepoint. Such was certainly its history.

In France, where upholstered furniture was the invariable rule, its use as furniture covering, and as inset panels in secretaries, sideboards, etc., became widespread. There for the first time appears the combination of the gros point and the petit point stitches on the same pattern, and wool and silk together were first used. Gros point was utilized for backgrounds, in most cases, and the petit point stitch, which is four times finer than gros point, for detail work. An extraordinary rarification of design and color developed until there was decadence into that super-sophisticated dullness so closely identified with the close of the French monarchy.

With the transition of the art into England there came a new vitality. The combination of gros point and petit point stitches was common during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but with succeeding years the petit point stitch almost totally disappeared. Gros point, worked entirely with wool, was fabricated into charmingly vigorous decorative schemes, for the most part devoted to pastoral subjects and somewhat crude large floral designs. Its use as an upholstering material continued, but there was increased appearance of needlepoint as non-utilitarian decorative wall-panels.

With the advent of the Georgian era armorial

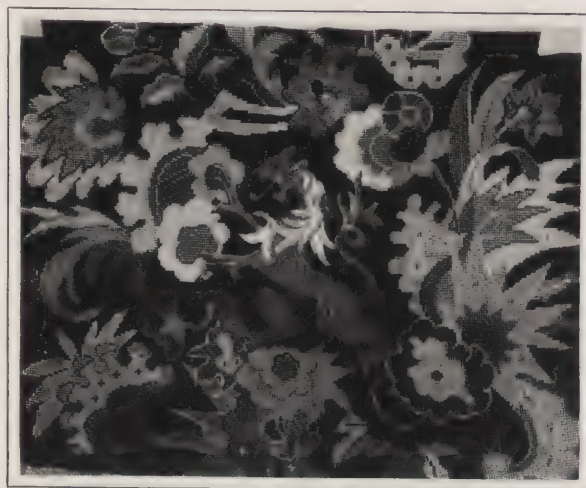
bearings and heraldic designs became common, but accompanied by a quick decline of interest in the needlepoint craft. It became the work of professionals and lost much of its identity as an art. With the close of the eighteenth century gros point and petit point were almost forgotten. A recrudescence may be observed in an occasional colonial sampler in which gros point, petit point and the cross stitch are combined, but the easier and less interesting cross stitch has largely superseded. For a century it was almost entirely forgotten and permitted to mold into disuse.

But again it is at a new height. Probably never before has a larger audience been attracted by its peculiar charm, nor has its popularity been more international in scope. America is ahead of other countries in enthusiasm for it, but England and France have felt the contagion.

The contemporary amateur who consid-

ers needlepoint as a hobby should be forewarned of its difficulty. Unparalleled patience, deftness and good taste are requisite. A short cut has been effected by one commercial vendor to the fad, with the trick of supplying unsewn linen meshes stenciled into designs, each part of which is numbered with a figure to correspond to the particular bit of wool to be stitched into that segment.

Embroidery in petit point and gros point is fascinating and difficult. The stitch has been termed the "tent-stitch," a somewhat descriptive term. The linen mesh upon which it is worked is woven into tiny open squares of coarse thread. A single thread of the embroidery silk or wool is taken over and around one thread of the ground-work material and completely covers it. There are, therefore, countless thousands of individual operations necessary before even the least conspicuous frame is filled. It has been urged by needlepoint enthusiasts, and, it must be admitted, futilely, that the embroiderer confine himself to the use of either gros point or petit point and not combine the two. But this is pedantism. Needlepoint is possessed of a marvelous fascination and a curious and special beauty, no matter in what medium or with what stitch or combination of stitches it is done—be it well done.



PETIT POINT AND GROS POINT COMBINED IN A CONTEMPORARY CHAIR BACK. *Courtesy of Maison Sherry*





"A RAINY DAY"

Courtesy of Montross Gallery

BY FRANK W. BENSON

## Artists' Homes as They Paint Them

WHEN VERMEER painted what is generally believed to be the portraits of himself and one of his daughters in the picture called "The Artist in His Studio" he created a work rare among the world's acknowledged masterpieces in that it is full of fun and contains one particularly effective "tip" in interior decoration. The humor in the composition lies in the pose of the artist himself, who presents the back of his short squat figure to the spectators, and in the standing figure of his daughter whom he has equipped with several comically discordant attributes of mural painting, a great book, a trombone-like musical instrument, a chaplet of leaves. The "tip" on interior decoration is to be found in the handsome old map hanging on the wall of the room, this idea having been revived of late by artists, architects and ship model collectors who

*Pictorial charm, personal interest and interior decoration revealed in artists' portraits of their own rooms*

FRANCIS HAMILTON

have taken to ornamenting special rooms with the highly decorative maps of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Painters long have been fond of occasionally turning out a canvas the background for which has been either their studio or the most used room in their own homes. I have confined myself in this article to pictures by contemporary American artists of the interiors of their homes, its purpose being to present the sheer pictorial charm of these canvases, the intimate revelations such paintings present, and for the suggestions they contain as to interior decorations. Artists have a flair for acquiring handsome and picturesque furniture, decorative art objects and hangings. They almost invariably have so "knowing" a touch in arranging these things in their studios and homes as to awaken instant recognition on the part of their





"GIRL CROCHETING"

*Courtesy of Montross Gallery*

BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

visitors. And when it comes to the placing of furniture, the "spotting" of walls with pictures or art objects these paintings are singularly abundant in suggestions for simple or luxurious interior decoration.

Effective simplicity is the prevailing note to be found in the living room in the country home of Frank W. Benson presented in the interior, with one figure, called "A Rainy Day." The

adorable little girl, curled up in the rattan chair with her book against her knees and the colorful cushion behind her back, is the picture's main human interest. The secondary human interest is to be found in the room itself, and the glimpse caught through the open doorway of another room beyond. For in the cavernous fireplace, with its brass andirons and fireirons, the double shelf above spotted with prints and candlesticks and a pitcher;





"GIRLS READING"

*Courtesy of Montross Gallery*

BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

in the simply papered wall with a mirror and door-frame as the only decorative notes; in the rug and table and great Chinese jar, the spectator sees an artist's idea of arranging furniture and decorations and how an artist's family lives when he is in the country with them.

There are two paintings by Edmund C. Tarbell illustrating the three-fold purpose of this article in which domestic charm and intimacy are combined with notably admirable interiors. "The Girl Crocheting," which created something of a sensation when it was first shown and was sold at a reported price of \$10,000, shows a figure engaged in one of the most familiar tasks of feminine household industry. The reproduction here conveys a very adequate impression of the superb effect of the sunlight streaming through the window at the right of the picture, its striking technical achievement. But what anyone may also find in this painting is the very effective placing of the table and chair, of the porcelain ginger jar, and especially of the hanging of the four pictures

on the gray wall, one obviously a copy (and probably by Tarbell himself) of a Velasquez.

A more ornate composition, especially in the light of interior decoration, is the second Tarbell painting, "Girls Reading." Here is a Tarbell family group and the Tarbell living room in their Massachusetts seashore home. The graceful absorption of reader and listeners reveals a highly intelligent contrast to those many graceful ladies in art who present so vacuous an atmosphere to the spectator. It is an intimate note that will not be missed by the discerning. And when the reader here turns to the third attraction of this painting, its representation of a decidedly pleasing room, he or she may find plentiful suggestion in the glow of light coming through thinly curtained windows, the precisely right yet unconventional placing of the Chinese covered jar, the conjunction of early American mahogany settee with wall and window, the gate-leg table and ladder-back chair. Here is an American interior, simple yet finely harmonious, that may well serve as a source of inspira-





"DRAWING ROOM, TOWN HOUSE"

*Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries*

BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

tion to the professional or amateur decorator. It is artistic and not in the slightest degree "arty."

The complete absence of "artiness" in such

pictures is, for me, not the least of their charms. One must be less sensitive than is the average artist not to realize that a woman sewing or read-



"GREEN STREET  
INTERIOR" BY  
DANIEL GARBER  
N.A.

*Courtesy of the  
Macbeth Gallery*





"CORNER OF LIVING ROOM"

*Courtesy of Macbeth Gallery*

BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE, N.A.

ing is domestic charm personified. So the wife of the painter sits absorbed over some needlework in a very alluring "Green Street Interior" by Daniel Garber. Here is a corner of the living room in his Philadelphia home in which the early American mahogany rocker harmonizes more nearly with the simple bureau desk of the same period than does the somewhat English looking chair against the wall in the foreground. The lamp and pitcher (it looks like a piece of lustreware) on top of the desk are quite as successful in their placing as is the hanging of the two paintings above it. The curtains suggest the double function of letting in the sunlight in the daytime and the shutting out of cold air at night, while the longitudinal paneling beneath the window ledge is an attractive feature of the whole presented scheme. It would be too much to expect of every one of these

painter's pictures of their own homes that they should invariably reflect perfection. The sculptured animal figure (it suggests a performing elephant to me) on the sewing table in the "Corner of the Living Room" by Charles W. Hawthorne is one of the few false accents to be remarked in this type of painting. Its possible excuse may be found in the anecdote of Whistler and Chase when Whistler asked the more American painter if "in his country" he occasionally saw a gorgeous house with some little thing on the mantelpiece "that gave the whole show away?" Chase replied: "Even so, Whistler; but you must remember there are always birthdays." But this does not mitigate in the slightest the arrangement of the furniture, haphazardly effective, nor of the relation of wide low window with the mirror-paneled walls.





"LIVING ROOM, STOCKBRIDGE"

*Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries*

BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

Luxury, an air of splendor, is nowhere to be remarked in these pictures. The temperament of a Van Dyke or an Alma Tadema is quite unknown among American painters, the nearest approach to that gorgeous type familiar to our native art world having been the late William M. Chase whose famous Tenth Street studio was as gorgeous as his parties were socially splendid. But that is outside the scope of this article, concerned only with artists' homes and not their workshops. Appearance of luxury is a valuable asset to portrait painters' studios. Such an artist must be on the top wave of prosperity in the way of sitters before he can omit a background of this kind.

Telling luxury is the atmosphere of two rooms in the country and city homes of John C. Johansen as pictured in the "Living Room, Stockbridge" and the "Drawing Room, Town House" by his clever brush and with his colorful palette. From floor to ceiling, from window to wall, the Stockbridge interior is not only a delight in its easeful

domesticity but also from its draperies at window and door, the window-seat with its paneling, table, reading lamp and handsome restful chairs. Decorative effect has, obviously, been more sought after than correct hanging in the placing of the picture above the lamp. When so happy a note has been achieved, however, why cavil at one small defect such as this? The drawing room in the Johansen town house, on Ninth Street, New York, is a rarely handsome and luxurious apartment for a painter's home. And yet, even here and in spite of great portieres and the paneled and pilastered wall beyond with its clustered electric lights, the true domestic feeling is not absent. The group at the pianoforte suggests the same kind of intellectual delight noted in "Girls Reading" by Tarbell. If our painters mix brains with their colors they also practice the same great virtue in the making of their homes as these pictures of them so humanly and charmingly reveal.





INTERIOR OF MASTER'S BEDROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

Photo by Amemiya

## SYNTHETIC DECORATION

ONE OF THE MOST significant and encouraging developments in interior decoration today, especially to those who have our national creative genius dearly at heart, is the change from strict "period" furnishing to the congruous assemblage of various periods in a single room. In general, the tendency seems to be either to regard it as the interesting phenomenon of many styles growing where formerly one grew, or to dismiss it as further evidence of an untutored, cock-sure disregard of the past. That the change may have any broader significance in relation to our slumbering creative forces will require something more by way of explanation.

Now that we realize the folly of the period interior, we are able to see that it was an inevitable, if uncomfortable, stage in our artistic development. We can explain such an interior more easily than we could live in it. In her excellent book, *American Homes of Today*, Augusta Owen

*Modern cabinetmakers no longer are content to make exact copies of old "period" pieces of furniture*

HORACE W. OTT

Patterson throws an extremely illuminating light on the subject. In discussing our architectural capacity at the beginning of the present century, she says: "Perhaps our greatest achievement was the sudden hopeful realization that as a nation we were devoid of architectural genius." Now, we believe we are not far astray when we say that architecture and decoration are pretty congenial companions in the progress of their development. The Victorian house, for example, has had many sins laid at its door, but certainly never that of inconsistency. Indeed, it was a jewel of consistency, from the tiniest detail of the gew-gaw trimming of the veranda to the topmost inch of the overwhelming walnut dresser, consistently, thoroughly, unmitigatedly ugly. And so, to hark back to Mrs. Patterson once more, when in 1900 "something went click in our architectural mentality," and we gave up as a bad job the attempt to be original, we may fairly safely





INTERIOR OF MASTER'S BEDROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

Photo by Amemiya

assume that something similar happened to our estimate of ourselves as the heaven-sent exponents of a new decorative art. But mark the consequence! We flew straight to the period room as precious food made according to the most approved historical receipts, and, so to speak, swallowed it whole, with all the unpleasant consequences with which we are familiar.

Yet, in comparison with the Victorian interior, the period room was a distinct move in the direc-

tion of good taste. To be sure, we felt it to be an inadequate expression of the lives we were living, a rather self-conscious revival with which we were out of tune. But at least we could rest assured that our surroundings possessed beauty and dignity, though of a rather cold, alien sort, which, after our fevered attempts at originality, were things to be thankful for. Figuratively speaking, we rested, and gained confidence and poise in our impeccably correct environment. In short, had





DINING ROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

*Photo by Amemiya*

the period interior not given place to something better, we might have lamented its swan song more deeply than we do.

The years, however, have given us assurance, and today we ask ourselves if there is any good reason why we should not exercise our own judgment in the choice of the things in the midst of which we choose to live. Already the results of our emancipation are proving quite delightful. Our interiors have ceased to be conventionally

correct stage settings through which we wander, hopelessly ill at ease; more and more definitely they are beginning to take on the stamp of personality, to reflect comfort and a livable quality which we now consider indispensable. Furthermore, in much the same way that a pleasing irregularity of feature may increase the interest of a person's countenance, a little discordance or incongruity in furnishing adds tang to the interior. Few of us, indeed, can seriously regret the passing



of the conscientious integrity of period decoration when we place beside it the pleasant amenities of the composite interior.

Aside from the fact that the period interior has proved to be incapable of fulfilling the needs of the complex life of today, the very difficulty of successful execution may have had something to do with our change of attitude. It is one of those things which must be extremely well done or else had better not be attempted. How many of us, living in apartments, would be able to induce a skeptical landlord to co-operate with us with sufficient zeal to make the interior historically correct? The apartment of today is in good taste in a broad, safe sort of way, but it is quite outside the province of the owner to make it an authentic receptacle for say, a collection of Louis XVI furniture. Architecturally, in nine cases out of ten, it remains quite properly a nonentity. Similarly, in nine cases out of ten, where furnishings and decorative objects of one period are used, the interior invariably misses its goal if the attempt be to make it a period interior.

This feeling of futility, however, does not tell quite all the story of our altered conception of what constitutes a satisfactory interior. We have spoken as if the furniture forms of today were lifted bodily out of the past and set down, unchanged, in the multi-period room. There are many people who bemoan the fact that they are not. To them any deviation from the antique model is cause for lamentation, and, occasionally, vituperation, a circumstance for which the slovenly reproductions of some cheap manufacturers may be held accountable. Granted for the moment that the change were no more far reaching than the substitution of historic facsimiles of various countries and periods for those of one, it would still be welcome as bringing in its train an increased adaptability to present day requirements. As yet, a great deal of really commendable decoration does no more at the present time than make unrestricted use of authentic reproductions. But the circumstances which the aforementioned fosterers of our nascent creative genius regard as promising is that we are to a less and less degree slavishly copying accepted antique models, that more and more the tendency is to go to the past for inspiration, follow it where it may logically be followed, but not to lose sight of the crying need for furniture evolved to meet the peculiar conditions of contemporary life. The accompanying photographs have been chosen as illustrative of the engaging results which have followed the break-up of the period idea in decoration, and the consequent change which has taken place in the

individual pieces of furniture. Were it not that we hesitate to attach an ugly name to very lovely objects, we might call them the "adapted reproductions" of today.

The interior of the master's bedroom in a New York apartment to be seen in the photographs presents several unusual features. The rooms, so vast in scale as to seem almost operatic, have the lofty ceilings and correspondingly high windows in vogue about forty years ago. At the moment it was not feasible to make any changes in the decoration of the walls, the effect of which was a soft old ivory. In a general way, the requirement was for a sleeping room which, like the paintings of Raphael, should be a blending of sweetness and strength. In other words, it must be feminine, yet tempered with sufficient sturdiness to make the head of the household feel not entirely superfluous. In the present instance, he chanced to be a gentleman with decided ideas about beds, and a firm believer in the possibility of combining graceful proportions and solid construction. Rather than have him and his illusions consigned to an unstable bed "too rich to use, for earth too dear" the designer went straight to Marie Antoinette for the solution of the problem. The original, a lovely thing in grey and white paint with head and foot boards and side rails upholstered in silk, is in the Petit Trianon at Versailles. In our derivative models, the ground color is a soft Venetian green with floral decoration in rose, green and parchment, and carvings picked out in antique gold. The bed covering, in damask of a shade fascinatingly called cosmos, is embroidered with threads of silver. It has a pleated valance of rose lumiere taffeta of a silver sheen which combines most effectively with the metallic design in the damask. Perhaps we should have said before now that the room has a Chinese carpet, secured in the Orient by the owners, in a faded coral tone, bordered with a tiny line of black. The tub chair before the fireplace and the cushion of the dressing table stool are in a moire and satin striped fabric of sage green and plum color.

The enormous window, likewise to be seen in the photograph, threatened at the outset to be one of the white elephants which frequently stumble intrusively into a decorative scheme. The careful avoidance of straight lines in the drapes, and a valance shirred at top and bottom have aided materially in lowering the height of the window. The drapes are of plain cosmos colored taffeta with a pleated frill, looped back with large rosettes of the fabric. An Austrian shade of ecru-toned casement cloth is especially well adapted to control the light.





LIVING ROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

Photo by Amemiya

The dressing table, stool and chaise longue, whereas they owe their inspiration to the past, to our knowledge have no historical prototypes. The stool in antique gold dimly suggests a Venetian model of the late seventeenth century. The dressing table in satinwood and floral decoration with bandings of jade green glaze and mouldings in gold may be said for convenience to be in the style of Louis XVI. The chaise longue, covered in the same cosmos damask as the bed covering, is of the same period.

The dining room, also in an apartment, is furnished almost entirely with Italian antiques, and for that reason comes nearest to being a "period" room of any of the illustrations. Even here, however, there has been no attempt to reproduce a Renaissance background; the walls, painted and glazed a deep ivory, are far from being typically Italian; the rug, moreover, is Turkish, presumed to be a facsimile of one in the Sultan's palace.

Stated in the baldest terms, the color scheme would sound quite impossible, but the room itself, no matter how misleading may be our color nomenclature, is triumphantly lovely. The rug is in spring green with a central medallion in tan

and yellow. The chair coverings, original old velvet in faded mustard yellow, repeat the soft tones of the medallion in the rug. The drapes are self-toned green damask hung against glass curtains of gold gauze, surmounted by an antique gold cornice. A daring note is successfully introduced in the cut velvet table cover and the antique velvet antependium in dull red.

The table, old Italian of the refectory type, is in walnut with bandings of inlay in yellowed fruit woods. The chairs, also in walnut, are somewhat later in period. Especially interesting is the antique chest, which fortunately happened to be sufficiently high to serve as a cabinet. The photograph fails to show the inlay on the front panels, depicting delightfully naïve battle scenes with stationary warriors mounted on amusing hobby-horses of the type which Uccello made memorable.

The living room, in the same apartment, is a happy conglomeration of many periods. The sofa, covered in rose self-toned damask, is obviously of the Louis XV period, and equally obvious, one such as Louis XV probably never saw. The coffee table, in antique gold, with a marble top, is perhaps the most frivolous member of the ensemble.





LIVING ROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

Photo by Amemiya

The desk and side chair are Italian of the eighteenth century.

The final photograph continues the interesting story. The love seat of the Queen Anne type is in a dusty walnut finish with an especially fine, carved stretcher. The covering, a two-ply fabric with a tan ground figured in rose and blue, has a delightful habit of crumpling with usage, which, strange to say, is decidedly a point in its favor. The armchair, also Louis XV "with a difference," is covered in golden brown velvet. The two tables are old pieces from Spain, and the Dante chair an original brought over by the owners. As in the dining room, the wall is painted and glazed an old ivory. The window is hung with ecru-colored silk gauze, and the drapes are self-toned rose damask similar to the fabric on the sofa.

There will be two classes of individuals to whom the present trend in decoration will doubtless be anathema. We have mentioned the first, those who resent even the slightest liberty being taken with antique models. There is little to be said to these sticklers after precedent; for them creative genius died with Duncan Phyfe, and it is obviously futile to proclaim the dead alive. The

others are those who regret that we have not broken with the past more completely, those who would make no compromise whatsoever with antiquity. To these we may suggest that even a superficial knowledge of the past reveals the fact that decoration always has been and doubtless always will be a form of plagiarism, that even the most hallowed names quite frankly and obviously admit their indebtedness to gifted predecessors.

The composite interior, then, stands as evidence that we have cast the period conception of decoration into the discard. Its significance is not completely accounted for by the increase in personality, interest and individuality, welcome as they are, which our interiors now possess. Far more important is the alteration in the specific furniture forms which go to make up such an interior, forms reflecting past triumphs in cabinetry, yet revealing something encouragingly new in artistic creativeness. All this could only have come about by our reawakened confidence in our ability to judge for ourselves, as witnessed in the many-period room. Herein lies the promise of the composite interior.

*Photographs courtesy of New York Galleries*





THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME-DES-ANGES, ALMOST ENTIRELY DECORATED WITH CARVED-WOOD ORNAMENTS

## Canada's Guild of Christian Art

UP TO A FEW years ago, many of us were under the impression that the arts had no place in French Canada, and that its inhabitants had given themselves over solely to

agriculture and fur trading. One governor-general even went so far as to call them "a nation of wood-hewers and water-carriers." How could they have thought otherwise? Which historian has undertaken to prove the contrary? The architecture, the sculpture and the painting of our churches were, we should have imagined, the work of some wandering artists. A few months of study and research in the midst of our wonderful treasure of public archives gave me the opportunity to dissipate this error, and enabled me to reveal to my fellow-countrymen the historical fact that French Canada, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, had a school of fine arts of its own organized in a very remarkable way; that from this institution had sprung forth architects, sculptors and decorators whose works have many a time excited

*A group of woodcarvers who designed and executed the decoration of several nineteenth-century churches*

Émile Vaillantcourt

the admiration of foreign artists, who were struck with wonder, considering all the treasures concealed within the walls of our temples.

While attempting to revive those days, I am convinced that the information will be gratifying when you learn that the sons of unknown peasants, of a sudden animated by the spirit of genius, decided to create an art association where they could train intelligences with a view to the reproduction of the beautiful. Those apostles were poor, they had no masters, their instruction was not considerable, they were deprived of instruments. Manuals, as well as examples, were entirely missing. But all those handicaps did not seem in the least to embarrass them. Imagination, divination, genius perhaps, suggested to them the method and the matter of their tuition. Unable to utilize gold, silver or bronze, they carved and gave life to wood. After the fashion of the masters of the Middle Ages and understanding labor in the same way as they did,





ONE OF THE LATERAL ALTARS OF THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME-DES-ANGES, ONCE PART OF THE RECOLLETS CHURCH AND CARVED BY LOUIS QUEVILLON AND HIS ASSOCIATES

those born instructors adopted for the formation of their pupils a rule almost monastic. In fact, they resurrected here in Canada those wonderful Christian studios whose birth old Europe beheld in the midst of those oases of prayer, art and science which we call abbeys and monasteries. A more striking example of atavism, artistic temperament and creative energy is seldom heard of.

History tells us that since 1668 the art of wood-carving was taught in Canada. Monseigneur de Laval had in that year established two schools of arts and trades, one at Quebec, and the other at St. Joachim, not far from that city. Parish registers, as well as judicial documents, show that at different periods before the cession of Canada to England there were in the Province of Quebec a great number of sculptors. We know, for instance, of three generations of Labrosse *dit* Jourdain exercising this delicate art. One of them was the author of the carved wood altar of the Jesuits' Church still extant in the year 1732 in Montreal. According to different authors of the early nine-

teenth century, the economic upheaval, which preceded the cession of Canada and the political unrest which followed it, drew the attention of church and state to more vital issues than art, and the next fifty years saw an almost complete indifference to the arts on the part of the Canadian people. It was then that the teaching and work of Louis Quevillon attracted the attention of all by its success in developing what proved to be a distinct style of church construction and interior decoration.

Louis Quevillon was born at St. Vincent de Paul, October 14th, 1749. His was the fourth generation of the Quevillon family in New France, and his parents were of the average settler type. He became very skilful as joiner and carpenter while learning in his father's shop, who exercised this trade. In his youth he made contracts under his own name and is even then designated in the deeds as master joiner. It was in 1780 that the notarial documents first give him either the designation of master architect or master sculptor.

Quevillon was, to a certain extent, his own master. He showed a great inclination for everything artistic. Without any other guidance than the plans and texts of Vignola, the Italian architect famous for his studies on Vitruvius and the author of "The Five Orders of Architecture," Quevillon devoted himself to the decoration and the adornment of churches by means of sculpture in wood and the attention of the wealthier French Canadians of the time gradually was drawn to this budding artist. Finally several merchants decided to finance the establishment of a school under his direction.

The work which really did the most to attract the attention of his fellow-countrymen to his talent was the decoration of the parish church of St. Vincent de Paul, his native village. The first pupils of Quevillon were Pepin and Labrosse. The former was helping his master in 1801, while decorating the church at Boucherville, their main work consisting of a cornice, a pulpit, the churchwarden's pew and the scroll for the main altar.



La Bibliothèque Canadienne tells us that the large wooden crucifix which is now kept in the crypt of Notre Dame church in Montreal was the work of Pepin and Labrosse, Quevillon's pupils. The reputation of this artist and his associates was surely not unknown to the Sulpicians, for in the five years from 1809 to 1813 the trustees of Notre Dame church entrusted him with the sum of five thousand and forty pounds and nineteen shillings for the embellishment of their church.

The rococo style, in great vogue during the reign of Louis XV of France, was the one mainly adopted by Quevillon. This style in Montreal and its environs, we learn from Huguet-Latour, was known as "le quevillonnage." One of the most complete examples of "le quevillonnage" still existing in our time is the church of St. Mathias on the Richelieu River. This remarkable church was decorated by Quevillon and his pupils, St. James *dit* Beauvais, Rollin, Dugal and Barrette, in 1821. I owe to the late Louis-Zéphyrin Gauthier, an old architect of Montreal (whose father had learned architecture and sculpture at the school of Quevillon in 1810), a few details of the regulations followed by the Arts School of St. Vincent de Paul. The guild seems to have reached its highest success between 1815 and 1817, when Quevillon was associated with three of his former pupils, Joseph Pepin, René St. James *dit* Beauvais and Paul Rollin, all of whom had taken the degree of master sculptor. Mr. Gauthier corroborates the testimony of La Bibliothèque Canadienne when he informed me he knew from his father that at Quevillon's, reading, writing and mathematics were taught as well as sculpture, painting and architecture. Religious instruction was also an item in the tuition.

The ground occupied by the school at St. Vincent de Paul was contiguous to that of the old church. This latter, demolished about sixty-five years ago, was built on a piece of land which was formerly the property of Jean Baptiste Quevillon, the father of Louis. Thus in the shadow of the



THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME-DES-ANGES, ONCE THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE RECOLLETS CHURCH AT MONTREAL, ALSO THE WORK OF THE SAINT VINCENT-DE-PAUL GUILD

village steeple these architects, sculptors and painters learned the principles of religious art only for no mention whatever was ever made to them of the profane. In 1812 the members of the Association heard that the Yankees were invading Canadian territory. These brave Christians, having been brought up with the conviction that after the love of God there is no greater love than that of country, all enlisted in the militia. The masters held the rank of officers, the companions that of non-commissioned officers, and the apprentices fell into the rank and file.

The Guild met in the first days of the fall and worked during the long winter months. As soon as the ice of the river melted, the masters, accompanied by the companions and apprentices, went in different directions through the province in order to instal the fruits of their winter labors, a pulpit, a Way of the Cross, a cornice, a warden's pew, or even the entire decoration of a church. The records of the notary of St. Vincent de Paul





THE CHURCH AT SAINT MATHIAS-DE-ROUVILLE. A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVELY LOUIS XV STYLE OF DECORATION IN CARVED WOOD

reveal many transactions and contracts which lead us to believe that the artists were then at last accomplishing a prosperous career. When a pupil obtained the degree of master, Quevillon either gave him a sum of money, a house, or some enterprise already on the way. In 1817, after an association of two years, Quevillon, Pepin, St. James and Rollin amicably rearranged their deed of incorporation. Two guilds of the same nature, instead of one, were then to be found in the village of St. Vincent de Paul. The first one was directed by Quevillon and St. James, and the other

one by Pepin and Rollin. The general archives and monographs give us the names of the following churches, either entirely or partly decorated by Quevillon and his school: St. Vincent de Paul, Boucherville, St. Denis-on-Richelieu, Notre Dame of Montreal, St. Michel, St. Martin, St. Marie de Monnoir, St. Thérèse de Blainville, St. Joachim de la Point Claire, St. Charles-on-Richelieu, Longueuil, La Visitation de l'Île Dupas, St. Mathias de Rouville, St. Philippe de Laprairie, La Présentation de St. Hyacinthe, Ste. Geneviève de Pierrefonds, St. Joseph de Chambly, St. Eustachée, Recollets

THE CHURCH AT SAINT MATHIAS-DE-ROUVILLE. THE MAIN ALTAR, A MARVEL CARVED IN WHITE PINE BY QUEVILLON, ST. JAMES, ROLLIN, DUGAL AND BARRETET







THE CHURCH OF ST. MATHIAS-DES-ROUVILLE. CHANCEL OF THE CHORISTRY

Church in Montreal, St. Laurent de Montréal, great concourse of people, most of them being Repentigny, Verchères, St. Ours, Maskinongé associates, former pupils, members of Parliament, and Lavaltrie.

So far as we know, very few of these monuments have escaped either destruction by fire or the vandalism of ignorant parish priests, church wardens and trustees, or even architects indifferent to beautiful archeology.

On a Sunday of March, 1823, very sad news brought mourning to the little population of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as that of its district. Louis Quevillon had just died, aged 74 years, while living in the house of his associate, St. James. According to the church register and the newspapers of the time, the funeral took place in a

SAINT MATHIAS-DES-ROUVILLE. THE EPISCOPAL THRONE



prominent priests and professional men. The body was buried in the crypt of the parish church. After 1830 some of the master sculptors assumed the title of master joiners, for the simple reason that plaster casts had replaced in most cases carved wood ornaments. Once more the too great intellectuality of a world growing old had killed the primitive simplicity necessary to the simple arts; the ever expanding power of the modern interpretation of ideas had broken the mould of the old plastic arts. The fair habits of manual labor are now lost; the Guilds have disappeared.





"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE"

BY JEROME BOSCH

## Princeton Museum, a Workshop

SOME COLLEGE ART MUSEUMS are gifts, some appear to be accidental growths, some are veritable workshops. And the greatest of these is the workshop or laboratory as they call it in the pedagogical world. From the viewpoint of the average important American art museum the university type is likely to impress the general visitor as a disappointment, so limited do its resources appear, so meagre its display of paintings, sculptures and other objects of art. And this emotion is justified superficially since the general visitor simply looks through it as one of the "sights" of the campus without understanding precisely what the museum's place is in the university or college educational scheme. That its paintings, its sculptures, its medals and coins, its objects of remote antique art should be used as implements of education as are books or test tubes or retorts would never occur to such a

*Although the collections are limited in size each piece is fully representative of a definite period*

William B. M'GORMICK

visitor unless all this was explained to him. And even if this explanation is made it may not be easily grasped unless the visitor's guide understands the plan and is sufficiently interested to

make the purpose of the museum clear.

Of the university workshop type the Princeton Museum of Historic Art furnishes the most perfect example in our country of the newer method of art teaching. Although the museum building proper has been in existence since 1889 its contents are extremely limited in number, the walls and cases seeming impoverished when compared with the magnificent profusion of one of the great art galleries of San Francisco, Chicago, Boston or New York. The several galleries are austere simple although in the range of their exhibits they cover the history of art from Egypt and Assyria through Greece and Rome, the Gothic and early Renaissance periods with a few seventeenth-cen-





THE MEDIEVAL ROOM IN THE PRINCETON MUSEUM, FROM THE HALL OF ITALIAN PAINTINGS

tury works, and potteries down to contemporary times in the famous Trumbull-Prime collection. As additional working material the museum's resources include a library of about 8,000 volumes and approximately 100,000 photographs and lantern slides, these not including the Index of Christian Art, which is one of the very remarkable by-products of the Department of Art and Archeology under which the museum is conducted.

Such a description of the museum's provision for teaching art would give a totally inadequate impression of the institution if read alone. To fully appreciate what all this means one must understand the principles (1) on which its exhibits are selected and arranged, and (2) how they are utilized in teaching. Under the present arrangement of the galleries all casts have been excluded by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., director of the museum and Marquand Professor of Art at the university, and every work shown is what the French call a *pièce justificative*, that is one furnishing proof of an era, a school or an individual's work as a contemporary example. Thus if a professor or instructor in the department is lecturing

on Romanesque art, for example, he does not have to refer the students to illustrations in books but may send them into the museum gallery to see an actual work of that style.

But the art and archeology courses at Princeton go deeper than the suggestion contained in the above bare statements. They, and the works assembled in the museum, teach the Princeton undergraduates from a viewpoint such as, I believe, is maintained in no other American university or college. The basic principle of instruction and the museum apparatus is to teach the history of mankind through the work of man's hands, through perception and the language of style. Man's habits, his points of view are dwelt upon to the end that the undergraduate comes to a full realization of why a Greek thought and worked as he did in classical times and why a Frenchman of the thirteenth century expressed himself so differently in the art that came from his hands. How marked is this departure from the ordinary idea of teaching art may be readily appreciated by all those who have only known this general subject treated as esthetics, a thing far apart





"FIGURE OF A SAINT"

LIMESTONE, CIRCA 1500

from daily life and only the concern of the dilettante.

Since the Princeton undergraduate is the chief concern of this museum workshop it is of consequence to see what is his reaction to it. When one considers the maddening indifference, if not stupidity, of the average American to everything connoted by the word "art," and especially the average youth of our country, it is amazing to learn of the effect the art and archeology courses

have had on the student body of this university. Of their own initiative the undergraduates have formed a Fine Arts Club that now has a membership of 150 and which expends its income from dues, and these are not inconsiderable, in bringing important lecturers on the arts to Princeton to give talks to the members. To those familiar with the intimacies of American college life and who are also not insensible to our national aversion to art it will add to the impressiveness of the state achieved by the Fine Arts Club when it is known that on the campus it is considered "the thing" to belong to that organization. The campus viewpoint can make or mar any college club.

But the department, like a politician on the stump, can point with pride to two other illustrations of the success and popularity of the art and archeology courses. In the years 1919-1923 the University expanded its enrolment twenty-eight per cent, while this department increased its enrolment one hundred and three per cent. Heretofore the art and archeology courses have only been open to juniors and seniors. In the past year the student body voluntarily made a formal request to the university authorities that the art and archeology courses be opened to sophmores, and this is to go into effect in the scholastic year of 1927-1928. Such achievements mark a vitality in appreciation of what art means, promising much for the future of this country which, as an industrially growing nation, must pay more and more practical attention to the close relation of design and its output as an economic factor just as it may come to a realization of the importance to the country, in terms of money, of our steadily growing public and private collections of art objects.

What an art museum teaches is not the conventional approach to describing such an institution. But since the Princeton Museum of Historic Art is a laboratory for the student body, an understanding of that *what* must necessarily take precedence over the *with what* it teaches, the works making up its collections. The note of sparsity in the museum's resources is struck in the entrance corridor where the visitor sees only two pieces, a marble figure of the god Mithras that is a Gallo-Roman work of the second-third century of the Christian era and a first century sarcophagus of marble with a Latin inscription as a centre panel and figures in relief on either side. As to quality each of these works



is distinctly fine, but they show how limited the museum is as a workshop when they are all it has of those times. Again this sense of limitation of material is to be remarked in the gallery at the left of the entrance hall which covers Egyptian, Assyrian, Cypriot, Greek, Roman, Etruscan and South Italian art showing Hellenistic domination. The Assyrian work is a large fragment of a wall tablet from the palace of Ashur-Nasir-Pal (885-860 B.C.) showing a winged genius; there is a Roman mosaic of the first century representing a lion attacking a bull; a terracotta statuette of an Amazon from the seventh century B.C. that has aroused much admiration from visiting Greek archaeologists; and two wall paintings from Boscoreale, small in dimensions but much more brilliant in color and much more human in expression than the famous frescoes from the same source in the Metropolitan Museum. As "justifying pieces" there is not an example in this room that does not furnish ample proof of just what the art of these several nations was like in the times they represent. So, likewise, does the admirable piece of French stained glass from about 1250, and representing a "Saint Broken on the Wheel," which is the most conspicuous object in the gallery at the right of the entrance corridor. For purity of color and true Gothic feeling in design this circular panel is of a quality only occasionally seen in this country and serves as one of the high rewards to the informed who only visit this institution as a museum. It is in this room that is to be seen all that the museum has space to show of the justly renowned collection of pottery gathered together by the late William C. Prime to illustrate the history of that craft. A connoisseur of pottery, and an amateur as well, will find here the source of much delight for the collection, in common with Prime's book on the history of pottery, remains one of the standard sources of learning on this subject. Adjoining this is a small room in which is displayed the beginnings of the museum's Far Eastern collection at present limited to Japanese and Persian objects.



INTERIOR OF THE MARQUAND LIBRARY

As picture and sculpture galleries the three rooms on the second floor of the museum building will be more impressive to the visitor although here, again, the material is very limited as our illustration of the Medieval Room shows. Among the paintings are a "St. Michael Weighing Lost Souls at Last Judgment," a work of the Catalan school before 1500; "Priam and Hecuba," a panel from a Florentine cassone and dated about 1450; three cassone panels illustrating "Stories from Ovid" of the school of Montagna from Venice and from about 1500; a figure study of the Fontainebleau school of 1550 representing "A Lady as Pompea Sabina;" and an early copy of "Mary Magdalen" by Titian, the only work not an original in the collections of the museum.

This gallery is richer in sculpture. Its chief pride is a statue of a saint in limestone, a work of the Champagne school after 1500 and which is described in a museum booklet as "the best French Gothic piece in the country," a statement I quote owing to its uncompromising air of finality





MCCORMICK HALL

and to suggest to readers of this article who may see this work at some future time the declared importance of this lovely figure in its place in art history. The forearms are missing and with these the attributes of the saint, but it is believed she represents one of the three Marys. Here also is an alabaster "Pietà" from Colmar of about 1430; two Romanesque capitals; a Venetian carved frieze with five half-lengths of nude female figures linked together by festoons of flowers; a "Coronation of the Virgin by the Trinity" in alabaster, a work of the Nottingham school of the fifteenth century; and a stone bas-relief of the Archangel Gabriel, a Pyrennese school piece from the beginning of the thirteenth century.

For color one of the most striking things in this room is a fragment of a limestone polychrome "Pietà," an early sixteenth-century work of the Touraine school, the yellows and reds and blues of which are still singularly brilliant. Another noteworthy piece of color is to be seen in the Amiens school polychrome wood "Madonna and

Child," dating from about 1325. The "Madonna and Child" of the school of Andrea Della Robbia is exhibited in this room owing to its relation to the schools shown here, the work coming from the Trumbull-Prime collection of pottery where it represented a different order of historic development. A time-stained bas-relief of a "Madonna and Child" is from Florence and by Benedetto di Maiano, a sculpture rich in tender charm in spite of its dusky monotone of color, and a Florentine stucco bas-relief of 1475 by Antonio Rossellino is of the same quality. There are also two cases filled with manuscripts, illuminated pages and initial letters from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries representing the writers' craft of North Italy, Normandy, Umbria, Germany and England.

In the Italian Room, adjoining this, a visitor may revel in the early history of modern painting as represented by Byzantine and Russian ikons and the Italian Primitives, following along, with wide gaps, to the eighteenth century. One of the

Byzantine ikons, "The Twelve Apostles," dates from the year 1200; there is an "Annunciation" of the Siennese school of about 1280, the architectural details of which are unusually interesting; and a Provençal school piece after 1300 illustrating six scenes from the Passion. Another Byzantine panel, a "Madonna and Child," is by Andrea Rico di Candia after the beginning of the fourteenth century. The school of Bernardo Daddi is represented by a "Madonna and Child" dating from about 1350. An Umbro-Florentine painting, dated 1488, shows "St. Thomas Receiving the Virgin's Girdle." This is one of the outstanding works in the room, partly on account of its splendidly complete composition, its color and its admirable condition.

Sixteenth-century Italian art is represented by an "Adoration of the Magi" with an ornate border of animals and flowers, a Lombard school work; an "Ecce Homo" by Vincenzo Civerchio and a "Portrait of a Woman," both these being of the Milanese school. By an unknown Roman



artist is a "Portrait of Francesco Armelino" dated 1524 that is vivid in characterization and brilliantly rich in color. Three spirited tempera sketches by Jacopo Robusti, *dit* Tintoretto, are full of the personal quality of the master and make lively notes on the walls. In point of time the record is closed in this room with its one landscape, a work by Alessandro Magnasco who lived through the first half of the eighteenth century.

As proof of the fact that this museum consistently carries out its workshop theory and does not make special displays of its finest pieces the remaining small gallery on this floor gives striking testimony. For here, quite hidden away from the viewpoint of conventional museum arrangement, is the finest example of the work of Jerome Bosch known, a "Christ Before Pilate" that, however repellant its types, is a marvelous piece of painting. Here also is a Rubens' "Battle Scene," an oil

sketch in monotone and appropriately confused in action of horses and figures; a drawing by William Blake; an exquisite water color by Samuel Prout of the Norwich school; a seventeenth-century painting by Pierre Quast; Adrian Van Ostade's "Sense of Hearing;" a "Portrait of a Man" by M. J. van Miereveld; a river scene of the school of Pieter Breughel the elder (it is probably the work of his son Jan); and a Largilliere portrait of Mrs. John Stephen Benezet, one of whose descendants and a Princeton alumnus presented the canvas to the museum.

Any brief description of the Princeton Museum as a laboratory of art and archeological study would be quite incomplete if it made no reference to the Index of Christian Art, to which one of the rooms in McCormick Hall, a wing of the museum building which also houses the library and architectural school, is devoted. Practically a voluntary work of three Princeton women and Professor Morey, of the department staff, this Index is an instrument designed to further rapid and accurate research in the history of medieval Christian art and is meant to cover, when complete, the period from the beginnings of Christian art to about the year 1400. It consists of a catalogue of works of



"ST. THOMAS RECEIVING THE VIRGIN'S GIRDLE." UMBRO-FLORENTINE PAINTING  
A. D. 1488

art within this period maintained in the form of inexpensive reproductions and a card catalogue of subjects represented. The card catalogue has now reached the number of about 16,000 and the reproductions 5,000. In my test of its operation I tried the name Daniel and found at least forty cards mentioning representations of Daniel in the lion's den alone. In its practical application this Index solves in a few minutes' work what might have taken months of research to establish a particular point in art history. The Index is now approaching completion for the Early Christian period (to A.D. 700) and when this section is finished it is planned to publish it in two parts, the first consisting of a complete finding-list of all works of Christian art within the period with the leading bibliography of each, the second containing an index of subjects (iconography) represented on these monuments. Financially the Index leads a hand-to-mouth existence, and the volunteer staff carrying it on that has been doing the work never sees security ahead toward its eventual completion. Living on hope is the daily experience of Professor Morey, the director of the Index, and his three assistants.

Photographs by courtesy of Princeton Museum





"PROPHECY OF NATHAN"

FLEMISH TAPESTRY, DESIGNED BY MAITRE PHILIPPE

## THE FAUST COLLECTION

TO A NOT INCONSIDERABLE extent the collection of paintings, tapestries, carvings and antique furniture brought together by Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Faust, of St. Louis, is the

outgrowth of an architectural ideal. The house, in Portland Place, which has attracted to its keeping a widely varied yet intrinsically harmonious aggregation of art objects, is a white marble villa of classical purity. American engineering and sanitation have improved on the models of the Italian Renaissance, yet so skilfully have these improvements been made that they do not detract from the Old World charm of the whole.

The great entrance hall, with its double, unsupported stairway, is dominated by a chandelier that is an exact copy of the epoch-making "lampada di Galileo" in the cathedral at Pisa, whose rhythmic swing first gave to the astronomer, Galileo, the principle of the pendulum. Through the open arch of the stairway one looks across the banquet room to a majestic art salon that is a free reproduction of the grand audience hall in the Palace of the Davanzati, the alluring quattrocento residence in the Via Porta Rosa, within the old walls of the city of Florence. Elsewhere in the house there are homelike modern touches, but nowhere is that architectural idea violated. A

*Paintings and objects of art brought together by Edward A. Faust of St. Louis one of America's great collections*  
Emily Grant Hutchings

tour of the ground floor, beginning with the music room and ending in the Davanzati Salon, is like a journey through five centuries of art production. By an adroit placing of the door,

the music room, with its ornate furnishings, offers no discord to the medieval richness of the decorative scheme. Its feeling is entirely French, and here the pictures seem to have grown out of their environment. A lovely Greuze, portrait of a young girl; a forest interior from the brush of Diaz, glowing with subdued color; a rare Fantin-Latour, the elusive figure of a woman bathed in moonlight; two of Monet's most distinguished canvases, the "Charing Cross Bridge" of 1902 and the "Venice" of 1908. On an adjoining wall, a fine example of Boudin, "The River Loire with Boats," and, directly above the grand piano, an Adolphe Monticelli landscape, painted before that master of reticent brush strokes had divested himself of the last shred of realism. The selection of this picture, if one keeps in mind the architectural scheme of the house, is a stroke of genius. It occupies the only wall space that is visible from the hall. One of the vibrant Monet compositions, or even a later Monticelli, would have been an anachronistic note.

At the other side of the hall, the drawing room





"THE HOLY FAMILY"

BY PETER PAUL RUBENS

is approached through a wide arch supported by columns of Brescia Violetta. The paintings in this room are all low in key, to harmonize not only in period but in tone with an interior decorative scheme based on the richest of dark walnut panel-

ing. Two of the most important pictures are the Murillo, "Joseph with the Infant Jesus," and "Madonna and Child," by Peter Paul Rubens. The latter, which came to St. Louis from the Duke d'Aousta collection in Paris, and was at one time





"ST. JOSEPH AND THE INFANT JESUS"

BY BARTOLMÉ ESTÉBOM MURILLO

listed among the treasures in the museum at Antwerp, was the subject of a battle royal between the experts, by reason of the fact that a replica in a private collection had long masqueraded as the original.

This Rubens possesses an interest quite apart

from its brilliance of color and its powerful modeling. A sentimental interest, which weighs not at all with the experts. In the "Madonna and the Holy Child" the artist made use of the faces of his two wives. It is known that the picture was begun before 1620. He had painted his beloved





"VIRGIN AND CHILD"

BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN

Isabella Brant over and over in his religious and mythologic themes, since his marriage in 1609, and in several of his Madonna compositions he had made use of one of his small sons, as model

for the Christ. It is further known that Rubens did not finish a picture in haste. In some of his canvases the drapery has been subjected to a score of repaintings. This, indeed, is the secret of their





"MEMBER OF THE LE CLERQ FAMILY"

BY FRANS POURBUS, THE ELDER

rich tone. The Madonna, in the Faust collection, shows evidence of this painstaking treatment. The master may have worked at it, at odd times, over a long period of years. Isabella died in 1626, and four years later the once world-weary artist, the most famous man of his country, who might have espoused a lady of the court, married the sixteen-year-old daughter of Daniel Fourment, a prosperous middle-class merchant. It was the girl's childlike beauty that plunged Rubens into the seeming folly of a late marriage. And it is the features of Helena Fourment, familiar to us through the medium of a score of portraits, that appear in the face of the Divine Child.

With the exception of a beautiful Andrea del Sarto, "John the Baptist," the other pictures in

this room are Dutch or Flemish works of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. One of these, which has attracted the attention of connoisseurs, is a remarkably fine study of an old woman, by Albert Cuyp. In other American collections there are Cuyp landscapes, but the Faust collection is fortunate in the possession of one of the few portraits painted by the Master of Dort. As a companion piece to this, we find a superb "Portrait of a Man," by Govaert Flinck, in every line of which the guiding hand of Rembrandt is evident. On an easel in a shadowy corner of the great room stands the well-known "Memeber of the Le Clerq Family," by Frans Pourbus, the Elder, a three-quarter-length portrait that is so lifelike as to be almost startling.





"PORTRAIT OF MADAME JOSINA PYLL DE DORDRECHT"

BY AELBERT CUYP

In the central living room and the adjoining apartments of the second floor there are charming pictures by modern American and European painters, in keeping with the decorative motif provided by the artist-architect, Barnett, for the more intimate life of the family. It is as we approach the Davanzati room that we become aware of the spirit that pervades the entire house, the architectural ideal that is never lost sight of. This *Sala* is reached by a descending flight of seven steps, in travertine stone with richly carved

balustrades of the same material. On the north wall, directly across from this fan-shaped stairway, with its balcony-like landing, hangs one of the finest Flemish tapestries in America, the "Prophecy of Nathan," designed by the Maitre Philippe and woven for the royal palace at Madrid, a masterpiece of fifteenth-century art.

There are thirty-eight figures, those in the foreground fully life-size. Six important episodes in the life of David and his Queen, Bathsheba, are here portrayed, in rich reds and blues, with much



silver and gold thread in the weaving. Like the other King David tapestries, one of which is now in the Royal Museum of Brussels, this gigantic picture is distinguished for the richness and grace of its draperies and the intricate loveliness of its floral borders and background. During the second Carlist war it was removed from Madrid by a French engineer and placed in his chateau at Calvados, where it remained until the early days of the World War, when it was brought to New York. A similar tapestry was part of the decoration of the Audience Hall in the Palace of the Davanzati.

Another authentic note is the refectory table, in front of the Flemish tapestry, with its inconspicuous adornment of quaint old figures in polychrome, carved wood and marble. The table was a fortunate acquisition, not a replica of the one that had felt the physical touch of Davanzati hands, but like that one in design and workmanship. However, at its two ends stand huge chairs of Renaissance splendor, from the actual Davanzati collection. The other chairs and settles in the *Sala* were purchased from the Caruso estate, following the death of the famous tenor.

The woodwork of the *Sala* is of wormy chestnut, treated to simulate the old wood of the fifteenth century. The floor is of teak wood, set together with ebony dowels, and partly covered by an enormous Persian rug in subdued colors. The walls are done in the plaster method which obtained in Italy during the high period of the Renaissance, with the texture and color of very old parchment. In the west wall, above a paneled door, is a rarely beautiful window of the Transition period, the panes set in a lace-like grill of antique gold. Beneath it is a frieze adorned with three primitive paintings, against a background of gold wrought in graffito. At the opposite end of the long room, a carved stone replica of the Davanzati mantel and fireplace is flanked by deep-set windows of rare old Italian painted glass. These, together with much of the hardware used in the *Sala*, were secured in Italy during the first year of the European war.

The pictures are few in number, but correspondingly important. Two exquisite primitives, a Roger Van der Weyden, in the original carved frame, and a Joost Van Cleef, "Madonna and Child with Cherries," are appropriately installed in ample wall space above the great red Davanzati chairs. Across the room from the first mentioned of these is a "Madonna with Angels" by Bartolomeo. The substantially carved Gothic frame is placed flat against an old mulberry velvet bed cover that for four centuries belonged to the Davanzati

treasures. Another of the antiques is the thirteenth-century Spanish altar, painted in tempera and outlined with gold wire, imbedded in the wood. Impious hands had removed much of the gold before this altar decoration, with its nineteen panels depicting scenes from the life of Christ, was brought overseas to delight the soul of the American collector.

By far the most important single item in the Faust collection is the Crucifixion triptych, not solely as a work of art, but rather because, so far as the authorities have been able to discover, it is the only example extant of the painting of Erasmus Desiderius, the most learned man of the fifteenth century. That the great Humanist was an artist, as well as a profound scholar, may be a subject for perplexed questioning, by those who are unfamiliar with the conditions and customs of the monastic orders, in the days preceding the Reformation. The ability to draw was far more common than the ability to write. The father of Desiderius was an illuminator of manuscripts, so a real talent may have been inherited. But any boy who added Latin and Greek, science and mathematics to the curriculum of the elementary classes was compelled to learn the use of color. The city of Utrecht was an art centre. There was no money in literature, or indeed in the pursuit of erudition, for its own sake. But the painting of religious pictures could always be counted on as a means of replenishing the depleted purse of a scholar with that ability.

That Erasmus himself said nothing about his art is not unnatural. The artist was only a little higher in social rank than the joiner or the smith. Indeed Rubens gave as his reason for marrying Helena Fourment, instead of one of the court dames, that he wanted a wife who "would not be ashamed to see him use his brushes." A study of the portrait of Erasmus by Hans Holbein, in the Louvre, reveals the fact that the man behind that austere face was proud. He had sacrificed much in order that he might go down to posterity as the greatest scholar of his century. But in the writings of his contemporaries there is abundant reference to his "little talent"—comparable to the talent for drawing which Goethe—another proud scholar—thus characterized. It is recorded that in 1484 he painted a picture of "Christ on the Cross, with Mary and St. John," a work in the manner of the Dutch masters, which was for many years in the monastery of Emmaus, near Gouda. Descamps tells us that Erasmus retired to this monastery "solely for its library, which was the finest in the country," and that while there, the scholar, in his spare time, "applied himself at intervals to paint-





"THE CRUCIFIXION"

TRIPTYCH BY ERASMUS

ing, in which he succeeded and made the same progress as in his other studies."

So much for contemporary testimony to the fact that Desiderius actually did paint altar pieces and other pictures of a religious character. The triptych was a favorite form of semi-architectural ornament, with a special appeal to an orderly and somewhat pedantic mind. The work now in Edward A. Faust's collection offers a wealth of internal evidence, all of which has been set forth in a brochure by Maurice W. Brockwell, to be found in the leading art libraries of America. The most conspicuous bit of evidence is the signature, in large letters, around the edge of the shield in the hand of the centurion, "ERASMUS P. 1501." That was a year of great poverty and misfortune in the life of the scholar, who was not unwilling to belittle himself by painting a picture that could be sold in order that he might go on with his literary pursuits.

The three panels show, in sequence, Jesus Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion between Two Thieves, and the Preparation of the Dead Christ for Entombment. There are thirty figures, large and small, in addition to the fully draped figures of Saints Piatius and Vincentius, on the outside of the two wings. The foreshortening of the horse's

body, in the centre panel, is the only unconvincing bit of draftsmanship in an otherwise beautifully executed composition. The triptych is known to have been in the collection of the King of Portugal, and there is a full and minutely accurate account of it in the record of the sale, at Versailles in 1850, of the Comte d'Espinoy collection. The three wooden panels, which were brought to the United States in 1917, are in an exceptional state of preservation, the colors vivid and warm.

In general, this work by Erasmus is true to the academic manner of the latter fifteenth century, in the Netherlands and western Germany, where figure and still-life painting had attained the highest degree of excellence. Yet there is, in the decorative feeling of the centre panel, another influence that is undoubtedly Italian. And so this triptych of the Crucifixion is the culminating note in a modern American home, whose varied and beautiful art collection is the ultimate crystallization of an ideal engendered by the memory of a medieval villa in old Florence. In this palace of the New World is recreated the splendor and beauty which distinguished the great Italian houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. American homes such as this give meaning to the advice to "see America first."





"THE COMBAT"

FROM A WALL DECORATION BY FRANCES BURR

## A Dining Room Tournament

NOWHERE, MORE than in New York City, is the kaleidoscopic eclecticism of modern taste to be encountered. Less concerned with tradition and racial exclusiveness than

other countries, America has almost from the beginning kept a wide-open door to extramural art. During this first quarter of the twentieth century a most amazingly diverse and colorful procession has been passing through the main portal of the new world, a parade of modes and manners artistic drawn from the four corners of the globe and dating from every epoch. Beside the heaped-up treasures that have been accumulated on Manhattan Island, the far-famed bazaars of the East are but pale visions.

In the intriguing process of assimilating and adapting the various decorative legacies of the past to modern conditions, the American artist has shown energy and invention. If the fine

*Frances Burr has made a beautiful wall decoration in gesso and color using fair ladies and knights as models*

RALPH MAYHEW

motley of New York is apparent to the passerby, the range and quality of its interior settings would much more amaze. Charming French salons rub lintels with ancient paneled rooms

from England, and the polychromed splendors of medieval Italy share honors with the lustrous ornaments of the Chinese Empire. In and out the tale of New York art runs its multicolored course, so that to come suddenly upon a little room ablaze with gold and color in the sumptuous manner of the cinquecento tucked securely away behind the unassuming façade of an old-time brown-stone house in the East Sixties is hardly a matter for surprise. But the room itself, with its scenes of tournaments and jousting running frieze-wise around the walls, is unique among New York interiors, and is well worth a detailed consideration.

This entertaining pageantry in paint is the work of Frances Burr and is the dominant feature





"A CHAMPION TO THE RESGUE GOMES"

*Panel by*

*Frances Burr*









"THE HERALDS"

FROM A WALL DECORATION BY FRANCES BURR

of a dining-room in the artist's town house. It seems a far cry indeed to think of this colorful chamber having been worked out in the steerage of an ocean liner, but in the summer of 1922, with her studies under William M. Chase at the Art Students' League well behind her, Miss Burr came to a very definite conclusion that the European galleries were the next item on her artistic itinerary. After a stretch of sketching in Brittany, she found the Italian urge strong upon her and not to be evaded, so quite alone she set out for a midsummer jaunt to discover how the Italian masters had gone about solving their decorative problems. Already a scheme for a room with panels depicting the splendors of ancient tournaments was taking shape in her thought, and in the course of her wanderings the great examples of early Italian art served to crystalize these early visions. In the homeward voyage, eager to begin work on this new project, the young artist cut loose from the other occupants of her cabin, and went into the steerage where she secured a whole compartment to herself. Here, with the extra bunks removed, she set up her studio for the rest

of the trip, and in the privacy of this transatlantic *atelier* the first designs for the medieval dining-room in the East Sixties came into being. If future historians are ever inclined to doubt this story, they have but to analyze the spots and stains on the original color sketches to find that a goodly lot of sea-water got mixed up with the paints in this floating studio before the voyage was over.

The principal result of Miss Burr's Italian experience was the idea of working her designs over a foundation of raised plaster which should be of a sufficiently malleable nature to permit of modeling and carving. Many of the older Italian masters were accustomed to enrich their panels with ornament in relief, an effect gained by the application of the wet plaster—or as it is called in Italy, *gesso*—in successive coats until the required thickness is reached. The early Sienese school in particular made free use of this type of ornament, and one of the leading exponents of this style in the Venetian school was Carlo Crivelli, whose panels are enhanced to a very great extent by the gilded raised work that he incorporated into his painting. The instances throughout the





"LADIES LEADING THEIR KNIGHTS"

WALL DECORATION BY FRANCES BURR

history of art are many where low-relief modeling has been blended with painting, but it is unusual to find an artist of today turning to the old Italian methods with the same relish that Miss Burr finds in them.

Her first experiment in the new-old medium was in the nature of a decorative screen, and among the first to see the possibilities in this kind of work were the Ehrich Galleries of New York City. When they asked for something of the same nature to exhibit on the Avenue Miss Burr produced her finished model for the medieval dining-room, and the upshot of the whole matter was the Ehrichs' promise to exhibit the completed room during the coming season at a specified date. About eight months or a little more lay between the promise and the appointed day. Hardly realizing what lay ahead of her, the young adventurer in ancient modes of art set about her task with fine determination. The gesso work reached often to thirty applications before the surfaces had become sufficiently elevated for carving and gilding. Then too the application of the gold and silver leaf ran into many protracted sessions, what

with the delicate nature of this work and its subsequent burnishing. But the work went ahead with a will, and week by week the tale of the tournament unfolded its pattern along the various panels. The decoration was designed to run frieze-like about the room, with only intermission where doors and windows cut in, so that the space to be covered was of considerable extent. Sometimes the working days ran well into the night as the time for finishing began to draw nigh. Sundays became pressed into service, and many a half hour was snatched from the family board to add just a few more leaves of shining gold.

The finished room was ready, however, for the Ehrichs on the appointed day, and was set up in their Fifth Avenue galleries in January, 1924. It was further exhibited at the Architectural Show in New York the following month, at the end of which event it returned to its permanent home in the Sixties. As it stands today, giving upon a charming little garden in the rear of the

house, the completed room almost belies the fact of having made the exhibition rounds, so securely does it fit into its surroundings. Through a carved doorway one steps from the gay little dining-room on to a flagstone path leading under a trellis and on between the flowering borders to a little marble fountain spouting as merrily as if it were some sylvan retreat instead of a cleverly reclaimed New York backyard where once the unsightly paraphernalia of domesticity was wont to flourish.

The general scheme of the room is low in tone but vibrant in key with the tiled floor a deep red, the wainscoting and other woodwork a rich brown, and the painted walls a succession of harmonious colors shot with gold and silver. The details of the woodwork were designed by Bradley Delehanty, architect, and the lighting fixtures of iron were made after designs by the artist. The theme of the decoration is a medieval tournament, and the Queen of the Tournament is depicted in the panel over the mantel on the west wall coming over a bridge with her attendants to take part in the festivities. On the same wall to the left is seen



one of the knights in full armor proceeding toward the scene of action, with his attendants bearing above him his tent, according to an ancient custom which the artist found set forth in an extraordinary illuminated manuscript in the Heralds' College, London, a document some fifty feet in length. On the panel to the right two ladies lead each her knight with silver chains toward the jousting field, which incident would appear to bear interesting testimony on the etiquette of that day. On the north wall the heralds are found calling the various knights to the lists, and the knights are shown in the midst of their armorial preparations.

The east wall is the grand climax of the tale, and here is set forth with much vermillion and fine gold the actual contest, with the king and the queen and their attendant court ranged above in the royal pavilion. The culmination of the contest finds expression on the south wall that leads to the garden, and here Miss Burr has shown the victor of the combat being crowned by the Queen of the Tournament, to the evident delight of a little boy and shaggy white dog, who watch these august proceedings from either side of the garden door. Here it must be recorded that the artist has followed the ancient practice of introducing certain personal matter into the decoration, since the aforesaid pair are a part of her own household. The general color notes that run through the frieze and tie the whole design together are found in the light olive green tones of the foreground and the little hills that rise at intervals with their flanks and summits adorned with castles, in the robin's-egg blue of the sky, in the dark green notes of the poplar trees that rise at various points for sharp accent, and in the bright red tents so gayly set about.

Against these repeated colors the sharp accent of blue and crimson, orange, green and purple, is found in flying pennant, prancing horse, nodding plume, flowing gown, scattered all over the walls in bravely diapered display, and glinting even more crisply from the gleaming gold and silver, wherever breastplate, helmet, shield, crown, girdle,



"KNIGHTS UNDER A CANOPY"

FROM A WALL DECORATION BY FRANCES BURR

trapping, and slender lance give excuse. The artist has contrived some clever color notes, putting dark blue harness on cream-colored horses, light blue trappings on the dark ones, strewing golden ornament over the vermillion tents, barring the shields with richly hued devices, adorning the trailing gowns with finely brocaded effects, the gleaming helmets with proud plumes. Red pennants flap briskly against the cerulean sky, and the gold and silver ornament, raised enough to catch the light and send a shimmering echo from every panel, gives the crowning touch to the whole affair. The pale pinkish castles that crown the little hills are worked out in the plaster to suggest the masonry, and tiny silver figures are seen at intervals along the battlements.

Miss Burr has taken her new-old process into still further fields since the little cinquecento room was completed, and has to her credit a number of interesting screens and single panels which go by such alluring names as "Medieval Caravels," "The Isle of Joyous Garde," "A Champion to the Rescue Comes," "Escorted by a Hundred Knights." Her special feeling for raised and





"THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNAMENT"

FROM A WALL DECORATION BY FRANCES BURR

modeled surfaces enriched with color and metal lustre is obviously part and parcel of the strong leaning she has shown in her art for medieval themes. Perhaps it is an echo of her own determination to work things out to definite conclusions, to tilt a bit with circumstance; perhaps just a lively admiration for those gallant knights of yore who struck so boldly for their ladies fair, who strove for high tokens, who were wont to force an issue if occasion warranted, no matter what the cost. At any rate, no matter what the reason or circumstance for this revival of an ancient decorative practice, she has achieved an art form of originality and distinction, and one capable of much development, and in her old-world dining-room so snugly ensconced behind its

brown-stone stoop she has added one more surprise for the student of American decoration, given one more touch to that bewildering sequence of interiors that is to be found in New York City.

New York, with its polyglot personnel, is destined to ornamental preferences of the widest range. It is ever busy sifting and sorting out the conglomeration of art forms on hand, finding something to suit each comer, whether he be Latin, Mongol, Greek or Jew, devising new ways and means to make the colors and patterns from other lands fit into the general scheme of things American. Yet after all is said and done, New York remains frankly polyglot, with its artistic discrepancies all unmantled and its multiple banners rising higher and ever higher toward the skies.





"DIANA"

BY GLEB DERUJINSKY

## SCULPTURES of DERUJINSKY

GLEB DERUJINSKY, Russian by birth and French by artistic training, has, since his arrival in this country in 1919, identified himself closely with American art. His fu-

ture, he feels, is here; he is one of us, and is not to be counted among those transient visitors from foreign shores of whom New York knows so many. It often seems that it is easier in the plastic arts than in literature for an artist of one nation to join the ranks of those of another. There is something about a written work that makes the tang of the soil essential, that requires the creator of it be steeped in the tradition of the land. Painting and sculpture are more cosmopolitan and send their representatives into other countries with far better success. The art that comes into being on foreign soil seems none the less fruitful for being transplanted. Holbein and Van Dyck belong partly to England; El Greco, as the Cretan born Domenico Theotocopuli is known, developed his art in Spain; Whistler and Sargent owe far more to England than to America; Picasso, the Spaniard, is irrevocably associated with France. The reason for this adaptability may be that the painter or sculptor derives his material to a greater extent from within himself; that is, it is more personal to himself than that of the writer.

*A Russian sculptor who has made America his home and is producing splendid work in wood and marble*  
HELEN GOMSTOCK

And yet this is not a denial of the fact that the soul of a people may find as complete an expression in any one of the fine arts as in another. But evidence remains that the field of the

plastic arts is more accessible to foreign recruits than that of literature. Joseph Conrad is an exception, for he seemed to leave his Polish inheritance behind him when he ran away to sea, but Henry James helps us prove our point, for he was never so successful in presenting his passionately loved England as in portraying the Americans for whom he felt only a tolerant sympathy. Perhaps it is the sensuous appeal of the plastic arts that is the source of the difference; they speak a more universal language and literature becomes intensely local by contrast. It is therefore no hyperbole of expression to refer to Derujinsky as an American artist. The most serious and important work of his career has taken form here, in a land with whose people and their ideals he feels every sympathy.

During his comparatively short residence in this country Derujinsky has created some hundred works of sculpture which already group themselves into two well-defined periods. His earlier "Leda," "Icarus," his dancing figures for which Ruth Page and Bolm posed, his portrait in wood of Mlle.





"THE ANNUNCIATION"

BY GLEB DERUJINSKY

d'Arle, have all been widely illustrated and were shown in his first New York exhibition, held at the Milch Galleries in the fall of 1921. Between these and the works which have come latest from his hand there exists a difference in both spirit and treatment. He has discovered a simpler and at the same time a more meaningful form of expression. His earlier works seem slightly involved by comparison, such as the "Icarus," even though that tragically fallen figure is conceived with great force and beauty. He has become more sensitive to the importance of the thoughtful coordination of parts, and this in itself makes for simplification. In the spirit of his new work one finds a deep emotional response to the common experience of mankind. He has felt the force of the bonds that unite men from age to age and from race to race and he is finding in his sculpture a means for expressing his appreciation of this community of experience. He has no quarrel with the ornamental, nor with the purely decorative, for he believes that these have their function in adding grace to our environment, but

he believes that these are not to occupy him in this new phase of his. The beginning of his new style was evident in the head of a young girl which paid a certain slight tribute to "modernistic" influences, but did not depart very far from naturalism except in a slightly arbitrary arrangement of the planes in order to carry out a definite design. Although Derujinsky did not do anything else in the same manner the making of this head marked a point of departure in his work. He found that to continue arbitrary simplifications would result in a rather meaningless formula which would not give sufficient outlet to the deep emotion which was, after all, the vital force that had entered into his art.

The "Annunciation," of which the model in clay is shown here, is to be carved in wood. It is a beautiful example of his newer style. In its tender reverence one feels the artist's response to the sanctity of his themes; it is profoundly moving in the way that a Byzantine or an early Gothic embodiment of the subject might be. In its structure and style it is most carefully worked out; the slightly curving lines of the base that aids so much in suggesting the elevation of the figure of the Virgin produces both a material and spiritual effect. Compositionally it gives movement,

height; spiritually it indicates the exaltation of one who was "blessed among women." The two figures of Mary and the Angel present an interplay of sensitive lines of rhythm which are all the more manifest because the surfaces are so free from all that is superfluous.

The beautiful base for a sundial in marble which Derujinsky has just completed for the estate of Mrs. John Henry Hammond at Mt. Kisco, New York, shows careful consideration in working out the relationship of the four figures of the Seasons that form its design. This marble column crowned with an armillary sundial was shown at the exhibition of architecture and allied arts in New York last spring and is now in place at Mt. Kisco. The figure of Spring, youthful and buoyant, dances over the ground carrying before her the sun symbol to indicate the return of life and warmth to the earth. The figure is youthful in line, while that of Summer is more mature and her motion more stately and deliberate. She carries a horn of plenty over her shoulder, richly filled. Autumn, with a bunch of grapes held to



her lips and her head flung back, is as vital a figure as Spring and her movement more ecstatic. Winter, with draperies falling from her head to her feet, her head down-drooping, is again deliberate in movement, and so there is, in the four, alternating movement and pause. The placing of the figures, the upward or downward movement of the arms and the position of the feet show how delightfully the sculptor has worked out his problem of design. On top of this lovely column are the crossing globes of the armillary sundial, surely the most beautiful of all dial forms. Another instance in which Derujinsky has used the armillary sundial with success is seen in the garden of the Hon. Henry L. White at Lenox, Massachusetts. In this a classic column surmounted by two seated figures representing Day and Night, placed back to back, uphold the dial.

Another of Mr. Derujinsky's recent works is a marble which he calls the "Sorrowing Angel," a head of grave beauty representing a being removed from the tragedies of earth but sympathizing with the sadness of humanity. There is also a lovely Diana between a stag and flying hound among his newer works, a small bronze of delightful movement and spirit; his leaping deer, which has been cast in bronze and also in silver, is older, and is a fine example of the feeling of movement and power that is gained by the conventionalized treatment. In contrast to this is the very realistic and highly satisfactory portrait of Mr. S. W. Frankel's thoroughbred bulldog, "Johnny Boy."

Derujinsky has always been especially successful with his carvings in wood. He has a feeling for surfaces and he knows how to make the grain play its part in the scheme of things; he has done a head of Leonardo da Vinci, an "Eve," and the bust of Mlle. d'Arle as well as the beautiful "Leda and the Swan" in wood.

One of his most recent portraits is that of Lilian Gish, a three-quarter length figure, hands folded, and having a full measure of that baffling charm which belongs to the actress. Other portraits include a head in marble of Mrs. Henry Hammond, a small standing figure of Mary Hoyt Wiborg, and busts of the Prince and Princess Youssoupoff, while one of the first portraits to win wide recognition for the artist was the splendid bust he did of Roosevelt for the Women's Roosevelt Memorial Association which is now in the memorial house at 28 East 20th Street, New York. This portrait in bronze was done from photo-



FIGURE OF SPRING ON THE FOUR SEASONS SUNDIAL IN MARBLE  
BY GLEB DERUJINSKY

*For Mrs. John Henry Hammond's Estate at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.*

graphs and from moving picture records after the ex-President's death; the sculptor never saw Roosevelt in life. A replica of this bust has lately been presented by the sculptor to the Berry Schools of Mt. Berry, Georgia, which Roosevelt had visited because of his sympathy with the work of teaching the mountain people that is done there.

Derujinsky was born on August 13, 1888, at Smolensk. His family for generations had lived in a beautiful country house built in the time of Catherine the Great. His father, Vladimir Derujinsky, was a prominent scientist and a Doctor of Law, a teach in the University of Petrograd and author of a *Study of the Habeas Corpus Act* which was widely recognized. He was a liberal, fought for a constitution and wrote again Rasputin without being called to account. Young Derujinsky started to follow in his footsteps by studying law at the University of Petrograd but he was attending art school at the same time and the pull toward an artistic career was too strong to be denied. He went to Paris, where he studied with Verlet in 1911 and Injalbert the following year. In 1913 he entered the Imperial Academy



in Petrograd and studied until the spring of 1917 when the Revolution broke out. He had been admitted as a candidate for the Prix de Rome but the new rulers of Russia suspected his family of aristocratic tendencies and he had to flee to the Crimea where he joined his boyhood friend, Prince Felix Youssoupoff. He found time and inclination

ality. In the meantime he had become a member of the National Sculpture Society and had taught at the Beaux Arts, where he was invited to become an instructor for three months by John Gregory.

He is represented in a number of foreign collections whose owners bear distinguished titles; in this country he is represented in Chicago, Detroit



"JOHNNY BOY," MR. S. W. FRANKEL'S THOROUGHBRED BULLDOG IN BRONZE BY GLEB DERUJINSKY  
*Courtesy of the Milch Galleries*

in those trying days to turn to his profession, sculpture, and made for the Dowager Empress Mary a bust of a sailor who had saved her life. He later went with his father, mother and sister into the Caucasus and after a month and a half of precarious living he found a boat that was coming to this country. He came alone, without money, working his way as a sailor on a voyage of more than a month; having no passport he naturally found things difficult at Ellis Island. He was detained there sometime, where he says was treated splendidly, until a brother who was in the diplomatic service in Copenhagen could fix things for him with the State Department in Washington. When they asked him at Ellis Island what he intended to do he said that he would become a sculptor, and that he therewith invited them to his first exhibition. He was without money, he had no sculpture to exhibit, but in two years his exhibition became an actu-

and Dayton and has been working recently on a memorial bas-relief to Senator Ryan for the courthouse in Pittsburgh. During the past summer he has been living at Mt. Kisco in order to execute some garden sculpture for Mr. Carl Tucker's estate there.

Looking at his work as a whole Derujinsky appears as a sculptor of exceptional versatility, capable of faithful portraiture or inspired flights of imagination and emotion. In between the two one finds the examples of conventionalization for the sake of a decorative effect with which he is extraordinarily skilful. It seems obvious, though, that the work that is closest his heart is typified by his reverent "Annunciation" or the exquisite "Sorrowing Angel." It is along lines suggested by these that his art will assuredly develop. For these, creations as they are without thought of client or possible market, seem most truly expressive of the man himself.



# A UNIQUE SUIT OF ARMOR

*Dating from about 1400 A. D. this panoply is the most complete of its period. Armor of this type was used at Agincourt and perhaps by the knights of Joan of Arc*



SUIT OF GOTHIC ARMOR, CIRCA 1400

*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

**A**MONG the preserved examples of armor in private collections and museums there is a great gap between Merovingian times (450-751) and the middle of the fifteenth century. Thus in no European collection is there described a suit of armor fairly complete of a date earlier than 1460. Given this undiscovered armor country it is of remarkable interest that the Metropolitan Museum of Art is showing a suit dating

from about 1400 of which fifty-seven out of sixty-five elements comprising such a panoply are original. First seen by Basbford Dean, curator of arms and armor at the museum, in a small arsenal on an island in the Eastern Mediterranean in 1891, it took thirty years of negotiation to acquire the suit. Restorations were inevitable, of course. But these were few for Gothic armor.





"BOATS IN HARBOR"

BY HENRY SNELL

## A Group of TEACHER-ARTISTS

IN GOING OVER the new house of a friend of mine the other day—as all of us seem to be obliged to do now and again—I found his beautiful new dining-room hung with six black can-

vases. A strong light on them revealed the unsuspected presence of some muddy brown and red flowers. As works of art they were avowedly imitations; as decorations they appeared to me positively ugly, and they had cost several thousand dollars. When I asked my friend as tactfully as was possible under the circumstances why he had not bought some good modern pictures instead, his answer was simple and illuminating—he had never thought of such a thing. These grimy canvases had been sold to him by the decorator who had furnished his house, and done it in most other respects very well.

But what madness it is—that so many of us

*The faculty of the Grand Central Art School in New York City is made up of distinguished artists*

ALIGE DUER MILLER

buy these dusty old pictures, when the art of our own time and country stands so high, especially from this very point of view, color and decorative value. Color is essentially

the quality that makes a group out of some of those individualistic American artists whose names are, or ought to be familiar—such men as Ezra Winter, George Elmer Browne and George Ennis. Even a portrait painter like Wayman Adams, whose genius lies in his strong broad style of interpretation—his unhesitating ability to transfer the personality of his sitter to the canvas—even Adams comes under the head of a colorist—fine, pure, pristine color.

Skou offers a great contrast to Adams. Skou gets his rich broken color tones, those strong bright singing effects of his—by daring to force discords now and then. It is not so much that his





"SIDNEY DICKINSON"

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

color is high pitched as that it is so close in value that a different note is very much felt. A word must be said, too, in gratitude to him for his subjects, which always make the impression of being suitable to his genius and close to his heart.

In the same group, Edmund Greacen is a

colorist—a colorist with so delicate and accurate a color sense that he can make the palest tints effective. Like most true romanticists, it is amusing to note that Greacen considers himself a realist, because as he modestly says, "I try to copy the beauty in nature as I see it." Yet it





"IN THE SUNLIGHT"

BY GEORGE ELMER BROWNE

would be difficult to imagine anything more romantic in the general meaning of that word than his soft mysterious landscapes of fog and early dawn and vague suggestive distances.

Ennis is probably the leading colorist of the group—the deep blues and greens of his seas, the rugged solid browns and reds of his Labrador cliffs, remain long in the visual memory. But his canvases create more than a sensation—they

impose a mood—and this is perhaps the quality that places him ahead of many other brilliant colorists and excellent technicians. He deliberately sets out to make you feel the drama of a landscape as he has so intensely felt it—the danger of storm and wind that lies behind the smoothest of northern oceans; the danger of interminable lotus-eating days which lies behind those bright blue tropical marines of his. Ennis has





"LANDSCAPE WITH FLOWERS"

BY JOHN R. COSTIGAN

many fields. He is not only a painter in oils and water color, and a designer of stained glass, but last winter an exhibition of his pencil drawings created a great deal of interest. As a water colorist few living men can compete with him, for in that heart-breaking, irrevocable medium, his courage and directness have their full value. In the new school in the Grand Central Terminal, it is Ennis who is teaching the water-color classes.

They have a great teacher, as well as an artist, in Henry B. Snell. Over a long period he has been doing that most difficult thing—teaching students to think for themselves, not merely copy their master. This is all the more remarkable because Mr. Snell's own work has been so highly valued in this country—valued, not so much for the brilliancy of its color as for its fine strength and simple directness—a vibrant quality that makes his marines dear to all those who love the sea.

Nothing could be more different than John E. Costigan's technique—his loaded pigment—sure and sparkling, his small dots of color used as a broad brilliant pattern—a luminous grey mass broken here and there by jewels of light. He forces the layman to study his picture section by

section in order to comprehend the whole. There is in his work, too, a highly romantic feeling.

George Elmer Browne gives you a sense of open spaces, much more readily understood than Costigan. His subjects are immensely diversified—Spanish señoritas, gay interesting French scenes—you have just made up your mind that Europe is Mr. Browne's best field—the complex organized significant pageant of civilization, when you find him back at Provincetown, painting a picture that makes you feel the wind on the sand dunes. He is always adventuring in new fields, trying new ways of achieving beauty—sometimes succeeding grandly, sometimes falling short of his own great purpose and talent.

It is interesting and significant that men like this—as well as the sculptors, Lober and Beach—all so different in their style and objective, in their training and age—should have formed themselves into a group for the purpose of teaching at this new school. It suggests that in spite of their frequent repudiation of any set creed they hold this much in common—a belief in truth, color and the duty of passing on to the next generation the knowledge they have worked so hard to attain.



# OLD IRISH BOOK SHRINES

IN THOSE REMOTE days ere the art of printing blazed like a star on the horizon of western civilization, a book was so precious a thing that to jewelers and goldsmiths alone was re-

*Ancient manuscripts were preserved in jeweled boxes called cumdach which were beautifully made*

EILEEN BUGKLEY

served the privilege of protecting the vellum pages in suitable manner. Contemplating the indescribable splendor of an ancient Irish manuscript, the glorious intermingling of color, red, blue, yellow, silver and green, purple and gold, the subtle grace of an infinite variety of patterns, the delicate, fairylike tracery, what wonder that round the saintly scribe tradition wove its tale of magic; less strange indeed that the Gaelic craftsman, longing to preserve forever the treasured volume of Holy Writ, should lavish the utmost of his skill upon a lovely little shrine or casket.

Cumdach was the name the Irish gave these highly decorated boxes, resembling miniature altars with clustered column and vaulted niche. Entirely distinct from the usual ornamental book-binding with fancy clasp, the cumdach enclosed the manuscript on all sides. This mode of covering sacred writings seems peculiar to Celtic art, though it may have originated in the early Eastern church, through which Christianity is believed to have entered Ireland. The cumdach may have appeared there almost in Patrick's time, but specific examples were scarcely recorded prior to the late ninth century.

The Cathach, or Battle Book of the O'Donnells, is an exquisite reliquary of great historic interest, being particularly renowned on account of association with a sixth-century Psalter attributed to St. Columba. The manuscript eventually came into possession of the O'Donnells, the sept to which he belonged. Following the custom of Eastern nations who marched to war with a sacred relic swung round the neck of a chieftain, the O'Donnells used the Cathach as a breastplate when on the field of battle.

Inscriptions along the rim indicate that the Cathach was made in the eleventh century by order of Cathbarr O'Donnell, head of the family at that period. From the familiar requests for prayers we learn that the artist was Sitric, son of Mac Meic Aeda, and that the case was made for the Abbot of Kells, Domnell, son of Robartach. In the belief that the shrine held the bones of St. Columba, it had been hermetically sealed long prior to its opening in the early nineteenth cen-

tury. The illusion concerning its contents was then dispelled, for there appeared a foundation box of wood, very much decayed, enclosed by one of brass, nine and one-half inches long,

eight broad and two thick. In addition the cumdach brought to light a glutinous mass, which finally resolved itself into fifty-eight vellum pages, a fragmentary copy of the Psalms, almost pure Vulgate, the stitching that formerly held the leaves together being all but gone.

The Cathach is not only a delightful study in relief, but also serves as a remarkable memorial to the poetic figure whose pioneer labors in the cause of civilization seemed to burgeon more gloriously with each passing century. Every detail of the design is significant, intimately related to the main subject, the choice of patterns betokening a delicate sense of the appropriate as well as marked originality. The stately figure of St. Columba seated like a king on a throne represents the most important work on the cumdach, his finely modeled face suggesting that comeliness of feature and angelic serenity generally ascribed to him, his luxuriant curly hair falling to his shoulders. His right hand, raised in benediction, extends thumb and first two fingers upward in token of the Trinity, the book in his left hand being emblematic of his scholarly attainments. The niche to the left depicts him as a bishop in full pontificals. The Passion is portrayed in the remaining compartment, the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalen keeping their vigil on opposite sides of the crucifix. Of the two doves incised above the arms of the cross one symbolizes the Holy Ghost, the other possibly alluding to Columba's name, bestowed in childhood in recognition of his gentle manners.

Angels swinging elliptical censers kneel in the spaces surmounting left and right niches, four little incised figures occupying subordinate positions, the whole creating the effect of early decoration in Eastern churches where the symbols of the Evangelists appeared in corners of the arches. Assuming that the tiny priest is St. Matthew, the lion St. Mark, a slight exercise of the imagination converts the grotesque bird on the left into the eagle of St. John, the remaining creature being translated into the winged ox of St. Luke. A brilliant aspect is given the face of the Cathach by means of large settings of rock crystal, as well as



by red glass studs and a big hemispherical ornament wrought with filigree and alight with stones of many colors. The movable framework of decorative pillars which permitted access to the manuscript and the silver chain holding a diminutive censor bring to mind another cumdach, known as the Mishac, the models of both relics being similar.

The Domnach Airgid, or Shrine of St. Patrick's Gospel, offers testimony of the Celtic metalworker's skill in modeling the human figure. Discovered early in the nineteenth century, this cumdach contained a Latin copy of the New Testament, formerly believed to be the original used by St. Patrick, a later opinion being that it does not antecede the eighth century. Though the foundation box of yew may be as old as the book itself, the ornamental metal was evidently applied hundreds of years afterward. The inscriptions make manifest that the most important work was done by order of John O'Kabri, successor of Tighernach, the artist being John O'Barrdan. In 1353 the Annals of the Four Masters record the death of John O'Kabri, Abbot of Clones, thereby determining the approximate date of the outer case.

The assemblage grouped about the silver-gilt effigy of the dying Saviour become luminous with meaning if viewed as exemplifying the "communion of saints," pure spirits inhabiting a realm where time and space are non-existent. Trampling a vicious, winged saurian, St. Michael, sceptred and robed to the feet, typifies the invincible power of good as his left hand rests on a shield emblazoned with a cross, his sweeping wings being ample to completely enfold him, rendering him a thing of fascinating grace should he suddenly take flight. The Madonna enthroned with the Child occupies an adjoining niche, remaining panels depicting Ireland's most beloved patrons, Patrick, Columba and Brigid, also St. James, St. Peter and St. Paul, an unknown woman saint, in addition to St. Patrick presenting a copy of the Gospels to St. MacCarthen. A golden dove spreads its wings on a little blue champeve enamel panel just above the Redeemer's head, while higher up a red enameled shield on field of blue bears the four implements of the Passion, namely: a crown of thorns, three nails, two hands



THE CATHACH OR BATTLE BOOK OF THE O'DONNELLS

holding scourges. In an intervening space gleams a pyramidal crystal, once credited with covering a piece of the true cross.

That the Domnach Airgid was decorated at widely separated periods is apparent, for the mutilated silver top plate, once gilt, exposes to view an under panel of bronze wrought with a knotted interlacement corresponding to early work on the sides. The most recent ornamentation may date from the fourteenth century, although one writer suggests the sixteenth. Champlevé enameling, crystal settings and bewitching relief designs, including lions and griffins in sportive mood, contribute their beauty to the top. One beholds also a mounted knight, clad in long plaited garment and neck ruff, his helmet wide of brim, sword held upright. His scorn of the unmanly stirrup identifies him as Irish, and he loses all mystery when it becomes known that the Maguires, hereditary custodians of the shrine, early adopted a knight as insignia. In 1641, a most tragic period for the noblest and oldest Irish families, the Lord of Inniskillen, custodian of the cumdach, was executed, the relic escaping destruction only by being buried in a secluded spot in an old deer park. It was probably then that the side plates made by John O'Barrdan disappeared, revealing the eleventh or twelfth century interlacement with triangular fret border. The paneled bottom is extremely interesting pictorially. In the central niche stands St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of science and philosophy, her attribute, the wheel, in one hand, a book in the other; St. John the Baptist, accompanied by a





DOMNACH AIRGID OR SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S GOSPEL

black enameled *Agnes Dei* and a scroll inscribed in Lombardic characters, occupies an adjoining panel, the tragic death of the prophet being shown in the remaining compartment, where Salome appears with his head on a salver. Further decoration occurs on the simply engraved back, where a silver gilt cross is inscribed with the names of the Magi in black letter.

The silver cumdach of the Stowe Missal is representative of a vast number of Irish treasures imported in early centuries into almost every section of Western Europe, influencing in notable degree the ideals which finally blossomed into the enchanting Continental art of later ages. Toward the close of the eighteenth century an Irishman, serving as an Austrian officer, discovered the shrine at the Gaelic monastery of Ratisbon, Bavaria, and brought the relic back to Ireland, where many years later it entered the national collection. An important clue to the origin and history of the cumdach is furnished by the Gaelic inscriptions on the front. After asking "A blessing of God on every soul according to its merit," the engraved prayers enter petitions for Donnchadh and Tadhg, sons of Brian Boru, also for MacLaith O'Donoghoe, Prince of Munster, and for Dunchad O'Tagnain, the artist. Regarding the craftsman history is silent except to record that he was a silversmith and monk of Clonmacnois and that he executed the work between the years 1023 and 1052 for the Monastery of Lorrha, County Tipperary. The cross figures as a decorative device for the front of the reliquary. At the center glows a

large, oval crystal, flecked with rosy lights, an encircling rosette of beaded filigree being set with metal bosses and studs of red and blue glass, the design being repeated at top and bottom of the cross. The decoration of other surfaces includes interlacing patterns and pierced designs, in addition to gilt panels in relief, one depicting a soldier with long spear, another showing a human form combined with conventionalized quadrupeds, still another representing a man standing between two curious grotesques, their gaping jaws posed to devour him.

The glamor of romance tinges the history of the Shrine for the Book of Dimma. The manuscript, bound in oak boards pre-

cisely like the books carried by early Egyptian missionaries, remained at Roscrea until the suppression of religious institutions by Henry VIII. Having disappeared for perhaps two hundred and fifty years, the relic was found in the late eighteenth century secreted among the rocks of Devil's Bit Mountain. Though well preserved at the time, it was stripped of some of the decorations by the boys who discovered it, but they halted in fear at sight of the crucifix on the front. Like most of the other treasures, this cumdach repre-

SHRINE OF THE STOWE MISSAL







SHRINE OF DIMMA'S BOOK (FRONT VIEW)

sents various periods of decoration. The fact that it is engraved with certain motifs also found on the illuminated manuscript might denote that the relics were coeval. The cumdach is an excellent illustration of the Gaelic craftsman's use of pierced work, in this instance the patterns on silver panels being cast into relief by dark underlying plates of bronze or copper. A small crucifix on the front is affixed to a large engraved cross, set with glass studs, the two Marys stationed on the lower openwork compartments. The back is very similar to the front, the cross set with a large oval crystal, surrounded by studs of lapis-lazuli, the silver panels featuring an openwork pattern.

The Soiscel Molaise, or Shrine of St. Molaise Gospels, was once a magnificent object and may antedate the eleventh century. Assigning the

work to the artist Gillabaithin, the inscriptions state that the treasure was wrought for Cennfailad, Abbot of Devenish. The ancient Gospel which it originally sheltered has utterly vanished, but the scribe was supposed to be St. Molaise, celebrated sixth-century founder of the historic monastery on Devenish Island, Lough Erne.

Three different shades of bronze were used for the foundation box, some of the lovely designs which overlaid it still remaining. Among these may be observed the symbols of the Four Evangelists and little ecclesiastical figures which might serve as studies in historic costume. Gold filigree, silver panels of zoomorphic tracery, a carbuncle set en cabouchon, and a red enameled hinge in the shape of a dog's head, are further witnesses of alluring beauty.



# Portrait Bas-Relief by Georg Lober



"PORTRAIT OF PAUL  
A. SCHOELLKOPF II"  
BY GEORG LOBER

**O**F ALL the forms of art that flowered in the Italian Renaissance none is more exquisite than the bas-relief sculpture. Its delicate tenderness, its quality of representation, its grace of design as a whole makes it stand side by side with the finest Greek mortuary art. It was in this spirit Georg Lober wrought his portrait in low relief of young Paul A. Schoellkopf, a work which might stand as symbolizing the American boy so typical is the original of our youth at its best. As a portrait it is a vivid piece of realism. As a piece of craftsmanship it has few peers in American sculpture.



# Another Botticelli for America



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH"

Courtesy of F. Kleinberger Galleries

BY ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI

*I*N HIS LIFETIME Botticelli painted seven portraits. Through the acquisition by Colonel Michael Friedsam, the New York collector, of the "Portrait of a Youth," four of these Botticelli panels are now in the United States, the others being in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, the National Gallery in London, and the private collection of M. von Nemes in Paris. Colonel Friedsam's work had been in the possession of the Niccolini family since it was painted about 1470.





"WHERE NATURE REIGNS"

BY ANTHONY ANGAROLA

## ANGAROLA'S *Meditative* ART

"THE IMPULSE of this art is a gentle one; its particular mood is meditation." These words from a printed appreciation of the paintings of Anthony Angarola are a gracious and

complete summary of the work of an artist who, whether he paints a vista in northern Michigan, the backyards of simple Chicago dwellings, the exotic stir and confusion of a rural picnic, or a portrait of a confessedly radical artist, does so in a contemplative spirit that is always searching for

*A painter of the Middle West whose approach to his almost pioneer subjects is a gentle one*

BERNARD TEEVAN

what is beneath the surface of the landscape or houses or figures presented on his canvases. To look at such a group of pictures as Angarola was invited to show at the Chicago Art Institute

a year or so ago (the reproductions of his works in these pages are all from that exhibition) is to feel that the gentle impulse and the meditative mood are rare indeed among American painters and that they are qualities making themselves felt, not with hammer strokes but with a force not to





"GLEN HAVEN"

BY ANTHONY ANGAROLA

be denied. Meditation calms the mind, we are told, and as this mental process operates with Angarola in his painting it appears to calm man and nature equally as well. For there runs through all his work an overtone of arrested motion, of the cessation of the progress of time, as if his subject were impelled to do the artist's bidding rather than its own. And this may be noted whether he has represented on his canvas trees patterned against a glowing evening sky in "Where Nature Reigns" or the thronging activities of the "Old Settlers' Picnic." All life is change, according to the once fashionable philosopher Bergson. But there are moments when life appears to halt as if to meditate on its own poignant beauty or at the behest of some infinitely greater power. It is such a moment of pause we sense in looking at the profound quietude of "Where Nature Reigns" and in the momentary fixity of the host of figures in the "Old Settlers' Picnic." But, with that appreciation of this mood in nature, as represented by the simple dignity of the facts of trees and hills and sky transmuted into painted poetry, there

may arise some faint wonder as to why an American painter should set down in his arboreal haunt types and costumes so markedly suggestive of contemporary Europe. Here Angarola has not played tricks with truth to make a "modern" painter's holiday. His "old settlers" are foreigners who have brought to northern Michigan, along with their other possessions and habits, their racial physiognomies.

Pupil of only one contemporary teacher, and he a figure man, Angarola has sat long at the feet of the great masters of the early and late Italian Renaissance and of the sculptors of Greece and of ancient kingdoms that once dominated their world between India and Persia. One may see as little of Harry M. Walcott in his work as of Giotto, Peter Breughel or the magnificent rhythms of the famous Assyrian lion, yet all of these have influenced him in one way or another. Superficially one may be inclined to set down, to classify Angarola as a "modern," particularly after looking at his compositions of which the "Pioneer Shacks" is a typical example. But Angarola does





"OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC"

BY ANTHONY ANGAROLA

not know the "moderns" at all through actual paintings, in spite of the crude angularities of his northern Minnesota shacks. Life is almost brutally hard in that country among the working people and in the building of their homes they had neither time nor disposition to enrage or embellish their ugly habitations which, the painter says, reminded him of the wilfully cubistic structures in *Doctor Caligari*. Here he was primarily concerned with line and mass objectively, while subjectively portraying how his pioneers lived without showing the actual people themselves.

In pictorial art, as in prose writing, realism can be surcharged with beauty as well as truth. What Robert Louis Stevenson argued for coloring the facts of life with the romantic spirit in "The Lantern Bearers," Angarola does for the harsh outlines

and surfaces of the shanties of "Glen Haven" a very picturesque North Michigan summer resort embowered in trees, set down in the lee of a protecting hillside, these sylvan notes being the emblems of the poet that is in the heart of every man of us. To escape the sordid, ugly things of everyday existence we have only to lift our eyes to treetops, hills, sun-flushed or star-studded sky. But most of us are so wedded to earthly things that we require some external attraction to draw

our thoughts upward. True to his gentle, meditative, compelling spirit, Angarola does this for us in such a painting as his "Glen Haven" by first satisfying us with the facts of cluttered shanties and the crudest of fences and then luring our eyes and thoughts upward to the treetops and the cloud-kissing hills.

If in this phase of his work he is a spir-

"Ballet Russe"

BY ANTHONY ANGAROLA







"BENCH LIZARDS"

BY ANTHONY ANGAROLA

itual missionary, preaching from a purely esthetic text, he is wholly the artist intent on his painter's task in such an urban motive as the "Bench Lizards" and in such an essentially city type as the original of his "Portrait of Raymond Jonson." Rhythm and mass are the dominant notes of this study suggested by a Chicago park, these elements having the true touch of the artificial atmosphere of most municipal landscape gardening, yet admirably motivated from the viewpoint of rhythm and mass alone. But Angarola is too much the student of life to overlook the human features of such a scene, these being its secondary theme in spite of his title. The compelling sweep of line, the harmonious arrangement of masses that he sees in antique sculptures find their complement, their outlet, here, contemporary life being merely their adjuncts.

If the purely decorative note in Angarola's work has not been stressed in any of these mentioned canvases it is to be found in his "Portrait of Raymond Jonson" and his studies that are evocations of the presentations of the "Ballet Russe" and its school of followers. The original of one of Angarola's two portraits—the second being of his wife—is a radical Chicago painter who "dresses the part" as well as looking it. Baldly real as to countenance and costume, the radical being inextricably mixed with the *poseur*, the artist has sought for his decorative effect in the

formalized landscape masses of his background, man and landscape each reflecting the rigid moulding of convention with a conscious humor that now and again shows its bright face in Angarola's work. This same decorative formalism pervades his "Ballet Russe," red and green in the mass with minor notes, in the dancers' skirts, of red-grey, grey-green, blue-grey, grey-green. Here, again, rhythm and mass are the fundamentals of his decorative pattern, the elements that, in his composition, transmute the world of artifice into the realm of art. The fact that an artist so profoundly concerned with realities of life and the charm of nature should turn to representations of the artifices of the theatre speaks for the scope of his interest in all forms of the picturesque.

Pupil of only one contemporary teacher, Angarola has met with distinguished success as a teacher himself, not only in his native city of Chicago but also in Milwaukee and at the Minneapolis School of Art, where he has been the head of the department of drawing and painting since 1922, his students in 1923 winning three out of the ten annual scholarships offered by the Art Students' League, the largest number that can go to any one school. He has lectured much on art and has been a regular exhibitor, since 1913, at the Chicago Art Institute and, in more recent years, at the Pennsylvania Academy and the Pittsburgh International.



# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

ART TREASURES IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Sir Martin Conway. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$5.50.

IF ANY STUDENT of the arts has taken at all seriously the reports emanating from outside of Russia that under the Soviet government the public and private art treasures of that country had suffered irreparable injuries and losses, he will find a great measure of comfort in this faithful report by Sir Martin Conway of what he saw in Leningrad and Moscow in the summer of last year. His one object in going on that journey "was to see the works of art in Russia and to record the manner and prospects of their preservation." What he saw and what he tells in his book is of extraordinary interest to the art world in general since it is the first informed account of these things we have had since the days of the first Revolution during the World War.

"The public museums of Russia, the Hermitage in Petersburg and the museums in Moscow are of old-standing fame," he writes. "I knew what to expect. But the wealth of the Tsars, in palaces and in every kind of treasure within them, far surpassed all my expectations, and now, as I look back, there sparkle and shine in my memory incredible quantities of jewels, masses of plate, measured by tons rather than by numbers, countless quantities of porcelain filling gallery after gallery, and leaving yet 75,000 pieces, for which exhibition room cannot be found. I also recall . . . upward of 20,000 pictures, vast collections of drawings and engravings, icons by the thousand, some 10,000 objects in gold. . . .

"That such a mass of treasure should have passed safely through the chaos of unparalleled revolution is indeed remarkable. Some loss there must have been, but it was trifling. . . . The escape of such a multitude of valuable objects from theft or destruction seems almost miraculous. . . . There were moments of great peril, but all the museum directors and their staffs down to the lowest charwoman stood together as the fierce protectors of the property in their charge. It is worth record that when the galleries were practically in the hands of their staffs, over whom no one possessed any effective authority, when the custodians, who were for the most part superannuated soldiers, might have put into their pockets and walked off with small objects, the value of which was perfectly well known to them, not a single theft of the kind took place."

It would be wearisome to even give a recapitulation of the number and variety of art objects that were brought to the great museums and lesser ones through the nationalization of art. To inspect them Sir Martin Conway says would take even weeks. "That work," he adds—and this shows what care is taken of Russia's art treasures, "is being thoroughly taken in hand by competent experts, of whom the Hermitage possesses a very numerous staff. Owing to the poverty of the Soviet government they can be but poorly paid, but they work with a devotion which it would be hard to equal in any other museum. In due time the published results of their researches will be placed at the disposal of all lovers of art. I ought to add that the Hermitage . . . has not ceased also to purchase works of art, though its resources are necessarily small. Quite recently it has bought a very fine 'Bacchus' by Caravaggio."

As for the way preservation and restoration of art objects is being done Sir Martin especially notes the icons, of which thousands on thousands were seized and placed in the museums. "When these pictures were first brought together," he says, "they were in terribly bad condition. The first necessity was to clean them. . . . Certain rules were laid down; the most important and beneficent of them was that under no circumstances whatever was any repainting or even touching-up permitted. Such as the pictures emerged when dirt and re-paint had been removed, such they were to remain. Many were so encumbered with the solidified dust of ages as to show hardly a recognizable feature of any kind; yet it was amongst these, the apparently worst in condition, that some of the best results have been obtained. . . . I do not think that in any picture gallery in the world is more piety observed toward the work of ancient artists than in the Restoration Studios in Moscow and Petrograd."

Another marked feature of art conditions in the two great capitals of Russia is the care that has been taken of most of the great private palaces that have been nationalized. Many of these have been turned into museums "but there are more of them than can ultimately be maintained." In Moscow the owners of some of these great houses were permitted to retain and live in a few rooms and, in the case of those containing valuable art treasures, to become their caretakers. Three new museums have been formed in as many of these palaces "such as the Museum of the Revolution, the new Russian Museum near the Legations, a Tolstoy Museum of rather dingy relics, a new Museum of Toys." This last is especially for the children and the director, called by the little ones of Moscow "Uncle Museum," has done marvels in assembling historic toys and directing the making of new ones in the last few years. According to Sir Martin Conway Russian art is in perfectly safe hands.

This account of what Soviet Russia is doing with its art treasures is the chief feature of a work that is also devoted to a history of Russian art, the Russian crown jewels, the cathedrals, the Kremlin, some of the Imperial houses, a separate chapter on Russian painting from the time of Peter the Great, one on Byzantine, medieval and Asiatic art, another specially devoted to the silver gallery in the Hermitage, and descriptions of the Stieglitz and Ethnographical museums. Sir Martin's enthusiasm for art conditions in Russia leads him to writing, in his chapter on Archeology, that the Moscow Historical Museum "is, I think, in one sense the best organized in the world." The fact that every object in the museum possible of handling in such a fashion is brought directly from case or drawer directly to the student for study is the "one sense" to which he refers.

## THE TOUCHSTONE OF ARCHITECTURE.

By Sir Reginald Blomfield. Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. Price, \$3.

EIGHT FORMAL addresses and three articles delivered and written at various times in recent years comprise the diversified and interesting little book by Sir Reginald Blomfield, distinguished British architect and author of eight previous works concerned with the history of his profession. The articles, of which only the one on



"The Bridges of London" has previously appeared in print, also include "Greek Architecture" and "Christopher Wren." In his addresses he discoursed on "State-aided Training in Art in England;" "The Artist and the Community;" "Famous Men;" "The Outlook of Architecture;" and "Architecture and Decoration" among other topics, all approached from the viewpoint of architecture, the "touchstone" of his title.

Since the matter of the easel painting in relation to domestic interiors is still a vital question to all American artists in particular it is interesting to note that when he touches on decoration in relation to architecture Sir Reginald Blomfield thinks chiefly in terms of wall-painting but does not wholly evade the problem of the easel picture for, as he writes, "the history of art shows that however content an architect may be with the completeness of his own art, mankind in general wants something more." And that something more is the picture on his wall. Continuing on this line he writes: "We do not all live in palaces, and municipal buildings are not the only ones that cry out for decoration; and for those few old-fashioned people who prefer to live in a house of their own there is still the opportunity of decorating their houses with something more interesting and individual than the latest thing in wall-papers."

#### THE NEW ART LIBRARY. THREE VOLUMES:

THE PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING AND OF DRAWING AS ASSOCIATED WITH IT. By Solomon J. Solomon, R.A. WATER COLOUR PAINTING. By Alfred W. Rich. THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF TREES. By Rex Vicat Cole. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

IF THE text-books on a given subject could fashion us into the mould of the country in which they originated we should be decidedly British in our art proclivities. For unquestionably the best as well as the larger number of art text-books written in English come to us from London. These three volumes in the New Art Library series, the general editors of which are M. H. Spielmann and P. G. Konody, are admirable examples of the first-rate art text-book, for in spite of the fact that they are as thoroughly insular, as are all English books, there is no questioning the thoroughness of their preparation nor the clarity and simplicity of their style. That Mr. Cole's work on *The Artistic Anatomy of Trees* now appears in its second edition is proof of its having satisfied a want among art students. Its 500 illustrations are no less amazing in quantity than is the voluminous amount of information in the letterpress.

The general note of these books is, it is assumed, as Mr. Cole very properly says in his introduction, that "the student knows nothing." The weakness of too many text-books is the assumption that the student knows a lot about what is set forth in them. All of us have to come to the Bible for the first time. We have to have our fingers burned before we learn that fire is hot. In Mr. Solomon's book on *The Practice of Oil Painting and Drawing as Associated with It* he adopts the easy and helpful style of conceiving himself as a teacher talking directly to a pupil. And in spite of the order of the words in his title it is commendable that he takes up drawing first. This is particularly important in a text-book for American art students since drawing is the weakest sister in the work of all our younger men and women in the class-room.

The first part of this work is devoted to such subjects as the construction of the figure and head with a particularly good chapter on characterization, so important in figure work and above all in portraiture. The second part is concerned with "the methods of the masters," a section that can be studied with profit by amateurs of art as well as by practicing students. The work of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French and British schools is discussed—the school of Titian is treated separately—through examples selected in the National Gallery but known wherever the art of painting is known. How helpful Mr. Solomon's text is this analysis of Paolo Veronese's "St. Helena: Vision of the Invention of the Cross" serves to illustrate:

"The 'St. Helena' is on a rough unprimed canvas; probably a thin coat of size is all that lies between the paint and the threads. Paolo Veronese and his pupils favored a coarse-textured ground, which enabled them to obtain a greater variety of surfaces. The sky and flesh here, unlike the draperies, are somewhat smooth. The skirt, an interesting study in broken colors, is treated with a full brush in the lights on it, the reddish glazes being caught in the deep interstices of the canvas."

In Mr. Rich's book the beginner in watercolor painting will find about as good advice and as many practical hints as can well be encompassed in print and the general reader will find several delightful chapters of description on the "painters' counties" of England.

#### MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING SERIES:

ANDERS ZORN, No. 3; SIR FRANK SHORT, No. 5; *The Studio, Ltd., London. Price, Five Shillings, net.*

IN THE THIRD and fifth monographs in this admirable series on our modern etchers of first rank, Malcolm C. Salaman contributes the appreciation on the Swedish master Zorn and also on Sir Frank Short, each of these being models in presenting to the reader an adequate, if brief, summary of the artists' lives, the influences entering into their work, and a general resume of their plates in sequence. That Zorn etched thirty plates before he "began to be really interesting in line" shows not alone how slowly he worked but that Salaman does not acknowledge Zorn a genius in his beginnings in this field. The critic calls Zorn's plate of the celebrated Spanish dancer, "Rosita Mauri," his finest achievement in the problems of light; he calls "The Toast," very justly, a "monumental achievement;" and he cites the portrait of our own "Henry Marquand" as a signal instance of this etcher's "impressionistic power of recording aspects of personality." The reproductions of twelve etchings are very well done and are selected with skill in giving the reader an all-round idea of Zorn's complete work.

Salaman's resume of Short's complete work has a warmer note of appreciation as may be expected of one Englishman writing of another. This civil engineer turned artist had already made a plate or two before coming up to London in 1883 to study art and in eight years was assistant to Frederick Goulding at South Kensington. His self-imposed task of re-engraving and completing Turner's *Liber Studiorum* brought forth from Ruskin, on being sent some prints of Short's work, the question, "are these lovely things really for me to keep?" But Short is essentially the etcher of British longshore scenes and with two exceptions, one of these being a view in Holland, the dozen reproductions of his work are all of these examples of his art.



# ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

THE HISTORY of interior decoration may rightly be called that of domestic architecture, and it largely reflects the manners, culture and feeling of a people. Before the world was so closely knit together by modern methods of communication and contact, each country



A GLIMPSE OF MANY PERIODS  
*Courtesy of Ewin & Robinson*

clung, more or less, to its own conception of life, and of art. But now there exists, in art, and let us hope, in all things, a brotherhood of mankind. Catholicity has become a characteristic of every lover of art, and America, new, receptive and rich, representing all nations, responds with sincerity and appreciation to the art of the universe. Thus it comes to pass that American decorators have a tremendous advantage, and the best of them use it, with intelligence, skill and understanding. Many centuries and countries contribute to the beauty of the illustration given here. It is a glimpse of the individual and charming studio of Ewin & Robinson, where harmony prevails and discord is not known. The mirror is a rare and original Chinese Chippendale, the frame of carved and gilded wood. Beside it hang Louis XVI bronze and crystal wall brackets. Flanking the modern marbleized wood mantel is a pair of eighteenth-century fire-screens, quite typical of the period. They are of satinwood, with mahogany borders, filled in with age-softened landscape paintings. And in the classic brass and iron vase grate, the eighteenth century yields a coveted treasure, bespeaking the perfect dignity and beauty of the Georgian period. Upon the mantel the toile trees of hand-painted tin, although of French manufacture, represent the fantastic and intangible charm of the Orient, and stand side by side with a creamy white porcelain flower-holder—born in Ohio. "Beauty old, yet ever new," is here assembled with delightful sophistication, and with artistic values that measure up to all requirements of modern decoration.

THE ART of glassmaking dates back to the first century B.C., and began with the use of the humble blow-pipe. But it was not until the fifth century, A.D., that Venice became the leader in the manufacture of glass, eventually monopolizing the industry. Once upon a time Venice was a republic, and its aristocracy and wealth, seeking seclusion, built their villas and terraced orchards and hanging gardens upon the island of Murano, making it one of the beautiful wonder spots of the world. Murano is separated from Venice by a narrow strip of restless sea, and its shores are easily guarded, so it was there that Venice imprisoned her glass workers, punishing attempted escape with death, and there the art reached its height. It is recorded, however, that these imprisoned artists fled in a body, and took a flying trip through the continent, even venturing into England, where they were cordially received by Henry VIII, who thereupon made a great collection of Venetian glass, which is now to be seen in the British Museum. It would seem but natural that a race sprung from fisherfolk should lack artistic perfection, but touch them where you will, even the simplest and humblest things, they wrought on lines of beauty. Venetian glass (its shapes and colors), although widely copied, has never been equaled. Portrayed here is an interesting collection of modern Venetian glass exhibited by Adeline de Voo, Inc. It is the work of an antiquarian in Murano, who has started a new factory for the purpose of copying the best designs of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century glass workers, developing them in new and ravishing colors—colors that really defy description. Hydrangea blue, water green, mulberry, emerald, opalescent, palest pink—one scarcely can choose



MODERN VENETIAN GLASS  
*Courtesy of Adeline de Voo*

between them. Adeline de Voo has the artistic discrimination, and the courage, to sponsor work of modern artists. In her very "different" studio one has a wide choice of ancient, medieval and present-day achievement, combined with the evolved acumen of a connoisseur.

AMERICAN COLONISTS brought with them to the wilderness an historic inheritance of beauty and its value and in the midst of hardships and rigorous living they sought to apply it to the economic and social conditions of their new houses. Much of their architectural and decorative work shows surprising originality, although



faithful, in varying degree, to the forms and types of the old world. Passing through a transitional period, they arrived at a new artistic expression, which grew out of the activities of the Renaissance, and established greater sophistication of taste, and more finished craftsmanship. The illustration given here is typical of this period, about 1725. Florian Papp, a well-known collector and connoisseur of antiques, has recently acquired it from Newburyport, Massachusetts, where it has spent its life as a prized possession of a distinguished family. It is being held by its present owner as something too precious to be relinquished, without reluctance, at any price. Incidentally, the Metropolitan Museum has appraised its value at rather a staggering sum. It is a small and dainty block-front low-boy, made of walnut, with unusually graceful and delicate legs. Its exceptional value lies partially in the fact that block-front furniture was very scarce in olden times, and when found at all was in the form of desks and chests; therefore this low-boy has created quite a sensation among dealers and connoisseurs, who pronounce it invaluable as



RARE BLOCK-FRONT LOW-BY. EARLY AMERICAN  
*Courtesy of Florian Papp*

an extremely rare American antique. Aside from historical and technical interest, its fragile beauty makes an appeal of its own and is peculiarly adaptable to modern ideas of decoration.

PURSUANT with the artistic development of our country, the illustration given here comes from the interesting shop of Edward R. Barto, who deals in exact reproductions of early American art, and has also a few delectable antiques. The maple-wood chair is copied from a type quite extensively used in the middle Atlantic States in the early part of the nineteenth century, and is evidently inspired by the Hepplewhite influence, which was felt in America mostly in the production of dining room furniture. Incidentally, it is amusing to recall that hoop skirts and stiffened coats went out of style just about the time that Hepplewhite came in—hence the reduced proportion of his chairs, as compared with those of Adam and Chippendale. Although influenced by the artists mentioned, Hepplewhite was himself a genius, and stamped the impress of his own personality upon his work. Especially did he excel in the making of chairs, and it is wonderful how many of them have come down to us in perfect condition—explained, perhaps, by his knowledge of how to combine lightness



EARLY AMERICAN ENSEMBLE  
*Courtesy of E. R. Barto*

with strength. The particular chair pictured here is well made, symmetrical and satisfying, losing none of the beauty of its prototype. The wood is aged, and the rush bottom seat looks centuries old, all of which means that the best American cabinetmakers leave nothing to be desired. The two antique hook rugs are especially interesting. Those adventuring sea captains of the new western world, who introduced wall paper from China, also brought rugs from Persia, and the nimble fingers of New England housewives reproduced the colors and designs in domestic materials, with crude mechanical assistance. The ones portrayed were made in Maine, and the soft blending of hues strikes an harmonious note that "can be used anywhere." These rugs are so in demand that they are getting scarce, and the good ones are at a premium, as no true-to-type early American interior is complete without them, and many modern interiors, of combined arts, welcome their quaint and enduring beauty. Although many of the designs were undoubtedly developed from Oriental motives, the majority of the rugs were creations of the workers' own. In them we find domestic scenes, barnyard animals quaintly drawn, and native flowers. These, even more than the exotic types, are greatly in demand, and old ones of good quality and well preserved are hard to find.

The department, "Art in Everyday Life," was begun last October, and has successfully rendered a definite service to readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO by establishing a practical point of contact between art dealers and those who seek the rare and beautiful, yet have no time or opportunity to keep in touch with offerings of the studios and shops. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO knows all the highways and byways of the art world, and will answer any inquiry, or put you in direct communication with any studio, shop, or decorator mentioned in "Art in Everyday Life." Let us serve you.

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# THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

VISITING American cathedrals and churches to see their art objects is an almost unknown practice among us. A sculptor who has modeled a figure for emplacement in one of these houses of religion is always astonished when spoken to about it and is very apt to ask the inquirer "how on earth he knew of it," so used is he to having such things forgotten. Art guide books are generally a blank as to this phase of American art or with seldom more than a passing reference to it. And yet we have some notable sculptures installed in our churches, especially in the comparatively recent revival in this country of the recumbent tomb figures that are heritages of medieval and renaissance times abroad. Francis Hamilton has written for the October number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* an article on these American tomb figures to be illustrated by reproductions of the work of J. Massey Rhind, Isidore Konti, James E. Fraser and Frank Duveneck, this last artist's work being the only one not definitely connected with the church but purely a memorial figure of his wife for her tomb.

SHIP PICTURES, along with ship models, never were so popular as they are at present. Going to sea in art is a fad that has many pleasures and never induces seasickness. We have many men nowadays who paint ship pictures, and particularly square-riggers, who work without a proper background of knowledge of the sea and ships and their representations of clippers and other old-time vessels are marked by many technical blunders in sails and rigging. But we also have a group of marine painters who know this subject down to the last block and it is of them and their work that William B. McCormick writes in an article in the October number, the illustrations including reproductions of paintings by Charles R. Patterson, Irving R. Wiles, Frederic Soldwedel and Clifford W. Ashley, and one of Edward Hopper's etchings.

IN THE GREAT period of tapestry weaving, from about 1450 to 1550, the town of Tournai was one of the most important centres of that art. So huge was this industry at that time that it overflowed into the neighboring town of Audenarde, and the names of at least four hundred and fifty weavers, working during this period, are known. Six distinct types were produced, Burgundian, French, German, Italian and two Flemish. Because of this quantity production and varying style, attribution to particular masters and often even to definite locality has been exceedingly difficult. So closely do the foreign types woven in Tournai follow their exotic styles that pieces have been assigned to Germany and Italy which were in reality the product of the looms of this city. In an article in the next issue Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, one of America's foremost authorities on tapestries, writes of Tournai and its looms. Dr. Ackerman is at present abroad and has made several discoveries which throw new light on the origin of many pieces and the identity of particular weavers, particularly of the "Master P. M." The article will be illustrated by several reproductions in black and white of famous pieces and by one in color.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, now nearing completion, is one of the few great cathedrals whose design is the work of one hand. When finished only St. Peter's and Seville will be

larger. Also it is doubtful if ever a great cathedral was designed by so youthful a hand for, in 1901 when his design had won the competition, G. Gilbert Scott was only twenty-one years old. It is, however, primarily the quite remarkable stained glass in the cathedral with which G. P. Hutchins is concerned in his article which will appear in the October number. Of it he says, in part: "When one comes to consider the stained glass of Liverpool Cathedral as a whole, there are several lessons to be learned from it. First there is the care and trouble taken by the committee and architect in selecting the artist who was to carry out the work and, secondly, the infinite amount of thought put into the working out of the schemes and subjects, all of which are full of meaning and symbolism, both being matters to be thankful for when one considers the haphazard way in which windows are often allowed to be put into churches with little or no consideration given to sequence of ideas or harmony of treatment. . . . The windows of Liverpool Cathedral may be said to mark a new epoch in glass, for they carry on the true Gothic spirit, but expressed in the language of today; modern in drawing and execution, and free from any affectation of medievalism."

WILLARD L. METCALF left behind him, when he died early in this year, the safe reputation of easily being in the very first rank of American landscape painters. In his work he combined an extraordinary passion for stating the verities of the New England landscape, that country being ever his favorite painting ground, in terms of such color and fineness of pattern as few of his contemporaries ever reached. In truth Metcalf's landscapes present a noble kind of beauty, a reflection of the profound sincerity with which he approached art. In memory and as a record Bernard Teevan has written for the October issue an appreciation of Metcalf's career that is illustrated with one color reproduction and many photographs of his canvases.

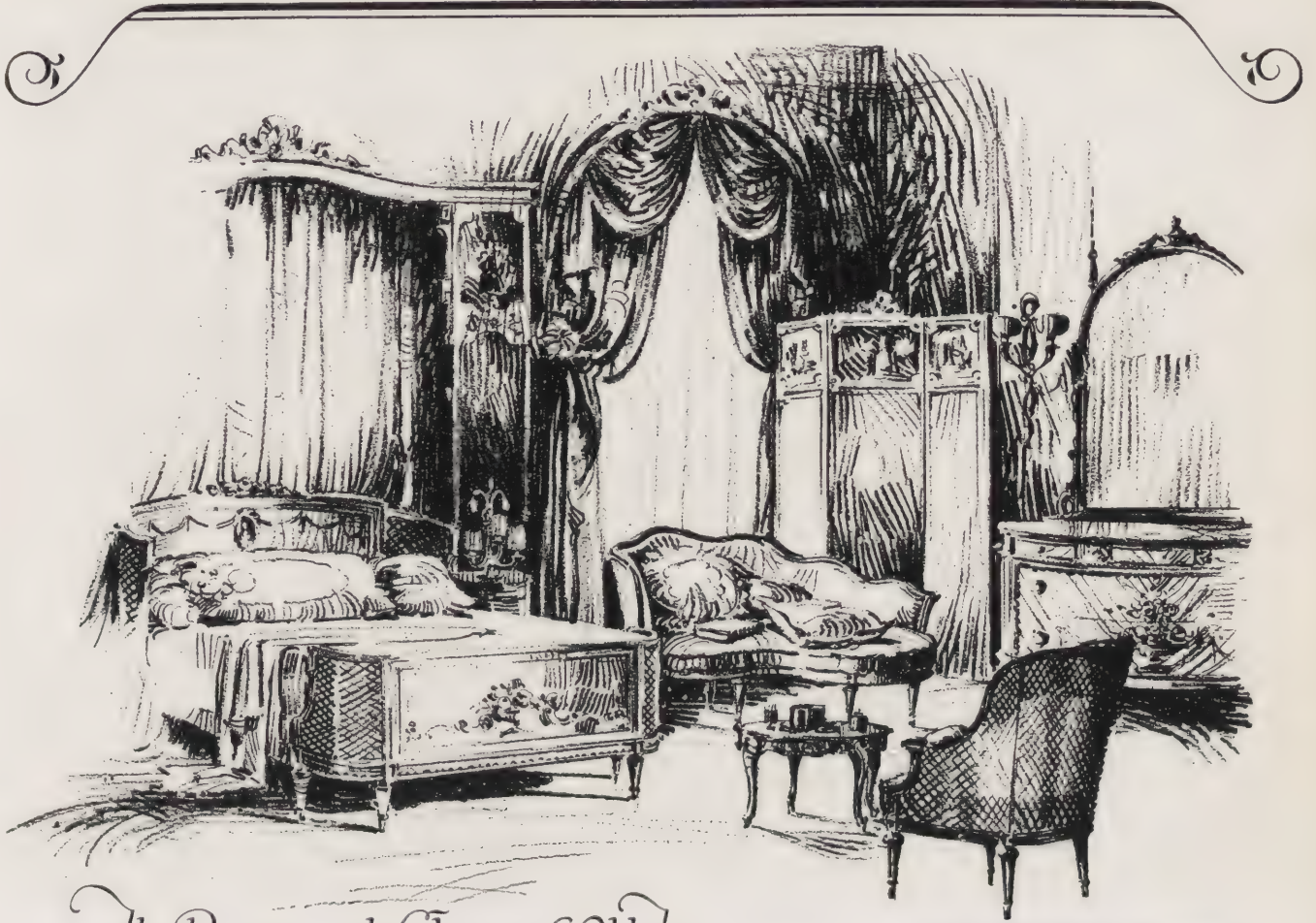
THE MYSTERY of the Chippendales is still unsolved, or rather so many conflicting solutions have been offered that an even greater confusion has resulted. One school of authorities assures us that there was only one Chippendale of note; another gives credit to two; still another to three; at present it seems most probable that there were three Chippendales connected with the production of fine furniture, although only one of them, the second Thomas, is of great importance. In support of this theory Jane Peterson advances arguments which it will be hard to dispute, based on dated examples and bills of sale, in an article in the next issue. But her article is far from argumentative. In fact it would be difficult to touch the eighteenth century in England from any angle without bringing interesting and amusing facts to light.

IN THE ARTICLE on Frances Burr's mural decoration, an error occurs in the date given to the death of William M. Chase. The year should be 1916 instead of 1922.

KARL ANDERSON's "The Vineyard," reproduced on the cover of this number, is used through the courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries.

*Payton B. Burrell*





## The Beauty and Charm of Old France

New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators.

AFTER the reign of the Fourteenth Louis, with its pompous formality and magnificent extravagances, the French court and people welcomed the note of softer grace which dominated both decoration and furniture upon the advent of the Regence until the end of the XVIII Century.

Q With the new order of things, another generation of artists and artisans was given the task of carrying out the lavish program inspired by Madame de Pompadour and her successors, resulting in a bewildering profusion of lovely furniture forms which remain unsurpassed in beauty of proportion, ornament and finish. ~

Q It is because of these qualities that this exquisite cabinetry has survived the passing of time and today engages highly skilled cabinet-makers in its reproduction for such alluring rooms as that

sketched above. ~ The graceful Louis Seize bed, chaise longue and chair in a soft glaze are richly contrasted by the commode and other pieces in the glowing woods of the period—a characteristic picture of the beauty and charm associated by tradition with the chateaux of Old France. ~

Q It is gratifying to realize, upon a visit to these Galleries, that the atmosphere of other days may be re-created in the town or country dwelling of this modern day. ~ ~ ~ ~

Q For here the very spirit of olden times seems to live again in the age-worn antiquities from many foreign lands, in the faithfully wrought reproductions of historic furniture, as well as in countless decorative objects—their grouping into scores of delightful ensembles being no less fascinating to the lover of beautiful things. ~



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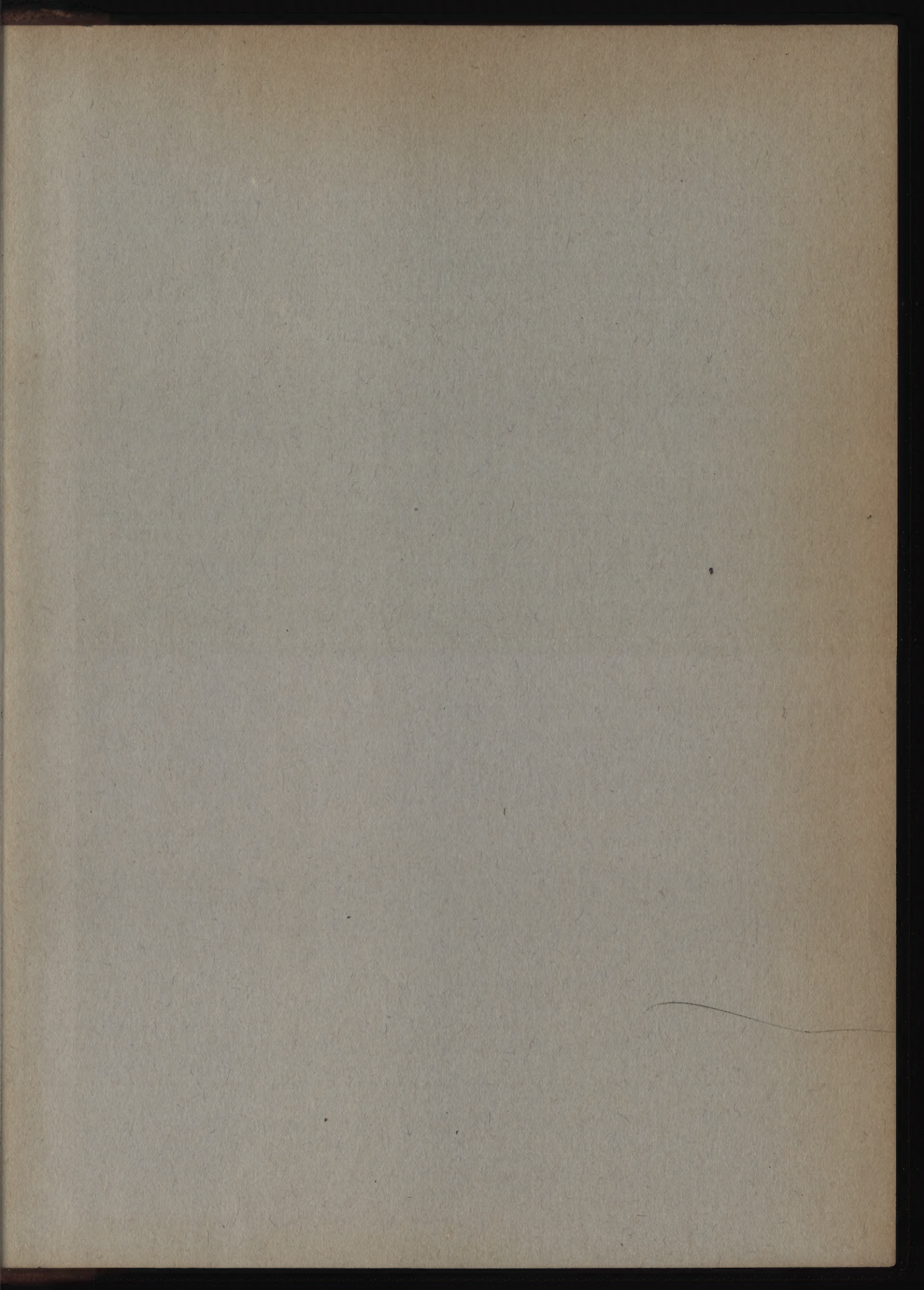
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